



CAMERA · ADVENTURES
IN THE
AFRICAN WILDS

A · RADCLYFFE · DUGMORE

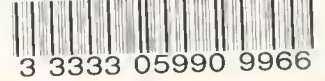
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**CAMERA ADVENTURES
IN THE AFRICAN WILDS**



FLASHLIGHT PICTURE OF THE KING OF BEASTS. AT THE MOMENT THE PHOTOGRAPH WAS MADE THE LION WAS TWELVE YARDS FROM THE AUTHOR AND HIS COMPANION, WHO WERE ON THE GROUND BENEATH SOME THORN BUSH

CAMERA ADVENTURES IN THE AFRICAN WILDS

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF A FOUR MONTHS' EXPEDITION
IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA, FOR THE PURPOSE
OF SECURING PHOTOGRAPHS OF
THE GAME FROM LIFE

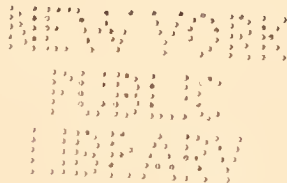
BY
A. RADCLYFFE DUGMORE, F.R.G.S.

AUTHOR OF "BIRD HOMES," NATURE AND THE CAMERA," ETC.



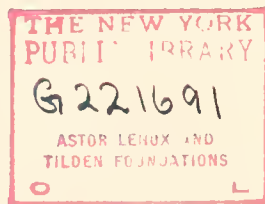
WITH ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY PHOTOGRAPHS
FROM LIFE BY THE AUTHOR

NEW YORK
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1910



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THIS BOOK
IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED
TO MY WIFE
WHO SHARED THE ANXIETIES OF THE JOURNEY
AND ENJOYED NONE OF ITS PLEASURES

THE
JOURNAL
OF
THE
JOURNEY



ROUGH MAP SHOWING THE ROUTE OF THE EXPEDITION

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INTRODUCTION

THERE should always be some valid excuse for offering a book to the public, some reason for swelling the list of books, which grows only too rapidly. The preservation of the wild animals is the excuse I offer for attempting this volume, and may the reader pardon the many shortcomings and forgive all errors. I want to appeal to the lovers of sport, and perhaps to those who consider themselves as such, but whose only claim is the insatiate love for killing which characterizes their idea of sport. I offer no information as to how animals should be shot — there are books enough on that subject — rather how sport may be attained without the use of the rifle. For many years shooting was one of my greatest pleasures. Having been brought up from the time I was nine years of age to the use of fire-arms, I considered the man who did not shoot a very inferior person — he was, in fact, unmanly. But as the years went by I became more and more deeply interested in natural history. The idea of killing for the sake of killing lost its fascination. Further, it seemed wrong and foolish, inasmuch as it destroyed the very creature that afforded the opportunity of study. The life of any animal, be it bird or beast, is far more interesting and useful than the study of its dead body. This is not an original idea, and I am by no means alone in my views on this subject, for I know many men who a few years ago devoted their holidays to shooting, but who to-day find far greater pleasure and interest in hunting with the camera. Unquestionably

the excitement is greater, and a comparison of the difficulties makes shooting in most cases appear as a boy's sport. The efficiency of the modern rifle greatly reduces the chance of failure, and consequently places the balance of chance too much in the sportsman's hands, while the difficulties of photography are lessened almost yearly by the invention of better and more simple devices, with the result that pictures which hitherto were practically unobtainable are to-day becoming common. It will be but a few years before we shall see clubs and societies formed for the advancement of natural history photography. In fact, an important and wide-spreading one is only now being organized, and before the year is past it will probably be an accomplished fact. What effect it will have remains to be seen, but we shall see the day when men will be as proud to write its letters after their names as they are to-day of the letters of some of the existing distinguished scientific societies. Photographic hunting, besides being one of the keenest of sports, affords the greatest possible opportunity of studying the life of wild animals, and has the advantage in the fact that for the camera hunter there is no close season, and all wild animals and birds are game for the photographic bag. But the man with the camera who enters the game land during the legal close season has already run against opposition from the shooting fraternity. Either in Maine or New Brunswick they have been trying to pass a law prohibiting camera hunting, especially flashlight work, on the ground that it makes the animals so wild that when the season opens the sportsman finds his game too difficult to stalk.

The animal pictures throughout this book are direct photographic reproductions of the original photographs. There has been no

retouching or faking of any description. In many instances the pictures are enlarged somewhat in order to show the animals to better advantage, and to allow for the loss of fine detail caused by the engraving mesh. The distance at which some of the photographs were made is guessed at, and is consequently only approximate, while others, such as those of the lion and rhinoceros, were in most cases actually measured. It is scarcely necessary to add that, unless otherwise specified, all the animals were photographed in their natural state, at large, and entirely free from fences or other restrictions.

In conclusion I wish to acknowledge the many courtesies extended to me during my expedition. Particularly are my thanks due to Lieutenant-Governor Jackson, C. R. W. Lane, Provincial Commissioner of Kenia, E. B. Horn, District Commissioner of Meru, and A. B. Perceval, and to James L. Clark, who was my companion throughout the trip, and to whose courage and coolness I owed many of my opportunities for photographing the more dangerous animals. He frequently risked his life to help in the work which was so interesting to both of us, and the results of which will, I hope, be of interest to those who see this volume.

A. RADCLYFFE DUGMORE.

GUERNSEY

September 9th, 1909.

**CAMERA ADVENTURES
IN THE AFRICAN WILDS**

CHAPTER I

ARRIVING AT MOMBASA AND THE RAILWAY JOURNEY THROUGH THE GREAT GAME COUNTRY TO NAIROBI

A GOOD many years ago the writings of Sir Samuel Baker inspired me with a keen desire to visit the country where game was so abundant that to see thousands of heads roaming the great plains was as common a sight as seeing rabbits playing outside their warrens in England. Some years later a brother of mine made a march from Mombasa to Uganda, and wrote about seeing game so plentiful that two thousand or three thousand head in a herd was a common everyday sight, and I wanted still more to see this animal paradise. When the Uganda railway was opened, about nine years ago, it seemed to us who were unfamiliar with the country, that the days of great sights of game were numbered, and with regret I thought of the opportunities for obtaining photographic records of the animal life that were gone forever. But to my surprise, friends returning from the country told me that most kinds of game were as plentiful as ever, and that, though the railroad ran directly through some of the very best parts of the country, it had in no way interfered with this abundance. In fact, the tales they told of what one could see directly from the train windows made me wonder whether the heat (or supposed heat) of this part of the tropics had not affected their brains. But their stories received corroboration from all sides, and when Schillings's book, "Flashlights in the

Jungle," appeared, I saw photographic proof of what I had heard and read, and I definitely decided to start for British East Africa just as soon as I had acquired a little more knowledge in the difficult subject of animal photography. Practice alone could give this knowledge. For several years I had hunted in the forests of Eastern North America, using the camera where formerly I had used the rifle, and I continued practising until within two weeks of leaving for this land of promise. I had soon learnt that the devising of a camera suitable for the varying conditions of the work was of vital importance, inasmuch as there was nothing on the market that would serve the purpose. Several were good in their way, but each had its defects. I had several cameras built, and so gradually evolved the weapon which would, I hoped, prove thoroughly efficient. Armed with this, and a complete outfit for developing and printing in the field, to say nothing of an elaborate electric flashlight device, I left New York toward the end of November as happy as a boy at the idea that at last my hopes were about to be realized. A short stay in England enabled me to complete certain details of outfit, and then, crossing to Marseilles, I embarked for British East Africa. The trip by way of Naples and the Red Sea was as uneventful as the modern steamship travel usually is — the same mixture of passengers, about whom one hazards guesses as to age, nationality, name, profession and distinction, the same stopping at ports where the natives try to sell cheap Birmingham machine-made objects, represented as Eastern hand-made, and these with the usual unexciting diversions helping to pass the time. On board were many Britishers and Americans who were going after big game, so we had much in common, and spent the evenings exchanging ideas on outfit and other,



THE COMMONEST ANIMALS OF THE EAST AFRICAN PLAINS, GRANT'S ZEBRA AND COKE'S HARTEBEEST. (TELEPHOTO)

to us, interesting topics. Crossing the line was the only bit of dissipation in which we indulged, the usual lathering, shaving and ducking producing no end of amusement.

Seventeen days from the time we left Marseilles saw us entering Kilindini, the beautiful harbor of Mombasa. On the shores the low forts, almost hidden by the tangle of vines, barely suggested their presence, and brought up memories of the past turbulent history of this "Isle of War," which is the translation of Kiswa Mvita, the native name for the Island. It is doubtful whether any place of its size has seen more dissension, more treachery, more fighting, and more shocking cruelty than this palm grove island, where Arab, Portuguese and indigenous native fought continuously for mastery as far back as history leaves any record. Even the Chinese seem to have had something to say about it in the dark days of the early Christian era. Finally England in her efforts to suppress the slave trade entered the scene of trouble; now she not only has virtual control of Mombasa, but has also leased the ten-mile coastal strip between the German boundary and Jubaland as a natural protection of the East African concession, which was granted to the British East African Association by Seyid Barghash in 1887. In 1894-5 British protectorate was proclaimed over what is now British East Africa and Uganda. What a contrast the place exhibits to what has gone before! To-day the only fighting is that which takes place periodically between the passengers of the incoming steamers and the Customs, for the sportsman is so dull that he positively refuses to see why the duty on his rifle should be regulated, not by its cost, of however ancient a date of purchase, but by the value of that same kind of weapon as sold by the dealer in East Africa. For the same

sportsman argues (foolishly, perhaps, for how should we, the uninitiated, know?) that the retail price of that rifle in East Africa represents, besides the customary cost of transportation and rather large profit expected by those who labor in foreign climes, the 10 per cent. duty that has been paid. However, that is mere detail, and we may even hope to see this peculiar condition change for the better before very long.

We landed from the steamer after thoroughly enjoying the unexpected pleasure of having to haul out our own luggage from the steamer's stifling baggage room, and see to its being put in boats and taken ashore. We learned that the train started the following day at about noon, but that we should be able to get our things ashore and through the Customs in so short a time as twenty-six hours was, of course, absurd. So we put up at, or rather *with*, the best hotel in the town, and perspired freely while we fumed and fretted in true British style until the second day following. The courteous hospitality of the Mombasa Club quite saved us from even thinking we were having a rough time of it, but we were glad beyond words when at the last moment it became certain that we should catch the train on the second day, and when the time arrived we sat down with a feeling of relief to fully enjoy the comforts of the roomy, well-designed railway carriage, which, built on the plan of those in India, is thoroughly well-suited to the conditions of the tropical climate. Warm blankets we had been strongly advised to take. It scarcely seemed possible that we should need them, as during the first few hours after leaving the heat made us decidedly uncomfortable, and the cooling drinks with which we had provided ourselves lasted only too short a time. We were even reduced to drinking the cool milk from the

green cocoanuts purchased from natives at the railway station. The first part of the journey was as tropical as one might wish. Tall cocoanut palms waved their rustling branches over the dark, dense mango trees, which afforded welcome shade to the small thatched huts of the Swahili native. Bush-like beans, castor plants, sweet potatoes, yams and maize grew luxuriantly in the small clearings. Surrounding these gardens was the usual dense tropical vegetation, where birds, jewel-like in their iridescent plumage, darted here and there in quest of food. Some would, like the gorgeous butterflies, take their toll of honey, or perhaps tiny insects, from flowers as brilliant as themselves, while others, less dainty, preyed on the larger forms of insect life. Near the huts, as happy and contented as children, were the natives, the women clothed in colored prints of decided patterns, draped around their sturdy bodies in a peculiarly graceful style, while the men wear either a long loose shirt of white or some pale color, or simply a white cloth fastened at the waist. Both go bareheaded, as a rule, though the Fez cap is frequently worn, while the women love to carry an umbrella as a sign of opulence.

Gradually the scene of people and cultivation passed and gave way to wilder and more hilly country, where thorn bush, tangles of vigorous vines, the strange euphorbia, and other vegetation of varied size and color were passed as the train hurried along toward the upland country. All signs of habitation ceased as we entered the dry region late in the afternoon. No more rich grass or tropical foliage. Everything was parched and gray, and almost the only tree was the ubiquitous thorn, which manages to eke out a living from soil which apparently contains no vestige of moisture or power

of sustenance. We reached Voi, one hundred and thirty-three miles from Mombasa, in time for dinner, which is served in the railroad room. Here, at one thousand eight hundred and thirty feet above sea level, the air was still fairly warm, but, as night advanced, and we climbed slowly but continually, the temperature dropped to a point where every bit of bed-covering we possessed was put to use, and we wished for more! The railroad supplies in these combination sleeping and day carriages only a canvas-covered mattress, so the traveler must provide himself with what bedding he requires, also with soap and towel. It is not advisable to wear good clothing on this journey, as the red dust permeates everything, and all cloths become red. Hard-textured clothing is preferable to that of soft surface, as the dust can then more easily be brushed off. Long before the sun rose the following morning we were awake, and on the lookout for the game which, according to all accounts, we should see in such abundance. At the first glimmer of daylight we could, by straining our eyes, distinguish the indistinct forms of animals here and there. Gradually the tropical dawn made things clear, and to our intense satisfaction we found that the indistinct forms taking shape proved to be Coke's hartebeest, zebra, impala and others of the many wild beasts that inhabit this natural zoological park. Our excitement knew no bounds as we caught sight of each new animal. Here it would be a graceful gazelle, and there a grotesque wildebeest, which would stand gazing at the passing train, and then with a shaking of its long tail run away with a peculiar rocking canter so characteristic of these strange buffalo-like antelopes. Hartebeest and Grant's and Thomson's gazelles would scamper along, the perpetual wagging of their tails, the strong black, white and yellow markings



THE AUTHOR AND HIS MASAI GUIDE

of their coats making them conspicuous even in the soft morning light. With the rising of the sun all became more beautiful and infinitely more wonderful, for now, as far as eye could reach, far off into the distant purple haze, we could see countless herds of animals. The word "countless" is used with due consideration of its meaning, for that alone expresses the apparently limitless number which met our surprised eyes. The stories we had heard did but faint justice to actual facts, and for once in my life I saw far more than I had expected. But one scarce dare tell the truth where conditions are so extraordinary, and instinctively one tries to modify one's statements hoping to be believed. The habit of exaggeration is so common that one frequently finds oneself quite inadvertently adding little bits here and there, either to make the story better, or because, as time goes on, one's enthusiasm naturally makes events more wonderful than they really were. It is for this reason that a carefully kept diary is of so much value to any traveler, especially if he intends writing. It serves as a potent, and very necessary, check on the too vivid imagination, but here was a case where one's imagination needed no home-made additions. A simple statement of the plain facts was wonderful beyond the power of improvement. Our excitement reached its highest pitch when we discovered a large giraffe standing complacently, scarcely one hundred and fifty yards from the snorting train. How different the huge creature looked in his natural state from those we had seen in zoos or menageries! How different the deep, rich coloring, and the dark, well-defined markings from the faded coat of the beast in captivity! This splendid animal, towering above the small trees, after watching us for a few seconds ambled away to what he considered a safe distance. What

an extraordinary gait — neither trot nor gallop, but a combination of both, described by some as “awkward.” Surely some better adjective could be used. Awkward it certainly is not; grotesque possibly, but so absolutely suited to the peculiar structure of the animal that one cannot imagine how it could travel in any other way.

Later on we saw more giraffe, and more and more of the commoner animals. Frequently a herd of hartebeest, or some “Tommies,” would dart across the track directly in front of the engine, or some zebra would race with us. They looked like painted ponies with their strongly defined black stripes, and were beautiful beyond words. It is curious how they appeal to the new arrival, while, if you speak to the settler of the zebra as being even worthy of notice, he smiles sadly, and commences a torrent of abuse against what he considers one of the worst pests of the country. They would like to see them wiped off the face of the earth, and the handsome creatures are killed in great numbers to be used as food for the native workmen, or even for the dogs. And yet they can scarcely be said to be decreasing except in very restricted areas. The cause for this common dislike of the zebra is his objectionable habit of disregarding fences. A herd will stampede, and ten or twenty panels of barbed wire fence are down like a flash, and then, as likely as not, they will wheel round and repeat the operation at another point. In places where fences are measurable by miles, it is of the most importance that they should be kept in a good state of repair. The destruction of a few panels may mean immense damage to crops, and perhaps the loss of valuable ostriches, hence the settlers’ lack of love for the cantankerous, though beautiful, zebra. So far no practical use for the animal has been discovered. They are not easily tamed and, generally speaking, **are**

JOURNEY THROUGH THE GAME COUNTRY 11

extremely bad-tempered, so that they are most difficult to break or handle, and it is almost certain that they are not worth the trouble, owing to their lack of stamina. Contrary to popular opinion, they are not very fast, and have no staying power, a short, and only fairly fast run. After, they are done. Whether they will ever be successfully crossed with either horses or donkeys remains to be seen. The idea that such a cross would produce an animal immune from horse fever, alone justifies the experiments in this direction.

Our enthusiasm each time we came particularly near to a herd of animals caused much amusement to a fellow-passenger who joined us at one of the small stations. He was a professional hunter and guide, and when we waxed eloquent over some hartebeest he smiled broadly, venturing to remark that it would not be long before we would be abusing these interfering nuisances as fervently as our stock of abusive language would permit.

We stopped for breakfast at one of the stations, and I could not help remarking upon the tidiness of the place. What a contrast to the railroad stations sometimes seen in America, where slovenliness and disorder, and even filth, are allowed to exist! Here, perhaps in the midst of a desert, where, besides the native, only an occasional white passenger may stop, where to grow anything means untiring work in keeping the ground moist, one sees well-kept gardens, in which geraniums, roses and other familiar flowers flourish. The railroad platforms are as tidy as possible; here is never any disorder. Well, indeed, might the example be followed in many places I know of. Game was frequently seen within a few hundred yards of the stations, and even on nearing Nairobi, a fair-sized town, and headquarters of the railroad and government, we noticed a double row

of fencing, which we heard later had been found necessary in order to keep the great herds of game out of the town. This fence is often broken by the animals, and it is no uncommon thing to see zebra or hartebeest gallop through the streets.

We arrived at Nairobi shortly before noon to find the station packed with people. Trouble with the so-called Mad Mullah had made it necessary for the Government to send troops into Somaliland, and the King's African Rifles were then entraining at Nairobi. Train after train went out filled with these smart-looking Negro soldiers, while the British officers, in fine spirits at the prospect of active service, were busy saying good-bye to wives and friends.

The outfitters, with whom I had arranged for my trip, met us at the station, and, notwithstanding the surrounding confusion and excitement, soon had our luggage off for the hotel. The street through which we drove was crowded with as great a variety of people as one would wish to see — Europeans, Indians, Goanese, each more or less in national costume, while hundreds of natives, mostly Masai, Wakamba and Wa-Kikuyu, gave the place its distinct African appearance. It seemed somewhat queer to see almost naked people in a modern town, and Nairobi is modern in every sense of the word, being but ten years old, and having all modern improvements, such as fine streets, stone buildings, electric light and water-works. It will not be long, however, before great changes will take place so far as the natives are concerned. Already they are being forbidden to carry their decorative spears, and something is being done, I believe, in the way of making them use more clothing. Even the number of them that may come into the town is being greatly restricted, and



ATHI RIVER STATION. AN EXAMPLE OF THE WELL-KEPT STATIONS OF THE UGANDA RAILWAY



A HERD OF TAME OSTRICH, THIS PROMISES TO BE ONE OF THE SAFEST AND BEST-PAYING INDUSTRIES OF THE EAST AFRICA PROTECTORATE

when the plans for the new arrangement of Nairobi are effected the native will no longer be seen lounging about the European part. They will have their own section, to which they and the bazaars will be relegated.

Ten minutes' drive brought us to our destination, and after our experience with the hotel at Mombasa we were delighted to find ourselves in the comfortable quarters which awaited us. As it was Sunday we were unable to do anything toward outfitting, but early the following morning we were up and at it, trying to settle on a plan of campaign, which was no easy task. After much discussion we decided to take advantage of the permit kindly granted to me by the authorities to work on the reserve. This reserve comprises the immense tract of land from the railroad to German East Africa, and from Tsavo to Nairobi, covering in all about ten thousand square miles. In this region no shooting is allowed, and, in fact, I believe there is some talk of forbidding any one going on it with a rifle. Of course a person may claim the right to shoot any animal in self-defence, but there is danger that some, who are over-enthusiastic, might cause animals — such as the rhinoceros, for instance — to charge in order that they may have an excuse for shooting. Any trophies, regardless of how they have been taken, are confiscated by the Government, so it looks as if the reserve might serve its purpose exceedingly well, and not be a reserve in name only. One cannot help admiring the forethought which, profiting by the stupidity of other nations in the past, has led to watching over the animal population before it is too late, for there is no question as to the monetary value of these animals, which bring in so many sportsmen from all parts of the world. We may confidently expect that game of most

kinds will be abundant in the greater part of East Africa for many years to come. The rhinoceros will probably be the first to go, for unless he overcomes his reckless aggressiveness, which so often renders him annoying and even dangerous, he will be wiped out as a public nuisance. Antelopes and gazelles of most species will, with even moderately careful restrictions, last a long time. Lions, though they appear to be on the increase, are bound to be greatly reduced, judging from the persistent hunting of them during the past year. The buffalo, which were nearly wiped out by the frightful ravages of the rinderpest only a few years ago, are on the increase, and owing to their apparently growing tendency to become entirely nocturnal in their habits, bid fair to more than hold their own, unless something unexpected attacks them. At present they are by no means as rare as some people imagine, but, considering their numbers, no animal is so seldom seen, as they usually spend their days in places which are practically inaccessible to the hunter. The lowland buffalo (for one might almost divide them into two classes — those which live in the hills, and those which live in swamps) spend the day in the thick papyrus, or other swamp growth, while those of the upland go into the thickest forest, where they are practically safe from any chance of being molested. In the great reserve may be found most every one of the more important species of native game except Grèvy's zebra, and perhaps the roan and sable antelope. Where we planned to go was about forty-five miles from Nairobi. There we expected to find a fair assortment of game, including numerous rhinoceros. We would not be allowed to shoot except in case of extreme danger, but the trip was an easy one, and we should learn enough about the methods of handling the outfit, both human

and photographic, to place us in better position for the three months' trip which was to follow.

Accordingly we made up a small "safari" of twenty porters, headman, cook, camera bearer, our two boys, and a Masai guide. With this little outfit and provisions for two weeks we left Nairobi on February 5th. The train took us as far as Kiu, where we arrived about four o'clock. It was too late to make a start from the station to the Olgerei River, which was about seventeen miles, or one day's march, and where we should first find water.

CHAPTER II

OUR FIRST "SAFARI." EXCITING ADVENTURES WITH RHINOCEROS

WE CAMPED not far from the station, and enjoyed our first night under canvas in tropical East Africa. Never was any one more surprised than we were at the conditions. We had imagined there would be countless insect pests and suffocating heat, instead of which the night was cool and refreshing as an early autumn night at home, and, what seemed more surprising, there were no insects of any kind to annoy us. We sat outside the tent watching the big clear moon, and wondered at it all. Was this an exceptional night, or could we expect such superb conditions to prevail throughout our trip? We found later on that hot nights were almost unknown, and insect pests so rare that only during a very short period, toward the end of the rainy season, did we have any trouble at all, and then it was but an occasional mosquito that would buzz around in the evening, and cause us to wonder whether he — or rather she — was carrying some malarial germs for our special benefit.

We were very anxious to make an early start next morning, so as to finish the march before the midday heat, but our headman proved utterly useless, and had not the slightest idea of arranging the loads for the men. It ended in our having to leave some loads at the station to be sent for later, and we finally got off just before sunrise. Our supply of meat, in the form of live sheep, proved most difficult to



A PAIR OF RHINO DISTURBED DURING THEIR SLEEP. (TELEPHOTO)



PAIR OF RHINO MEDITATING A CHARGE. THE BIRDS ARE STILL ON THEIR BACKS AND ONE BIRD MAY BE SEEN FLYING FROM ONE ANIMAL TO THE OTHER. A MOMENT LATER THEY CAME FOR US. (TELEPHOTO)



TWO RHINOCEROS CHARGED, AND TO SAVE OURSELVES ONE HAD TO BE SHOT WHEN ABOUT TWELVE YARDS AWAY FROM US. SEEING ITS MATE FALL, THIS ONE IMMEDIATELY TURNED. (TELEPHOTO)



A RHINO GETTING READY FOR HIS NOONDAY SLEEP. ON HIS BACK MAY BE SEEN SEVERAL BIRDS



A CHARGING RHINO



RHINOCEROS PHOTOGRAPHED AT A DISTANCE OF FIFTEEN YARDS WHEN ACTUALLY CHARGING THE
AUTHOR AND HIS COMPANION. AS SOON AS THE EXPOSURE WAS MADE A
WELL-PLACED SHOT TURNED THE CHARGING BEAST



THE UPPER PICTURE SHOWS RHINO WHEN THEY FIRST DISCOVERED US. THE BIRDS ARE STILL ON THEIR BACKS. THE LOWER PICTURE IS OF ONE OF THE SAME PAIR IN THE ACT OF CHARGING US



TELEPHOTOGRAPH OF KILIMANJARO ABOUT EIGHTY MILES AWAY. THE ENTIRE LACK OF DETAIL ON THE LOWER PART OF THE MOUNTAIN IS DUE TO THE EFFECT OF ATMOSPHERE, WHICH RENDERS THE MORE DISTANT OBJECTS THE COLOR OF THE SKY
UNLESS THEY ARE ABOVE THE HEATED STRATA NEAR THE EARTH



TELEPHOTOGRAPH OF A HERD OF GRANT'S GAZELLE



HERD OF GRANT'S GAZELLE, THE THIRD ONE FROM THE RIGHT CARRYING WHAT IS PROBABLY A RECORD PAIR OF HORNS. KILIMANJARO, OVER EIGHTY MILES AWAY, CAN BE DIMLY SEEN NEAR THE TOP OF THE PICTURE. (TELEPHOTO)



HERD OF COKE'S HARTEBEEST ON THE DRY BED OF THE OLGEREI RIVER. (SINGLE LENS)

manage. Their natural dislike for the cook, who tried to drive them, was decidedly amusing, and the number of directions those three sheep could travel at the same time was really wonderful. Our tall Masai guide marched ahead with the long stride characteristic of his race, and a finer or more picturesque figure would indeed have been difficult to find. He was armed with the inevitable long spear, knobstick and knife, and dressed with a red blanket hung from one shoulder; on his head a close-fitting cap, made from the stomach lining of some animal, a circlet of beads around his neck, and a delicate beaded bracelet completing the simple and effective attire. At the time I imagined the long, gleaming spear was purely for ornament, but before our trip was finished I had reason to bless it; in fact, I am not at all sure that I did not owe my life to this supposed ornament.

The rolling country through which we were traveling was covered with sun-dried grass and scattered thorn trees. What lay beyond we could not see for several hours, as the mist hung heavily over the land and made the air cool and refreshing. As the sun rose, this mist was gradually dissipated, and shortly after nine o'clock we could distinguish the more distant country, endless low hills, some covered with the characteristic flat-topped trees, others bare rock, or clothed with yellow grass. Game we also saw, but it was not very abundant, at first only occasional herds of hartebeest and impala. Later we saw zebra, wart-hogs, ostrich, fringe-eared oryx, some Grant's and Thomson's gazelles, and, to our great delight, a rhinoceros and a giraffe. The rhinoceros was of especial interest, as he was the first we had ever seen outside of a zoo, and how different it appeared in its wild state! The huge, ungainly beast was several hundred yards away, walking slowly along through the park-like scenery, and

paying not the slightest attention to us as we were down wind. The giraffe, on the contrary, was most interested. For over two hours it never let us out of its sight. Usually, only its head would be visible as it peeped over the top of a hill. Then, as we would approach to within perhaps six hundred yards, off it would go, to appear again half a mile farther away. About noon we reached the Olgerei River, and pitched our camp near a filthy water hole, for the river bed was nothing but dry sand, and the water in the hole was polluted by the immense numbers of Masai cattle, which drink there morning and evening. The water we used was obtained by digging holes in the sand, but what little filtration took place did not in the least reduce the disgusting taste, which savoured only too strongly of barnyard drainage. The signs of animals in the vicinity scarcely justified our staying in this camp, so next morning we moved farther down the dry river, where the guide assured us we should see all we wanted. With hopeful hearts we marched ten miles to two more water holes, and there made camp on a high, shady bank overlooking the river bed. By digging very deep holes in the sand we were able to obtain an ample supply of fairly clear but rather strongly flavored water.

During the afternoon we arranged two flashlight cameras near one of the water holes. Early next morning we visited them, and found they had been sprung by some nocturnal birds. This was the beginning of a long period of flashlight trouble, and we finally gave up all attempts at automatic flashlight near water holes, as it invariably ended in disappointment, owing to the birds. No matter how close to the water's surface we placed the trigger string, the birds would manage to strike it as they hunted their insect prey. Immediately after breakfast we started in search of animals to photograph.



TELEPHOTOGRAPH OF COKE'S HARTEBEEST IN THE OLGEREI RIVER

We had not gone more than a mile before we discovered three rhinoceros, which, unfortunately, were down wind of us, and about five hundred yards away. That they had our wind was apparent, they moved about in a very uneasy way. We made a large circle to get below them, and then came up a slight rise to where they were. Beyond the high grass there was scarcely any cover, and no trees to which we could retreat in the event of trouble, so we were not particularly happy when we came on the three big brutes standing in defensive, or, I might say, offensive, attitudes, sniffing the air, and snorting in a petulant way that boded ill for us. Rhinoceros rely almost entirely on the sense of smell, for their eyesight is lamentably weak. Anything much over one hundred yards is practically beyond their range of vision unless it moves, in which case it is doubtful if they can make it out from a distance of more than two hundred yards. Our three rhinoceros — a bull, cow, and nearly full-grown youngster — suddenly decided to investigate us, and with an extra loud grunt they rushed at considerable speed directly past, not more than sixty yards from where we were standing in a somewhat perturbed state of mind. I made an exposure which unfortunately was aimed with great precision at an intervening bush. The sound of the shutter brought all these animals up with a start. They drew together, the youngster in the middle and the two on either side, staring at each other in the most comical way. As they were almost down wind of us, and in a condition of mind that would require but little to cause them to charge, I decided, after carefully focussing the camera, not to make the exposure, as the sound of the shutter would unquestionably expose our position, and the inevitable charge would have been impossible to escape unless we shot to kill, and

that was what I wanted to avoid. So we stood absolutely still, and after a few minutes the three creatures ran toward the spot where we had come up the hill, while we took the other direction. After they had gone some distance to windward, we turned and followed, as the bull had left the others and was traveling alone. For miles we kept on his tracks, and at length saw him taking his bath in a muddy hole. While he was thus engaged we got within two or three hundred yards before he continued his way. Finally, I approached within less than one hundred yards and made several exposures. Unfortunately, owing to the tall grass, I was unable to get satisfactory photographs, as the animal was partly hidden. While trying to get him to a clear place an eddying gust of wind told him of my presence, and he went off at full speed. So ended my first but by no means last experience with rhinoceros.

The following day we were out in good time, and after going a few miles discovered two rhinoceros asleep under a tree. By some careful stalking we had arrived within eighty yards, when the two, which proved to be a cow and a well-grown calf, stood up, having presumably been warned by their friends, the tick birds. The light was poor, but I made an exposure, and at the sound of the shutter they immediately came for us. I tried to put in a fresh plate, but did not have time. My companion, who was to do the shooting, waited for me to give the word, so when I saw the two animals were coming too near I called out to him to fire, and they turned at exactly fifteen yards, just as I was about to draw the slide from the plate holder. Fortunately the shot was not fatal, and we were glad to see the stupid blundering creatures take themselves off as fast as their short legs could carry them. On looking about the



GRANT'S ZEBRA DIGGING FOR WATER IN THE SANDY BED OF THE OLGEREI RIVER

country we saw eight more rhinoceros. But the idea of working among that number, where some would surely get our wind, did not appeal to us as a very cheerful proposition. However, I had come to get rhinoceros photographs, and here were the subjects, so there was nothing to do but ignore my feelings and get to work. Accordingly we selected a large cow and calf as being in a fairly good place, and off we went. The feeling was rather what one might have experienced on going into battle. There was keen excitement, and enough danger to make it extremely interesting. While we were working our way over the parched grassy plain, where there was no cover of any sort, a sudden snort behind made us turn, and we saw the amusing sight of a large rhinoceros, not four hundred yards away, getting worried over our trail. He had been walking along in an unconcerned way, and had suddenly come upon our scent. "Wough!" said he, "what's this, and where is it?" and then, like the stupid old beast he was, he charged frantically first in one direction, then in another, turning sharply each time and snorting violently, as though disgusted at his inability to hit anything. There was not even a bush on which to vent his indignation. It was about the best exhibition of utterly senseless rage that I had ever seen, and showed clearly the curious disposition of the rhinoceros, to say nothing of his rather low order of intelligence. The fact that the wretched creatures have such poor eyesight must account, however, for many of their idiosyncrasies, and this defect in their make-up is probably due to their not having any enemies. Man is the only creature they need fear, and if they have been much hunted, the sense of discretion has usually developed in them a strong desire *not* to come to close quarters. After having watched

our irritable friend work off his rage, we turned our attention once more to the two we were after, only to find, to our disgust, that they had been joined by some zebra. Stalking rhinoceros and stalking zebra are totally different propositions, the latter being much the more difficult. Crawling through high grass into which the animals had taken themselves, we managed to get within one hundred and fifty yards without being detected, but it was impossible to get any nearer owing to a stretch of bare ground which we dared not cross. The zebra, suspicious of our presence, moved away. Curiously enough, without warning, the rhinoceros, which were feeding, slowly came toward us. We decided to wait for them, trusting to get their photographs when they crossed the bare ground. It was interesting, but nerve-racking work watching the two beasts. Sometimes they would come toward us, then go farther away. Once they evidently got a sniff of us, and with a snort rushed forward several yards and we thought there was going to be trouble, but they stopped, and after deliberating several moments returned to their food. Suddenly, without any apparent reason, they bolted as hard as they could, leaving us thoroughly disgusted and disappointed. Even the delightful panorama of large herds of animals, among which were zebra, oryx, eland, ostrich and giraffe, did not compensate for the loss of the picture, for that old rhinoceros had a splendid horn, and we had so confidently expected better luck. As we were tired, and the animals were all far away, and in unstalkable country, we turned toward camp, arriving there about two o'clock.

During the next two days we had very little luck and no excitement; but on the third day we had almost more than we wanted.

We discovered two rhinoceros feeding about half a mile away, and noticed that one had a very fair horn. We immediately moved toward them, working in such a way as to get the wind in a favorable direction, when we nearly ran on a single one about three hundred yards away, almost directly down wind. Had we gone another hundred yards he would probably have come for us, and we should have been between two fires. Not wishing such an experience we circled round, so as to put ourselves down wind of this last comer, and in a short time got within one hundred yards of him, and succeeded in making two telephoto exposures without being discovered either by the animal or by the birds standing on his back. While we were wondering what next to do, we were greatly surprised to see the old fellow get ready for his noonday nap. He found a suitable bush which offered him practically no shade, and after smelling it thoroughly, and turning several times, he lay down, and apparently went to sleep in a few minutes. Such a good chance for close work was just what I had been hoping for, and so after waiting until we were sure he was quite sound asleep I changed the telephoto lens for another regular quick one, and started forward with the utmost care. My companion, with the .450 rifle, was immediately behind me, and the camera bearer and Masai a little farther back. As quietly as possible we stalked the sleeping creature until, at thirty yards, we decided we were close enough for all practical purposes. My companion stood slightly on one side, and I made some noise. Like a flash the big animal was up, and without waiting a minute he headed for us with tail erect and nostrils dilated, snorting as he came. It was a splendid sight, but not one to linger over. I was watching him on the focussing glass of the camera, and when he

seemed as close as it was wise to let him come I pressed the button, and my companion, as agreed, fired as he heard the shutter drop. The shot struck the beast in the shoulder, and fortunately turned him at once. At the point of turning he was exactly fifteen yards, but it seemed more like five. It had been very exciting work, and as we sat down to recover from the nervous strain we could not help thinking that photographing charging rhinoceros was great sport, but not intended for people with weak hearts.

The shot had aroused the other rhinoceros from their quiet feeding, and they were slowly making off, so, as we were anxious to secure pictures of them, we had to bestir ourselves to follow. By walking quickly we soon began to overtake the pair, and before long we were within about one hundred and fifty yards of them. I particularly wanted to get a photograph of the two against the sky-line, and I expected to have the opportunity as they reached the top of the slight hill. But just before reaching the place where I wanted them the birds on their backs flew off, and the animals turned sharply round and faced us. Considering the fact that they were to windward, and about one hundred and fifty yards away, there seemed to be no reason to expect trouble. We were therefore greatly surprised when, after a little preliminary snorting, they came straight for us. I quickly changed my plate, but did not have time to replace the telephoto lens with a quicker one of shorter focus, before they were within dangerous distance. I called out to my companion to fire at the one which was clear of all bushes. He did so, but still the excited brute, though hit, continued in our direction. In the meantime the second one, which was the larger and had the finer horn, cleared the bush not more than twenty yards from us. I

tried to get a picture of him, but the difficulty of rapidly focussing with a telephoto on an animal coming with such speed proved too much, so realizing the almost certainty of failure, and not daring to let him come much nearer, as we still had the other one to reckon with, there was nothing to do but to shoot to kill. This was done, and the charging monster dropped instantly at fifteen yards. Whether it was the sound of the shot, or the sight of her mate falling I cannot say, but the second rhinoceros wheeled round and disappeared with marvelous rapidity over the hill.

Photographically, the adventure had been a dismal failure, simply owing to my not having had time to change the lenses, but from a sporting point of view it was certainly worth having. Such an experience leads one to realize the possibilities of keen excitement which the rhinoceros offers when he happens to be in a bad frame of mind. We were very lucky to have come out of it as well as we did, for with two of the huge beasts coming together one would have very small chance to dodge the charge, in the quite possible event of the rifle missing fire or the shot not being well placed. As it was, we were sorry for having had to kill the stupid old creature, but under the circumstances it was the only thing to be done, as it was a case of his life or ours. We measured the animal, and found the complete length to be exactly twelve feet from tip to tip, while the horn, which had appeared so long, was only twenty-four and a half inches. As it had to be turned into the chief Game Ranger's department, we had to hack it off, and a long job it was, as we had only our hunting knives with us. These horns are of curious structure, being composed of hair or bristles closely compressed. Beyond their value as trophies (and they are about the least attractive of

all trophies) they go to China, where they are pulverized and sold for medicinal purposes. After our keen excitement we were tired enough to be glad to start back for camp, the men loading themselves down with rhinoceros meat, which some of them eat, and strips of hide, which they polish and use for walking-sticks and whips.

On the way to camp we had our first good view of Kilimanjaro—that wonderful mountain whose snow-clad summit rises out of the heated plains to the height of about eighteen thousand feet. Its curious domed form with glistening snow is beautiful beyond words, and appears even higher than it really is, owing to the haze which nearly always conceals the lower part. It was eighty miles from us, and we could see the great plains shimmering with the heat stretching away, till at ten or twelve miles they were gradually lost in the blue atmosphere. Beyond and far above this, as though suspended in mid-air, was the great impressive mountain top, seemingly unreal, almost ghostly in its lack of visible contact with the earth. The photographs which I made, owing to the lack of color, give not the slightest conception of the stupendous beauty which lay before us, and it is with a feeling of shame that I reproduce one here.

By the way of change we devoted the following days to game smaller and less exciting than the turbulent rhinoceros. A herd of Grant's gazelles afforded no little sport one day, as they allowed me to approach within about seventy yards. Then they kept ahead of me, walking as fast as I walked, and giving me ample opportunity to examine and admire their heads, some of which were unusually large and well formed. For nearly half an hour we continued in this way while I made several photographs, in some of which Kilimanjaro stands towering over the beautiful scene, as grand a back-

ground as man could desire. Unfortunately, the haze made it impossible to obtain a satisfactory photograph of the more distant parts. Most of the smaller game I found extremely wild, and only with the greatest difficulty was I able to get any photographs at all. Try as I might, the graceful, timid impala always outwitted me, and so did the few oryx, and the pair of lesser kudu, which I should have liked so much to photograph.

Our next attempt at rhinoceros ended as on the last occasion by having to shoot one. A pair charged us without provocation, and at fourteen yards one had to be shot. In the next encounter we tried using a shotgun loaded with buck shot, with which to turn the creatures. It proved perfectly successful, and I was able to get a fairly satisfactory photograph at close range without having to kill. Later on, this success nearly cost us our lives, as it gave us an unwarrantable confidence in the efficacy of the shotgun. It might be well here to say a few words about rhinoceros, for fear the reader will have a wrong impression of the habits of these strange creatures which look like survivors of antediluvian days. People who have known and hunted them in other parts of East Africa will ridicule the stories I have told about having been charged so frequently, but it must be borne in mind that the rhinoceros' habits differ just as their appearance does with localities. In most cases they will not charge even when actually teased, in fact they have to be stalked with great care if one would get at all near them, but in the region of the Olgerei, where we were working, it was almost an exceptional case when a rhinoceros would run away without either attacking, or at least wanting to make an unduly close investigation of our persons. Had I left East Africa without having seen the

Olgerei rhinoceros my opinion of the animal would have been that they were scarcely to be feared at all, and generally speaking somewhat difficult of approach. Had I seen only those of the Olgerei I should have considered them decidedly dangerous, ill-tempered beasts that could be only too readily approached, all of which bears out what I have long considered to be true — that a correct account of any animal can only be obtained by observing the animal in many places, under various conditions, and at different periods of the year. To generalize on an animal after having seen a very few specimens under one condition, and at one season, is to fall into almost certain error — a fault only too common, especially in so-called popular writings on natural history. This applies equally to the habit of criticizing by people who, having seen an animal once, believe they know all about his habits, and when they hear some fact about the animal which is not in accordance with what they have observed, immediately jump to the conclusion that it is wrong; so it is well to be careful in making statements to qualify them properly, and be equally careful in doubting the statements of others. The experience I had with rhinoceros of the Olgerei was absolutely disbelieved by some people in East Africa, who thought they thoroughly understood the animal and all his vagaries. It required the photographs to prove the truth of my account. After our last encounter with rhinoceros I decided to steer clear of the cantankerous creatures while on the reserve, as photographing them evidently meant having to kill, or at least shooting more often than not, and I was afraid the authorities would consider I was breaking faith with them; so I devoted the remaining days of my stay on the Olgerei to other game.



THIS RHINOCEROS IS IN THE ACT OF CHARGING. THE SHUTTER WAS NOT SET FAST ENOUGH FOR RAPID ACTION, SO THE CAMERA HAD TO BE SWUNG. THIS ACCOUNTS FOR THE BLURRED GRASS. THE PHOTOGRAPH WAS MADE AT ABOUT TEN OR TWELVE YARDS.

A MOMENT LATER THE BIG BEAST WAS RIGHT AMONG US, AND AFTER BEING FIRED AT SEVEN TIMES WAS FINALLY SPEARED BY THE MASAI GUIDE JUST AS IT WAS COMING FOR THE AUTHOR

One evening I had the satisfaction of seeing a herd of zebra come on the dry sandy bed of the river not far from our camp. Up to that time I had been unable to make a single picture of these exquisite animals. It was therefore with great delight that after some careful stalking I found myself within fair distance of them. The sun, which was low and yellow, shone with full force on the zebra, and the soft warm light made everything wonderfully beautiful. The zebra, like many wild animals, often dig for water rather than drink from the befouled water holes. They dig with their hoofs, making holes sometimes as much as two feet deep in the sandy bed of a river. How they know where to find water we cannot tell, but presumably by their keen sense of smell and by past experience. It is a kind of instinct that bears a wonderfully close resemblance to reason. The curious part of it is that while a man will usually dig many holes before he finds water, the animal seldom makes a mistake, but seems to know exactly where to dig. I secured one photograph of these zebra, but in my attempt to get nearer they discovered me and went off, alarming, as they ran, a herd of five giraffe, which, unfortunately, I had not observed. In vain I tried to stalk the tall silent animals, but as they had been put on the alert it was impossible, and I simply had the pleasure and disappointment of seeing them cross the glistening sandy stretch and disappear among the tall flat-topped thorn trees.

The following day I had my first really exasperating experience with the hartebeest. On many previous occasions they had upset my plans by their remarkable habit of interference, but until this time it had always been apparently in a rather haphazard way. This time, however, it was by carefully considered action that they

outwitted me. A herd of zebra across the river attracted my attention. From the way they were working there was every reason to believe they were coming down to a certain water hole, the approach to which was such that one could easily conceal oneself and get photographs of any animals as they passed. Accordingly I found a place where I could cross the river bed without being seen, so I reached the other bank and carefully selected my hiding place, from which there was a splendid view of the trail which led to the water. For an hour I waited patiently, then, owing to the wind having shifted, I had to change my place of concealment. Just as I started toward a clump of bushes a herd of hartebeest came down the sloping bank. Waiting till they had passed and were almost out of sight, I hurried forward, thinking that the zebra would follow close behind their friends. The wretched hartebeest turned at the critical moment, caught sight of me, and after looking over the situation for a moment, decided that something must be done to warn the zebra, so two of the herd deliberately came back, passing within seventy or eighty yards of me as I stood in plain sight, and going as fast as they could gallop straight to where the zebra were just appearing over the bank, about one hundred and fifty yards away. The zebra were informed by a snort, and off went the herd, leaving me in a state of mind that can be better imagined than described. From that day hartebeests were always upsetting my plans. Had it not been for their continual interference I should have secured many pictures of various animals. Frequently when I thought I was doing some careful stalking and was getting near to some desired animal, a miserable hartebeest would come along, and seeing which way I was working, would go straight ahead,



TELEPHOTOGRAPHS OF WART HOGS, OLGEREI RIVER

and warn every living thing within a mile of my presence. Their habit of stationing themselves on an ant-hill, and keeping a lookout over the entire country, is a well-known source of annoyance to sportsmen, and many is the hartebeest that has lost its life to avenge the indignation and disgust of the hunter.

One afternoon was spent in watching a herd of impala, the most graceful of antelopes. It was interesting to observe how they refused to allow a lame one to join their ranks. This cripple I had seen on several occasions. One of its forelegs was injured, and the animal, which was a buck, was rather undersized and thin. Never had I seen it in company with others of its kind, and not until that afternoon had the reason of its solitary life become evident. Probably no wild animals care to have a weakling in their midst, whether for fear of contamination by disease, or because any that are below normal vigor are unable to follow them, or possibly for fear that the presence of a weakling will attract enemies, such as lion, leopard, or other predatory animals, it is impossible to say. In the case of this lame impala, he would no sooner work his way timidly into the herd than one or more of the bucks would with a loud snorting grunt rush at the unfortunate animal and drive it away. One time I saw the poor thing walking across the sandy river bed in company with a monkey. It was a strange-looking pair, but seemingly they were good friends, and kept very close together so long as they were in sight.

On February 19th we broke up camp and started back toward Kiu, going directly to the station instead of by the way we had come. We had not proceeded more than a mile before we received an unexpected check. We were going through some rather high grass when

the Masai, who was leading, stopped with great suddenness, and said in a low voice, "Kifaru," which means rhinoceros, and sure enough directly before us, not twenty yards away, lay a large rhinoceros fast asleep, his big gray back showing above the waving grass. For some reason or other we had not loaded our weapons that morning, and the importance of rapidity of action was very conspicuous. C., my companion, loaded the shotgun with a charge of buckshot and a ball; he also had his revolver. No sooner had I seized the camera and moved a little to one side, so as to obtain a better view of the animal in case he charged (unless he charged me first!), than that rhinoceros was up and at us. Never did I see anything so quick. It seemed incredible that so large an animal could move with such rapidity. I focussed on him as he rushed towards C. and the Masai and the two thoroughly scared boys who were behind them. Almost unconsciously I released the shutter, when at the same moment a shot rang out. C. was trying to turn the animal with a charge of buckshot. The attempt, however, was futile, and the creature came on without even hesitating. C., realizing that the shot had failed, fired a 12-bore ball from the left barrel, and then, seizing his revolver, began firing right into its head as it rushed past him not six feet away. It made straight for the Masai, who stood quietly waiting the onrush, and jumped aside when within touching distance of the big horn. Having missed the Masai, it next turned toward me, just as I was endeavoring to put a second plate in position, so that I might get a picture of the actual encounter. In a hurry I did not put the plate holder all the way in, as I afterward found to my disappointment. But for the moment I had other things with which to occupy my mind,

and the camera became less important than the angry beast, when, to my relief, the Masai, with wonderful coolness, drove his spear into the side of the rhinoceros. That turned it toward C., who quickly put another revolver shot into its head, and that decided the bewildered animal to leave us alone, and off it went, heading almost directly toward the badly terrified caravan. The wretched porters, seeing the imminent possibility of trouble, dropped their loads and ignominiously bolted. The Masai chased the retreating animal so closely that when it once turned toward the porters it saw an enemy within a few yards, armed with a long sharp knife. That was too much for the rhinoceros, who thought it better to continue its course.

The Masai soon returned, and picking up his spear, which had fallen from the animal, found that it was badly bent.

No sooner had we started the caravan than we discovered another rhinoceros about four hundred yards away. When I spoke of trying to stalk and photograph it the expression on the men's faces was truly ludicrous. They had had enough of rhinoceros for one day, and were ready to chuck their loads on the smallest provocation. As we had a long march before us I gave up the idea of tackling any more "side-shows" for the day. We reached camp late that afternoon, tired and hot, and glad enough to get a good bath and something to eat. Then we talked over the doings of the day, and decided that we had all the rhinoceros we wanted for some time.

We returned the following day by train to Nairobi, where the work of getting everything ready for our next trip occupied us for one week.

CHAPTER III

FROM NAIROBI TO DONYA SABUK. PHOTOGRAPHING A BIG HERD OF BUFFALO

THURSDAY, February 25th, was the day set for our departure from Nairobi. The task of equipping ourselves with all that would be necessary for three months' "safari" required careful thought and preparation. Each chop box had to be arranged so as to contain our food supply for one week. Our provisions were of the simplest kind, none of the heavy tinned stuff that usually accompanies an expedition (and is more often than not brought back untouched), but lots of dried fruits and rice, and other wholesome compact food. In a country where there is so much game, and no possibility of obtaining fruits and vegetables except near the settlements, one is inclined to eat far too much meat. This is not harmful, of course, where a great deal of exercise is taken, such as long marches and long shoots, but when camp life is as easy as it usually is in East Africa, it is well to be moderate in the amount of meat that is eaten, and an abundance of fruit will be found a most useful and wholesome adjunct. Arrangements had to be made to forward some of the chop boxes to Fort Hall and Nyeri, our two most probable stopping places. Additional porters were signed on. Some that had proved unsatisfactory on the former trip were discharged, a new headman was engaged, and we finally were ready to start on the appointed day, not early in the morning, as I had hoped, but late in the afternoon. The men, according to custom, tried for one

more night in town, but I was determined to get away, and off we went, even though we were only able to reach a camping ground five miles from Nairobi. Our caravan numbered about fifty all told, what with porters, askaris, headmen, cook, gun and camera bearers, our two boys, and an assortment of boys taken by the headman and others, who felt that they needed to be waited on.

According to our plans, which were made after a lot of consultation with many people, we were to go by way of Donya Sabuk and across the Athi River to the Yata Plains, thence to the Tana River, from there by way of Fort Hall and Nyeri around the northern side of Mount Kenia to Meru; northward from there to the Guaso Nyiro, and then, if local information seemed satisfactory, directly westward across to Lake Hannington, and down to the railroad at Nakuro. Lieutenant-Governor Jackson very kindly gave us letters of introduction to the officials through whose districts we might pass, and also furnished us with permits to enter any of the closed districts, such as Meru. As events turned out these plans had to be greatly modified, and the latter part of the trip was entirely changed. In a new country, where definite and reliable information is very difficult to obtain, plans are not easy to make, or rather not easy to carry out, and one has to be willing to sacrifice one's pet ideas and hopes to do what proves practicable. No man can give you positive information either about game or water in certain localities, even though he may have traveled through them frequently. The water supply, being dependent entirely on the rains, and the rains being very uncertain, and the game regulating its habits by the food supply, which in turn is governed by the rainfall, it may readily be understood why informa-

tion, given in perfectly good faith, often proves entirely misleading. The one question upon which everything depends is the adequate supply of water. The porters, with their sixty-pound loads, cannot carry much extra weight. It is therefore necessary to arrange to make camp near water.

For the first two days our way led us across the Athi Plains — broad stretches of undulating country, entirely treeless and shrubless except in the vicinity of streams, where inconceivable numbers of wild animals roam about with comparative safety. No enemy can approach them unseen, as the short, closely cropped grass affords no chance for stalking, hence they gather together in immense herds of mixed species, consisting chiefly of Coke's hartebeest, zebra, Grant's and Thomson's gazelles, and impala, and in some parts the wildebeest. Lions and leopards are also to be found when the conditions are suitable, such as along the scanty river bottoms, or other places where there is cover for them, the leopard in particular being averse to open country, while the lion frequently selects wild rocky regions where there is little or no vegetation. The common idea that lions generally stalk their prey near water holes does not appear to be borne out by fact. I have never even seen the sign of a kill in such places, and it must be due to the fact that animals, realizing the great possibilities of danger, as a rule approach their drinking places with the utmost caution — in fact, where water holes are in or near thick cover, where their enemies might have opportunity of concealment, the animals will go miles away from their feeding grounds to less dangerous places, or even to sandy river beds where they can obtain water by digging for it. Many people who know the country well, say that lions will resort to many



YOUNG GRANT'S GAZELLE



A YOUNG GRANT'S GAZELLE HIDING

ingenious tricks when hunting, one of the cleverest being that of driving their quarry by scent. One lion goes to windward of the herd, while others — one or more — lie in wait to leeward. In this way the animals, smelling their enemy, will go down wind, and run directly toward the crouching beasts, whose diabolical cunning and terrific strength makes them dreaded by all creatures. It is also said that lions will surround a herd, and by their continual roaring strike such fear into the hearts of the timid antelope that they will become terror-stricken and so fall an easy prey to the mighty hunters.

During our march we saw countless numbers of the commoner animals, also a spotted hyena, which though common enough are not often seen in daylight, being almost entirely nocturnal in their habits. On the morning of the second day, while going through a region where there were great numbers of immense grass-covered ant-hills, some of them seven or eight feet high and twenty or thirty feet in diameter, we had our first sight of a large herd of baboons. It was interesting to watch these strange creatures as they moved about, always keeping us clearly in sight, by climbing to the tops of the ant-hills and staying there for a few seconds, while they carefully examined us. If a small tree was near they would each in turn take to its highest branches to have a look about. As long as we kept on our way and paid no attention to them they did not worry much about us, but the moment I stopped and tried to secure a photograph, they were off immediately, disappearing like magic. As with other monkeys, the mother baboons carry their young in their arms or on their backs as they travel about the country.

Just before reaching Donya Sabuk, a mountain which rises

abruptly from the plains to a total height of about seven thousand feet, we saw a large herd of eland. They were extremely wild, and we had to content ourselves with looking at them several hundred yards away. The large creatures remind one more of cattle than antelopes, their swinging dewlaps and the silver-gray skins of the old bulls adding to the illusion. When alarmed they trot or canter away in a compact line, and following their leader wheel around once in a while, to stand facing the cause of their suspicion. In the distance they remind one of oryx, though much larger and more heavily built, while their horns are short and thick instead of long and slender.

We camped for the night on the northwest side of Donya Sabuk, among scattered thorn trees, and near a delightful little mountain stream. The coolness of the evening was thoroughly refreshing after the long and rather hot march in the glaring sun, without shade of any sort. One of the porters, while out getting firewood, came across a young Grant's gazelle, which after some difficulty he succeeded in catching. It was remarkably tame when brought to camp, and I had no trouble in photographing it in many positions. Soon after dawn we continued our way, keeping on the northern side of Donya Sabuk, toward the farm and store of some Englishmen, from whom we expected to procure rations for the men. The trail led us through some extremely pretty country, where the spurs of mountains were covered with rich grass and low-growing trees, not tropical in any way, but almost homelike in its quiet beauty. Away to the west, as far as the eye could reach, lay the great Athi Plains, and to the north, a long way off, Kenia raised its snow-covered peak above the clouds. We were surprised at the complete



HERD OF BUFFALO ON DONYA SABUK, PHOTOGRAPHED AT 125 YARDS WITH A TELEPHOTO LENS

lack of game, for except a few hartebeest we saw nothing during the morning's march.

The first thing we heard on arriving at the farm was that there were buffalo on Donya Sabuk, and that the chances seemed to be favorable for photographic work. Buffalo were what I particularly wanted, so we made camp with the idea of staying a few days. According to the information the best chances would be early in the morning and quite late in the afternoon, as then the buffalo usually come out to feed, while during the day they retire to the cool shade of the dense forest, with which the upper part of the mountain is partly covered. We were up very early the next morning, had breakfast in the dark, and were well up the steep slopes by the time the sun had crept through the morning clouds. It was hard work, as the thick high grass rendered the walking very tiring, really more like climbing than walking, and in places it was so steep that a rest was necessary every few yards. What would have happened had we come across either a buffalo or rhinoceros is difficult to say, as rhinoceros in particular have a disagreeable way of going to sleep in high grass, so that even when keeping a sharp lookout one may almost stumble over them, and of course dodging is scarcely possible in places where one cannot move quickly and freely. All that we could do was to go carefully, and look ahead as far as possible.

After climbing about seventeen hundred feet we reached the edge of the forest, and had our first experience of early morning in tropical woods. No words can describe the beauty of the scene. The singing of myriads of birds filled the air with such music as I had never before heard, upsetting the idea that tropical birds, though beautiful

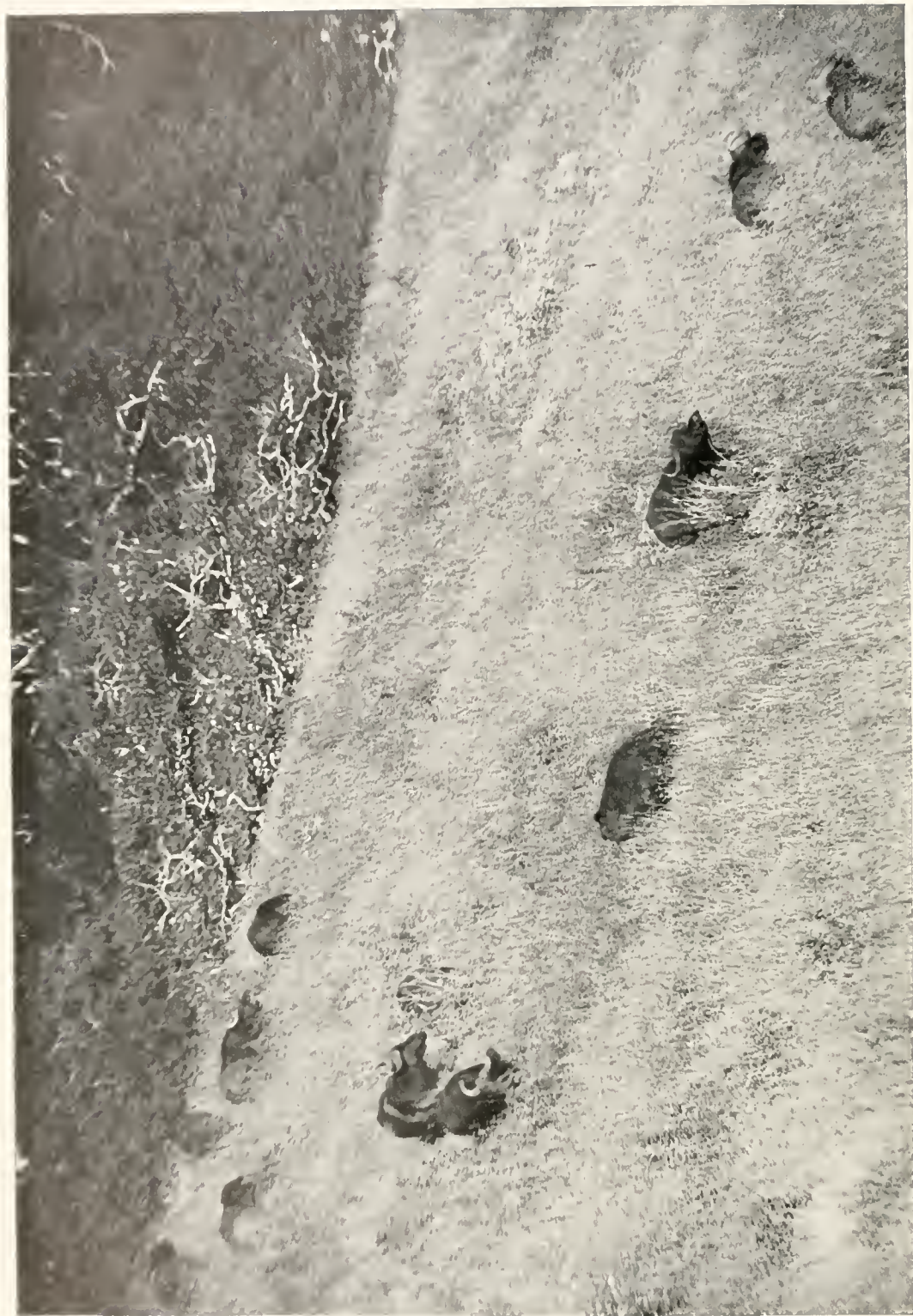
in plumage, lack to a great extent the power of song. The sweet scent of the flowers of the forest trees was delightful beyond words. Below the foreground of dark richly colored trees, as far as the eye could see, stretched a limitless view of plains and mountains, shrouded in places by the low-lying clouds, and lighted in other parts by splashes of ruddy morning sunshine, which darted through the patches of hazy mist and filmy clouds. Above it all towered Kenia, its snowy summit showing pink against the delicate purple sky. It was indeed a feast for the senses, and one over which we should have liked to linger, but we were there to look for buffalo, and time was very valuable, so with regret we turned from the fascinating scene, and continued our search.

While my companion waited to make a photograph of a view which took his fancy, I made my way alone toward an open stretch of the hillside above us. A few hundred yards of climbing brought me to the crest of a spur from which, to my intense delight and surprise, I saw a picture that made my heart beat with excitement, for there, not two hundred yards away, was a herd of buffalo, no less than twenty-eight of the big creatures, feeding quietly among the high grass, utterly oblivious of the presence of man. Such a sight is something to remember, for not only was there the thrilling pleasure of seeing this splendid herd of what are considered by many the most dangerous animals in the world, but the setting was such as one might well wish to paint — the waving yellow grass, with long soft shadows, and in the background a belt of forest which lifted its head from a deep gully. The trunks and branches of the trees were warmly lighted by the low sun, still quite near the horizon.

But in the beauty of it all was the sad fact that with such light it would be almost impossible to make really good instantaneous photographs, especially as it would be necessary to use the telephoto lens, which unfortunately requires the best of light. However, I must do the best that could be done under the circumstances, and so I returned with the utmost caution to where the cameras were, and after making everything ready crawled through the grass as carefully as possible toward where the buffalo were still feeding. In some way they had become suspicious, and were sniffing the air in a way that boded ill for me and my chance of obtaining any pictures. Not daring to go nearer than within about one hundred and twenty-five yards, I quietly lifted the camera above the level of the grass, focussed carefully, and with trembling fingers pressed the button. The sound of the shutter betrayed my whereabouts to the uneasy creatures, and I dreaded to think what might happen if they should take it into their heads to charge. The deep roaring of a lion in the woods below did not allay my fears. It sounded rather ominous, but I could not pay much heed to it, as my attention was more intimately connected with the buffalo, which were becoming more and more restless. Were they getting ready to charge, and if so what should I do? I had no rifle with me, and my companion was some distance away, and at any rate what would one rifle do in the way of stopping such a large herd if they meant mischief? There being no visible means of escape I could see nothing to be gained by wasting time in conjecturing, so I distracted my thoughts by taking another photograph just as one of the big bulls was bellowing. Then to my great relief they turned tail and retreated to the shelter of the deep forest. As they went I got one more picture just before

the herd had disappeared. This being my first experience with African buffalo, it seemed as though I had been exceptionally lucky in having escaped so easily. Judging from the numerous stories I had read of the terrible ferocity of these powerful beasts, I had fully expected to have a lot of trouble, but from what I have since learned it seems that buffalo will not, as a rule, attack *when in herds* unless they have been fired at, and even then, unless a cow is killed or wounded, they will more often than not run away, just as most animals do if they have the chance.

Above the woods into which the buffalo had retired was an immense pile of rocks; on the edge of these rocks stood a large euphorbia. In the shadow of this queer-shaped tree we decided to wait and watch for the rest of the day, on the chance that the buffalo might come out to feed again, though we scarcely expected to see them much before sunset. After a few hours we heard something moving among the trees, and it was not long before we made out the dark forms as they occasionally crossed a fairly open place. Off and on during the rest of the day we saw or heard them, but without having an opportunity for using the camera. It was not till nearly five o'clock that they finally emerged from the woods, and then instead of coming out into the open to feed, as we fully expected, they remained among the low bushes, some feeding, others standing chewing their cud, while a few lay down beneath the shrubs. Evidently they were entirely unsuspicious, for even though we were but a hundred yards away, they behaved more like a herd of domestic cows in a barnyard than a herd of savage beasts in the heart of Africa. Unfortunately, on our high perch we got the full benefit of the wind, which was blowing so vigorously that it was impossible to give a



PART OF THE SAME HERD SHOWN ON THE PREVIOUS PLATE. WHEN THIS PICTURE WAS MADE THE ANIMALS HAD BECOME SUSPICIOUS, AND ONE MAY BE SEEN BELLOWING

time exposure with the telephoto lens, and the rapidly declining light made it impossible to obtain satisfactory results with short exposures. I made several attempts, but the pictures were of course extremely disappointing. Had we been shooting, what an opportunity this would have been, for the largest bull in the herd — an immense beast with a wonderful pair of well-formed horns — lay in the shade of a bush, his back toward us, thus exposing both his spine and the back of his head, fatal shots in either case. What an example of the difference between the difficulties of photographing wild animals and shooting them! All we could do was to enjoy watching the herd until we were warned by the sinking sun that it was quite time for us to be making tracks for camp, unless we wished to be benighted on the mountain. The walking was bad enough by daylight, but in the darkness it would have been well-nigh impossible. So we left the buffalo unaware of having been watched by us, while we made the most of the remaining daylight by hurrying down the steep hillside, and reached camp just at dark. We were very much pleased with the day's work, but hoped to have even better luck before leaving. Whether or not the buffalo on finding our trail had been frightened it is impossible to say, but though we climbed that mountain many times, and devoted the days to watching the edge of the forest, we could never repeat our first day's experience. Only once did we even see the animals again, and then they were in a small clearing surrounded by dense and almost impenetrable forest. To go through the forest, where at any moment one might come only too suddenly on either buffalo or rhinoceros, would be sheer folly, for either of these animals, when encountered in thick bush, might prove extremely dangerous.

One morning while we were walking slowly through the tall grass, keeping our eyes on the distant edge of the forest, we ran across a pair of handsome black leopards drinking at a small spring not more than fifty feet away. They saw us just as we discovered them. Needless to say, they were off immediately. These animals are both rare and extremely shy, so to have lost an opportunity for securing a photograph of them in such an ideal setting was a source of the keenest regret; in fact, the chance of our again seeing one of them was most improbable. It was particularly aggravating, as we could so easily have made a picture of them had we not been looking far ahead, and so failed to observe that which was near to us. On reaching the edge of the forest we found a pair of rhinoceros asleep among some low bushes. For some reason or other the top of the mountain does not seem to be the proper place for these big creatures. One associates them more with open plains and grassy swamps, whereas they appear to be equally at home in high country and dense forests. I made a couple of telephotos of the sleeping pair, then aroused them and made another exposure of them standing. It was not long before they heard us, when with a loud snort or two they rushed down the steep hillside, and were soon lost to view in the forest below.

We found the daily climb rather trying to our muscles, and so decided to vary the work by taking a day after lions, several of which had been seen by our men. We beat several river beds where the thick grass formed splendid cover, but beyond nearly falling over a sleeping rhinoceros, which scared the men out of their wits, we saw nothing of especial interest. This day we went as far as the Athi River, where I had my first view of hippopotamus. Three



A GROUP OF BUFFALO RESTING AMONG DENSE BUSH. THIS TELEPHOTO WAS MADE WHEN THE SUN WAS VERY LOW AND THE WIND BLOWING WITH SUCH VIGOR THAT A TIME EXPOSURE WAS IMPOSSIBLE, HENCE THE BLACKNESS OF THE SHADOWS, WHERE THE BUFFALO CAN SCARCELY BE DETECTED

of the big clumsy creatures were swimming about, mostly under the water, but coming to the surface occasionally to blow and snort. After having once gotten wind of me they kept very close to a mass of papyrus, and though they were not more than eight or ten feet away, they were not again visible.

CHAPTER IV

FROM DONYA SABUK TO THE YATA PLAINS. INTERESTING EXPERIENCES WITH LIONS. PHOTOGRAPHING RHINOCEROS AND OTHER ANIMALS BY DAYLIGHT AND FLASHLIGHT

ON THE 5th of March we left Donya Sabuk without having had another chance of photographing the buffalo. Heading in a southeasterly direction, and traveling by a very circuitous Wakamba track, we went toward the Yata Plains. The country, until we reached the Athi River, was more or less hilly and very dry. It was the usual park-like country so common in British East Africa — low grass, scarcely any undergrowth, and evenly distributed thorn trees. The delicious fragrance of the cream-colored flowers of these trees filled the air, and reminded one strongly of a northern apple orchard in full bloom. We saw no game of any kind except a small herd of impala and a few hartebeest, and we encountered scarcely any natives other than those in two small villages through which we passed. These villages, with their small and very unpretentious grass huts, belonged to the Wakamba tribe, a quiet people who live mostly by their flocks of goats and cattle. They received us in a very friendly way, giving sour milk to our porters, and expressing their pleasure at having a visit from white men. The women were engaged in winnowing a fine millet-like seed which, with maize and milk, is one of their chief articles of food. Most of the men were busy making large baskets, about six feet in diameter, in which they stow their grain. One old man was engrossed in the making of

a bow, and it was interesting to see with what dexterity he used an adze-shaped tool. The men frequently carry bows and arrows, but whether they are skilful in the use of them we were unable to discover. The Wakamba men have the curious habit of filing their front teeth to fine points. In some cases they even pull out some, and in their place insert very finely pointed teeth made usually of hippopotamus ivory. They are not, generally speaking, a fine-looking race, being frequently rather small, and as a rule their color is coal black, instead of the splendid deep copper color so often seen among their northern cousins, the Wa-Kikuyu.

We camped for the night on the banks of the Athi River, and next morning continued on our way toward the Yata Plains, following the course of the river for several miles before turning eastward. We entered the Yata Plains almost immediately after leaving the Athi. This immense tract between the Athi and the Tiva rivers, is treeless except in occasional gullies. The ground is somewhat stony in places, but the greater part, like that of most of the open country we had crossed, is composed of very porous black earth with scanty vegetation. Water is scarce throughout the region except during the rainy season. At other times most of the water holes and tiny streams dry up. On the whole we were disappointed in the amount of game. A few zebra, hartebeest, impala, ostrich and a small herd of eland were all we saw during the first day. Around the water holes, near which we camped, there were fairly good signs of animals, and as our guide declared there was no water within six hours' march, we felt that our chances for obtaining flashlight photographs were excellent. Accordingly we set the cameras near the water only to experience the same disappointment

as on previous occasions, when the nocturnal birds had invariably sprung the shutters by flying against the threads. This finally necessitated our having to give up all idea of doing any more automatic flashlights near water, and resorting to the more trying, but, as it proved, infinitely more interesting method of watching the cameras all night, and firing from a distance when the animals were in the desired position and place. The great drawback to this sort of work, if one is limited in time, is that it means being awake all night, and consequently being unable to do much during the daytime. It is absolutely necessary to indulge in the very fullest allowance of sleep, for in tropical Africa, as in all hot countries, one's strength must be maintained if illness is to be avoided. A man in full vigor is of course much more nearly immune from fever than one who is in a run-down condition, and once fever has got its hold on a white man his powers of work are very greatly curtailed. Then, again, living on the generally high altitude of British East Africa has a tendency to affect the nerves, and in doing big game hunting, whether with camera or rifle, it is highly desirable that one's nerves be in very good condition. The best way to secure this is to have abundant sleep and exercise, and, it might be added, to be moderate in the use of alcoholic liquors.

It may be readily understood what a wonderful fascination flashlight work has for those who are interested in wild animals. Probably no branch of photography offers greater possibilities for pleasure and excitement. Whether the device one uses is automatic, so that the animals take their own photographs, or whether one sits up watching by the side of water hole or runway, and releases flash and camera at the proper moment, no one can have any idea of the



FLASHLIGHT PICTURE OF COKE'S HARTEBEEST

allurements of this form of sport unless he has undergone the experience. Apart from the animals themselves, there is something so delightful in being out in the mysterious night, when the great world is erroneously believed to be in a state of slumber, whereas it is only when the searching light of day vanishes that so much of the animal world awakes to life and activity. Then again, all creatures are game for the photographic bag, and that in itself as a sport offers an advantage over any kind of shooting. In British East Africa flashlight photography may be found at its very best, the possibilities are almost unlimited, the conditions most wonderfully favorable, and the variety of animal life as varied as the most ambitious could wish. One cannot tell what will come within range of the camera — the lowly jackal that approaches so quietly that his presence is seldom betrayed, the mighty rhinoceros, whose petulant snorting leads the watcher to wonder what might happen if he should become too inquisitive; the beautiful zebra, whose strongly marked coat makes him a much-desired object for the camera; or, best of all, it may be the stealthy, silent-footed lion, who comes without warning, and curdles our blood with his roaring when he retreats after being suddenly disturbed. The one thing absolutely necessary for successful flashlight photography is the selection of a suitable place. There must be some strong attraction for the animals, otherwise they will not come near the cameras, for even with the most scrupulous care there is usually something that will betray the presence of man to the keenly alert creatures. They are extremely suspicious of any place that has been recently frequented by man, so that a water hole, which offers perhaps the greatest of inducements to the wild beasts, is one of the best possible fields of operation, though

for the carnivora a dead animal is most likely to attract, especially if it be one of their own killing.

When working in a country where lions and other dangerous creatures are a constant menace to the sportsman every precaution must be taken to protect oneself against possible trouble; therefore when engaged in watching flashlight cameras a well-built boma of thorn bushes is desirable. We built ours of stout poles placed in the form of a tepee, and covered with thorn bush except at the opening. This was left open to admit of free passage, for there is always the chance that one may have to rush out in a hurry, in case the flashlight sets fire to the dry grass. This small opening means that one is liable to an attack from lions, but by keeping a sharp lookout, and having firearms ready for immediate use, we felt fairly safe. A very important consideration in flashlight photography is that of quietness, not comparative, but absolute noiselessness. To ensure this one must be comfortable, so that there will be no incentive to move at a critical moment. It frequently happens that an animal may be within a few yards, watching suspiciously, when you are not aware of its existence. The slightest sound will betray your presence, and off he will go. We found that by using a thick layer of grass, covered with a heavy blanket, we could move slightly without making the least noise.

On the evening of our first attempt we made everything absolutely ready before darkness set in. Any appliances that might be required were placed where they could be easily reached, and soon after the sun had set we settled ourselves for our first night's watching. What a splendid night it was! Scarcely a breeze stirred the air. The moon, then at its full, lighted the country as only a tropical moon



FLASHLIGHT OF A HERD OF COKE'S HARTEBEEST COMING TO DRINK

can. The stillness was almost overpowering, such a stillness as I had experienced only in the winter nights among the northern forests when the deep snow deadens all sounds. There was not even the buzzing of nocturnal insects to distract one. Occasionally in the distance the queer dog-like barking of the zebra, the maniacal howl of the hyena, or the thrilling roar of a lion, would disturb the peaceful quiet. Our slightest move sounded alarmingly loud; even our breathing made us wonder the sharp-eared animals could not hear us. For a couple of hours we watched without result, but about nine o'clock we heard sounds of approaching footsteps. What they were we could not tell for some time. In vain we strained our eyes, until at last some indistinct forms began to take shape. It was a small herd of Coke's hartebeest; not rare animals, it is true, but nevertheless we were greatly excited as we watched them coming nearer and nearer. They did not come directly to the water, thirsty though they probably were, but approached with the utmost caution, stopping every few steps to scrutinize the pool and its surroundings. Who could tell what enemy might be crouching in the deep gray shadows of the rocks and bushes! Any one of those small mounds or clumps of grass might in reality be a lion or a leopard ready to spring on one. A wild animal that would live long must go slow when he knows not what is ahead, and so these hartebeest came on at a pace which was to us most tantalizingly slow. Occasionally one would leave the herd and come close to the pool, then as a frog or bird would make a noise in or near the water away he would go, taking the other animals with him. Again and again this happened, and we were kept in breathless suspense, fearing each time that they would not return. For over an hour I held the electric button in

my hand ready at any instant to release the flash. When at last, to my great delight, the animals, satisfied apparently with their investigations, came straight to the pool, and standing directly in front of the two cameras began drinking, scarcely realizing what I was doing I pressed the button. Instantly the scene was lighted by the powerful blue-white flash, and before the animals had time to move two photographs had been made. Away went the bewildered herd, blinded no doubt by the brilliancy of the light, and badly frightened by the report, which, owing to the quietness of the night, sounded unusually loud. It is not necessary to add that we were thoroughly delighted, as there was every reason to believe the pictures would prove satisfactory.

Other animals might come to drink, for the night was still young, so, armed with lamp and rifle, we visited the cameras, changed the plates, reset the flash lamp, and returned to the boma to wait for what might come. Scarcely an hour had passed before we heard the distant sounds of footsteps and crunching of grass. There was little doubt that it was zebra, for they are noisy feeders. We hoped our surmise would prove correct, for I was very anxious to obtain photographs of these animals by flashlight. They did not keep us long in suspense, and soon we heard them coming down the hill behind. On they came without hesitating until they were within about forty yards. Zebra they surely were, and what a sight they presented! About one hundred and thirty of the beautiful striped creatures, their strangely marked coats glistening in the clear moonlight. One moment the light would strike them, so that the pattern was wonderfully conspicuous; then, turning slightly, they would become merged in the gray of the landscape, and fade into oblivion.

Sometimes their dark noses would be the only evidence of their existence. It was unquestionably the most superb animal picture I have ever had the good fortune to see. One could not imagine anything more beautiful, yet it seemed unreal, and was far more like a dream than a reality. If one could but photograph such a scene in all its delicacy of tone and color, what a triumph it would be! But such pictures are only seen in nature, for neither camera nor even brush can reproduce the wonders of moonlight and its mysterious nameless colors. We had thought the hartebeest suspicious, but the zebra proved even more so, and for five hours or more they kept us in a state of nervous excitement. Sometimes the whole herd came within thirty or forty yards of the water hole, and stood still for a few moments, then one, more courageous than the others, came forward a few steps, but fear taking possession of his timid heart he stopped. After a few minutes another, with a sudden and belated idea that he was no coward, slowly advanced, but his courage, too, dwindled when he felt himself alone, and after looking ahead at the dark shades about the water hole he turned with nervous haste and scampered back to his companions; then they all disappeared for a time. It reminded one of a lot of boys each daring the other to do some act of supposed bravery; one taunting another, would urge him to do things that he himself was afraid to do. We were unable to discern the cause of the zebra's remarkable caution. Perhaps it was that the cameras were not sufficiently well hidden, or that they had gotten our scent. It seemed scarcely possible that under ordinary conditions they would spend five hours in coming to water, but whatever might have been the cause, their suspicions were so thoroughly aroused that they finally

gave up all idea of visiting the water hole, and vanished in the dim light of the early dawn.

The following night saw us again at our post. We concealed the cameras more carefully with reeds so that no animal could detect them. The electric device was thoroughly tested, and everything appeared to be in perfect working order, so we settled ourselves down to what we hoped would prove a good night's sport. Toward midnight a small herd of zebra came, but after walking about and examining the ground near the water hole, they departed without satisfying their thirst. Later on some hartebeest arrived on the scene. Unlike those of the previous night they scarcely hesitated. One came ahead, and after a brief examination of the place began drinking. The others immediately followed his example. They were in a splendid position for a picture, and I pressed the button with the fullest expectation of securing a fine photograph. To my utter disgust the flash refused to light, and as the noise of the shutter had frightened away the animals, we went out to see what could be the cause of the disappointment. There had been no change since the outfit had been tested, so we were at a loss to understand the failure. Apparently something was wrong, as the flash would not work when both the cameras were in circuit, so that as we were unable to remedy the trouble, we finally decided to use only one camera. We returned to the shelter in a somewhat discouraged frame of mind to await the next comers, whatever they might be.

Unfortunately the sky had clouded over, so that we no longer had the brilliant moon to light the scene of operations. About an hour before daylight, when the country was shrouded in darkness,



FLASHLIGHT PHOTOGRAPH OF COKE'S HARTEBEEST AT A WATER HOLE ON THE YATA PLAINS

I heard the sound of water being lapped. What animal it might be I could not tell, but it was evidently neither antelope nor zebra, as they drink as a horse does, almost without a noise. Hyena it might be, or still more likely a lion, for several times during the night we had heard one roaring not very far away. The only way to find out was to make a photograph, so I pressed the button. The flash went off immediately, and so did the animal. My feelings can be better imagined than described when on going to reset the camera I discovered the fact that the slide had not been drawn from the plate holder. Inexcusable carelessness it was without doubt, but it must be allowed that working at cameras on a dark night with lions roaring around is apt to make one somewhat hasty in attending to the many and somewhat intricate details of a flashlight device. It is really quite remarkable how many opportunities there are for failure in animal photography. One may take every possible precaution beforehand, and see that each part of the apparatus is in perfect order, and then, at the critical moment, fail through forgetting some minute but important detail. The flashlight device seemed actually to be governed by the spirit of trouble. Often we would test it repeatedly in every possible way with perfectly satisfactory results, and then, after waiting for hours, or even nights, for some animal to come within range, the wretched apparatus fails at the last moment. The electric device is unquestionably the best of all methods *when* it works, as it responds immediately and is noiseless, which is a most important consideration, but it is unfortunately over-easily deranged in the knocking about which things are almost bound to have on "safari." It is to be hoped that some one will eventually design an apparatus for flashlight work that will

be both simple and effective, yet light enough to work on the field. Mechanical devices are nearly always too noisy to be used with perfect satisfaction, and they are not instantaneous, so that when several cameras are used together it is almost impossible to secure absolute synchronism.

One night we were much interested in watching the peculiar behavior of an old doe hartebeest. She came with her yearling fawn, and after carefully investigating the vicinity of the pool began drinking. The yearling very soon satisfied his thirst, and retired from the scene, but the old one continued drinking intermittently for two hours. During this time three other hartebeest appeared, but every time they came near the water the fractious old doe drove them away. A more ill-natured old creature I have never seen. What her reason was for objecting to the other animals having a drink no one could say, but she was absolutely determined in her selfishness, and must have taken far more water than she could possibly need, for every time she chased any animal away she would immediately have a drink. A small herd of zebra came, and these, too, she drove away. Finally she was badly frightened by the sudden arrival of a jackal, and we saw no more of her.

Later in the night I secured a photograph of four hartebeest which came with very slight hesitation. For several nights we watched the water hole without very satisfactory results, as the animals were extremely shy. One night, however, while watching the careful approach of a small herd of hartebeest, we were surprised to see them suddenly bolt with wonderful speed just as they reached the water. The cause of their fright soon appeared in the shape of a spotted hyena, which had come as silently as a ghost. The harte-

beest did not wait to investigate, but ran as soon as they realized that an animal was near. As a matter of fact they had no reason to be afraid of the despised hyena, which probably never attacks any wild creature, unless it be wounded, but prowls about, ghoul-like, and plays the part of scavenger and thief. Nothing is too disgusting for it, meat in the last stages of decay, and even offal, being eaten with apparent relish. Human flesh finds favor with them, and though they will sometimes attack children, they prefer to wait for those that are dead or dying. Burial by the natives of most of the East African tribes is very rare, old people who have lost their teeth, mothers of very large families, and distinguished chiefs, being about the only ones entitled to burial. Many of the tribes believe that to have any one die in a hut brings bad luck, so as the end approaches the wretched creature is carried out and placed under a tree (if one is convenient), away from the village, to be devoured by the hyenas. On this account the natives will not kill these "living tombs of their people." It is strange that the hyenas should be such miserable cowards. Evidently they do not appear to realize their power, though it is true that most of their strength is in their jaws, which are so powerful that they are said to be able to crunch any bone around which their teeth can close, and yet, unlike their close relations, the big "cats," they will almost starve rather than attack a living creature. The hyena that frightened away the hartebeest was himself so alarmed that he slunk away, but after a few minutes reappeared, and as he stood suspiciously examining the pool I fired the flash and secured two photographs. In one of the pictures the indistinct forms of the hartebeest are visible in the background.

We were somewhat surprised that no lions visited the water hole, for the fact that there were many in the neighborhood was only too clear. Nearly every night we heard them roaring, and the men while gathering firewood had seen several. As lions invariably drink soon after feeding, we could not understand how it was that we had seen none. Evidently there must be other water about, notwithstanding our guide's assurance to the contrary. One morning, while taking our much-needed sleep, after having been up all night, we were aroused by the magic word "Simba" (Swahili for lion). The men had been out for wood, and had seen two lions in a little gully not far away. Without waiting to ask many questions we hastily dressed and started in the direction of the gully, armed with rifles and cameras, and followed by almost all our men, as I had promised backsheesh for information leading to either the photographing or shooting of lions. Both my companions and myself were extremely anxious to secure a lion's skin, and we were greatly excited at the prospect before us. On reaching the place where the lions had been seen we found a small and nearly dry stream, in which was a dense growth of papyrus, evidently a first-rate cover for the animals. Accordingly we determined to try a beat. My companion took one side and I with my camera bearer the other. The men followed close behind, making all the noise they could and throwing stones into the thicket.

It was not long before something began to move in the papyrus within a few yards of me. That it was a lion there seemed no doubt, and at that distance there was no time to lose, for should the beast decide to spring there would be an extremely good chance for trouble. The men, in a high state of excitement, begged me to shoot. Photo-



THIS SPOTTED HYENA IN COMING TO THE WATER TO DRINK FRIGHTENED AWAY SOME HARTEBEEST WHICH CAN BE DIMLY SEEN IN THE BACKGROUND. (FLASHLIGHT, YATA PLAINS)

graphing was out of the question, so, trusting to luck, I fired into the moving grass, and though there was no sound of any struggle the motion ceased. I was just wondering what had happened when, not more than four yards away, there was a crashing sound, and again I fired, though nothing was visible. Scarcely had the sound of the shot died away when to our surprise out rushed a lion cub directly toward my companion. Then there was great excitement, as all hands gave chase. It was not long before the youngster was caught, and a savage little brute it proved to be. We were very anxious to keep it alive, and while several of the men were helping to tie it securely, I had the very questionable pleasure of seeing an immense lion and lioness approaching. If ever there was an opportunity for trouble we surely had it, for the growls of the cub as it fought its captors could be clearly heard for several hundred yards. Nearly all the men, following the primal instinct, bolted with more haste than dignity, while we stood still watching the mighty beasts as they watched us. Neither of us had ever seen a wild lion before, and our feelings may well be imagined. Of course we thought there was no possible way of avoiding an attack, and we drew lots for who was to take the lion. It was a queer experience, standing there holding an infuriated lion cub, and drawing lots for choice of shots, while the huge black-maned lion and his mate were not more than two hundred yards away. I won the draw, and was wondering whether I had better shoot at once, or wait for a closer shot, when, to our utter disgust, the two animals turned tail and ignominiously disappeared over the hill.

As there was every reason to suppose they would return, we concluded it would be best for us to take advantage of a comfortable-

looking tree, from which both photographing and shooting would be more satisfactory. Using the camera from the ground was impossible, owing to the high grass which concealed so much of a low-standing animal such as a lion. The struggling cub was carried to the tree we selected, in the hope that its growling would bring the parents within range of the cameras. My camera bearer had climbed the tree, and I was about to pass him the outfit, when to my surprise three lions came in sight, the black-maned lion and two lionesses. They were about two hundred and fifty yards away. I was in the act of changing the ordinary lens for the telephoto in order to get a good long-distance picture when they retreated. The noise made by the men as they struggled for the few available trees presumably frightened the lions, and so once more we were disappointed. To add to our dismay the unfortunate cub died. It actually killed itself by struggling. The tree we were in was about seventy-five yards from where the cub had been found, and as it seemed to me that it would be better to be nearer, I decided to take my place alone in a small thorn tree, directly over where I had fired the shots, so with my rifle and camera I started off. I had not gone half-way before my companion called out, "Here comes the lion!" That is the way things go in animal photography. One waits for hours and nothing happens, then the moment one moves the long-awaited-for animal arrives. I cannot say that there was any undue lingering on my part, and it seemed as though that tree were only too far away; however, I finally reached it, and had just wriggled my way through the thorns to one of the lower branches, when I had the pleasure of seeing the two lionesses standing close together, not seventy-five yards away. One shot with a solid bullet would have gone through

both of their shoulders, and I was sorely tempted to fire, but the thought that the big lion was behind prevented my acting on the impulse.

Judging by the conditions, there seemed to be every probability that I should have an opportunity of securing a photograph of him, and even have a chance of a shot as well, and perhaps my companion might get a lioness or two. For about three minutes I watched the splendid creatures, expecting every instant to see the lion emerge from behind a large bush near which the tawny pair were standing, and when they turned their heads and looked back I felt sure the time was close at hand. It was very exciting, but I wished that bush was out of the way, and I also wished myself a little farther from the ground, and among fewer thorns. Five feet from the ground is too close for complete comfort. I held the cameras pointed at the lioness, ready to press the button the moment the lion came in sight, when before I realized what had happened, they jumped into some high grass and bolted as hard as they could. It appeared that one of the men had been off after honey, not knowing anything about our lion hunt. As it happened, he came directly between the lion and the two lionesses, and all three went off. During the rest of the afternoon there was no further excitement.

We found that my shots had killed two cubs, which was most unfortunate, as it greatly reduced the chances of seeing the old ones. Had they been alive the parents would certainly have come to feed them, and we should have been practically sure of an opportunity to secure some photographs. As there seemed nothing better to do, we finally decided to spend part of the night in the tree on the chance of getting a shot or two, and so we sent the men away, and had some

supper brought to us about sunset. We were thoroughly tired and extremely hungry, having had nothing to eat since six o'clock breakfast, so we quickly settled ourselves as comfortably as possible on the hard, thorny branches to eat our meal. Scarcely had we commenced when in the dim twilight we saw the lion and lioness coming in our direction. Unfortunately they must have seen us move, for they stopped when about one hundred and fifty yards away, and remained there until darkness set in. Then we heard them coming through the dry grass, a few steps at the time, and oh, so slowly! It really seemed as though they would never reach the papyrus. We could see nothing, for there was no moon, and a darker night I have never known. Thinking that I might possibly be able to distinguish the big animals if I were nearer the ground, I cautiously descended to the lowest branch, which was not more than eight feet from the ground. The lions were not far away, and we heard their low purring as they crept through the papyrus. While I was peering into the darkness, trying in vain to see something, I was badly startled by a loaf of bread which I had left on a branch when the meal had been so suddenly interrupted. It fell with a thud directly beneath me, just as one of the lions was passing not more than twelve or fourteen feet away. The sudden noise gave me such a start that I nearly fell off the branch, and incidently it frightened away the lions. We heard them going through the papyrus, stopping once to drink, but unfortunately they did not come near us again, and we had the mortification of realizing that though we had seen lions we had lost every opportunity for both shooting and photographing, and had nothing at all to show for the extremely tiring day. We had been very much surprised at their behavior. Many



THESE THREE TELEPHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN IN QUICK SUCCESSION SHOW THE RHINOCEROS: (1) WALKING DOWN WIND TO GET OUR SCENT; (2) STOPPING TO LISTEN; (3) FACING US AS HE HEARS THE SOUND OF THE SHUTTER

times have I seen moose and deer, or even rabbits, display much greater solicitude for their young than was shown by those lions. I could scarcely believe that they would calmly allow their young to be captured without making any attempt to rescue it, even after listening to its cries for help.

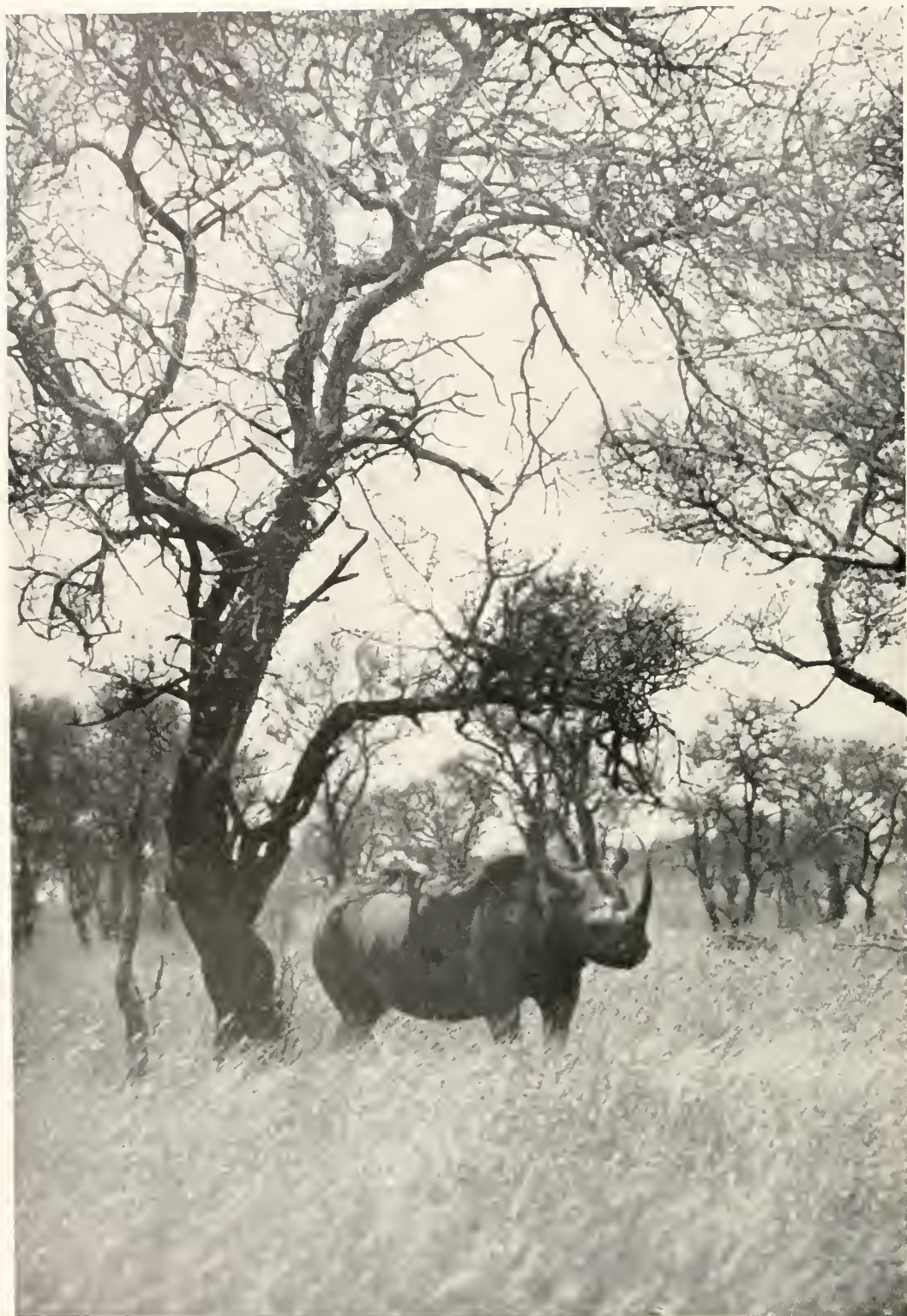
As we were too tired to prolong our vigil we only waited for the moon to rise before returning to camp, and even with its soft light we did not feel particularly comfortable, knowing that at least three lions were about, and that two of them were in anything but an amiable frame of mind. In our excited and tired condition, bushes, stones and ant-hills took on strange shapes, and many a time did we hold our rifles ready to protect ourselves against enemies which proved to be harmless shadows. Never did the camp look more cheerful, or bed more alluring, and not all the lions in Africa could have disturbed our night's sleep. Next day we built a boma overlooking the water hole in which the lions had been heard to drink, but though we spent the night in careful watching we neither saw nor heard any lions. Our only visitor was a spotted hyena, and even he did not wait long enough to be photographed.

As we had devoted most of our time to flashlight work since our arrival at the Yata Plains, we had not had much opportunity for seeing the country around us. So we took a day off to see what might be found, I going in one direction and my companion in another. For several hours I saw nothing but an occasional herd of impala or hartebeest, and some fairly fresh tracks of buffalo. I found that the country northwest of the Yata Plains was slightly rolling, with many dry water-courses. There were the usual scattered thorn trees to break the monotony; along the beds of the streams

these trees were in bloom, and the fragrance was very refreshing. Swarms of bees were busy gathering honey. Here and there the Wakamba beehives, consisting simply of hollow logs, partly closed at both ends, were hung in the trees. Presumably these people must make expeditions into the country periodically to collect the honey, but we saw no natives of any kind during our stay.

In Nairobi we had been told we should find the Yata Plains fairly alive with rhinoceros. Evidently we were there at the wrong season, for up to this time we had seen only one. I had almost given up looking for the queer beasts, so was much surprised when we nearly ran on top of a big fellow who was standing in a drowsy sort of way in the shade of a tree. Fortunately we were working up wind, so were not discovered. The chance for a photograph was apparently very good, so exchanging the rifle for the camera, and instructing the man to stay close by, for, in the event of a charge, I might have to shoot quickly, we moved toward the big beast, which had in the meantime become suspicious. It was somewhat of a surprise to find that, instead of one rhinoceros, there were no fewer than five.* The prospect was anything but alluring, especially as we only had a .275 rifle — a weapon powerful enough for most work, but rather small for stopping a charging rhinoceros. While I was debating in my mind as to the best method of procedure, our big friend became very uneasy and proceeded to inform the other four, which had been asleep, that there was something wrong. They all stood up, then walked about, trying to discover what and where the danger might be. Once they all came together, and it was decidedly comical to see the five ungainly animals actually rubbing noses. Apparently

*This experience clashes with that of a well-known hunter and writer, who declares that more than four rhinos are never seen together.



THE SAME RHINO AS SHOWN ON THE PREVIOUS PLATE, PHOTOGRAPHED WITH A SINGLE LENS AND GREATLY ENLARGED



OUR ONLY VISITORS ONE NIGHT WERE TWO SCAVENGERS — A SPOTTED HYENA AND A JACKAL, WHICH CAME TO FEED ON THE DEAD ZEBRA

they were discussing the situation, and it ended in the biggest one being sent to reconnoitre. He was one of the finest specimens I have ever seen, even though the horns were not large. His hide was in splendid condition, and wonderfully clean and smooth, entirely free from scars and blemishes. By good luck, instead of coming directly toward us, he went to one side, and as he came slowly along I very carefully approached to within less than forty yards. Then I made an exposure, getting a good broadside view. At the sound of the shutter he stopped, then walking a few steps ahead, stopped again, and I made another exposure. This time he located the sound of the shutter, and turned straight toward me, and I confess that I felt uncomfortable as I changed plates, keeping one eye all the time on the suspicious creature. If he should charge, the others would probably come, too, and the situation would result in a tree-climbing contest for us; so, after making another exposure, I crawled to a convenient tree as rapidly as possible. Once there I felt more comfortable, and changed the telephoto lens for a more rapid one, in order to be ready for a charge. We stood eyeing each other for some minutes, but as I found the tension anything but pleasant, I tried to stalk him. He allowed me to come within about twenty-five yards, and then, being unable to stand it any longer, he bolted toward the other four, and away they all went, leaving me somewhat delighted, but very much surprised at their behavior.

It is just as well for one's comfort that the poor old beasts are so nearly blind, for if they were able to see as well as they hear and smell, they would be extremely dangerous. As it is, anything farther than about one hundred and fifty yards is practically beyond their range of vision. Their sense of smell is very keen, however,

and their hearing fairly so. As already stated, the big creatures have few, if any, enemies except man, and so have small need of keenness. When anything disturbs or annoys them, they charge in a lumbering sort of way that is very deceptive. It seems incredible that such clumsy-looking creatures can attain the speed they do; not only do they go fast, but their agility in turning is really remarkable. When charging they usually lack the fiendish persistence of such animals as the buffalo, and if they fail to strike the object of their ponderous attention the first time, they are more than likely to pass on. Frequently their so-called charges are not charges at all. They see, hear, or smell something, and, to satisfy their curiosity, come to see what it is. In such cases they usually trot, whereas when they mean mischief, as they frequently do, they more often gallop with tail erect. This at least has been my experience, though it has been said that they *never* gallop unless wounded. The question of how to avoid a charge is open to dispute, and I almost hesitate to advise dodging, after a certain writer has declared it to be a practical impossibility. Yet I have seen it done with perfect success. Of course it requires coolness and favorable conditions to begin with, and no move must be made until the animal is within about two or at most three yards, then a sudden jump to one side should prove absolutely safe. If you move too soon the rhinoceros will turn. It is of the utmost importance that the ground be examined before any move is made, as in many places it is honey-combed with holes, and to fall into one would prove decidedly disastrous. When there is more than one of the big brutes it is unwise to trust to dodging. Shooting is far more safe. Curiously enough the rhinoceros, notwithstanding its size, is comparatively easily killed; but I do not

believe that it is often necessary to shoot to kill, as they will in most cases turn if struck on the shoulder or the nose. A solid bullet of about .450 calibre will kill instantly if properly placed, while a soft point of the same size will usually cause the animal to turn. We even tried buckshot with a twelve-bore shotgun with success, but it can scarcely be relied upon, as we found to our cost when we tried to turn the last one mentioned in the Olgerei trip.

CHAPTER V

FROM THE YATA PLAINS TO SIMBA CAMP NEAR THE TANA RIVER.
PHOTOGRAPHING LIONS AT CLOSE RANGE BY FLASHLIGHT. BEING
STALKED BY TWO LIONS IN THE DAYTIME

THERE did not seem to be very much chance of doing any more satisfactory work in the vicinity of the water hole, and as we were anxious to be making our way farther north before the rains, we decided to leave the Yata Plains and go toward the Tana and Thika rivers, where we had been given to understand there was an abundance of game of many kinds. So on the 14th of March we broke camp and headed for the Thika River, at a point where it passed Boulder Hill. Our guide told us that we should not reach the river in less than seven or eight hours, but, like most of his information, it proved incorrect, for in three and a half hours we heard the refreshing sound of running water, and a halt was called so that we all might enjoy a cool wash, as the day was hot. We found the river more or less tropical in appearance. There were a few palms, almost hidden in the thick overhanging trees, while here and there masses of the beautiful feathery papyrus lined the shores, and many kinds of brilliant flowering creepers covered every available bush and branch. We were surprised to see no aquatic birds, for the place seemed thoroughly suited to them.

The walk along the side of the river was thoroughly delightful; for miles we followed animal paths which led through a fairly thick growth of rather small thorn trees, all in full bloom, and anything



THE SAME LION AS SHOWN IN FRONTISPIECE, BUT PHOTOGRAPHED FROM A DIFFERENT POSITION

more untropical could scarcely be imagined. Under the shade of the sweet-smelling trees the air was deliciously cool; it was really more like a fine spring day at home than the so-called African "jungle" a few miles south of the equator. There were not many animals about, only a few impala and waterbuck, while here and there a little duiker or dikdik would dart away in nervous haste, and occasionally a big rhinoceros would go off with a petulant grunt as he heard the sound of man. Then as we reached a suitable fording place we were brought rather suddenly to a realization of our whereabouts by the angry growl of a lion, not fifty yards away. He had evidently come down to the river for a drink, after having had his meal, and, finding the cool shade of the trees to his liking, had lain down to enjoy his regular after-dinner sleep, when we, coming along, disturbed his Royal Highness. So off he went after loudly expressing his utter disapproval of us. We followed him for some distance, but eventually lost the spoor in a dense, dry thicket.

It is usually considered unwise to wade rivers in tropical countries, but we found the water so alluring that we could not resist the temptation. It was little more than waist deep, and so delightfully cool that we both wanted to have a swim. On the north side of the river we found the country more open, with larger and fewer trees, none of which were in bloom. There were a good many waterbuck, and occasionally a company of baboons could be seen in the distance. Shortly after noon we came across a fair-sized rhinoceros in a clear piece of ground which had evidently been a resting place for hartebeest, or perhaps waterbuck or impala, as it was entirely devoid of vegetation. Surrounding this clearing were many trees, so it was

in every way a good place for photographing. It is not often that one sees a rhino clear of all grass or other obstruction, so I determined to do what I could in the way of securing a good picture. My companion had the heavy rifle to be used in case of emergency, while my camera bearer, following close behind me, carried my Mauser. My attention was so entirely concentrated on the suspicious animal, which presumably had heard us, I had not noticed that two askaris were following. We got within about eighteen yards of the rhinoceros after a little careful stalking. Fully believing he would run away, I was about to make an exposure when he suddenly rushed toward us. Here then was a perfect chance to make a really satisfactory photograph of a charge, as I could wait near a tree until the last moment, and so make the picture at very close range. With this idea in view I held the camera at the approaching animal, focussing carefully. Just as I was going to press the button, the rhino being but ten yards away, a regular cannonade was fired right at my elbow, and down went the wretched brute. Both askaris, as well as the gun and camera bearers, had lost their heads and fired. It was indeed a wonder that they had not killed me, as I had been almost directly between them and the rhinoceros. My indignation could neither bring back to life the poor old creature, nor give me the photograph that I wanted so much. I could simply threaten the men with the rigor of the law if ever they dared to fire again without my orders.

We camped for the night on the banks of the Thika, and the men made the most of the opportunity by spending hours in the water. It is quite extraordinary how fond the Negroes are of bathing. Never have I seen them miss a chance of washing, even when they have

to go a long distance to the water. They will do anything to get hold of soap, stealing it without the slightest compunction if it is not carefully locked up. Generally speaking, I found the natives, including the porters, who are mostly Swahilis, cleanly in their personal habits, according to their own ideas. They are particularly careful of their teeth, and spend a great deal of time cleaning them with a sort of soap wood. They even consider our custom of using a toothbrush a most uncleanly habit.

The march to our next camp was along very dry country; in fact we saw no sign of water in the sixteen miles or so that we covered. We kept close to the foothills of the irregular range known as the Ithanga Mountains, crossing innumerable dry water-courses, which in the rainy season must be raging torrents. In some places, particularly among the "sugar bushes," game was fairly numerous, especially waterbuck. We also saw one herd of fifteen giraffe. They were very wild, however, and though I tried hard I could not get within photographing distance of them. One thing which surprised me was the absence of hartebeest. We had walked perhaps twenty miles before we saw any, though as a rule they are quite the commonest of the animals. Our guide was taking us to where he said we should find water in abundance, but when we arrived at the place all we found was a very small pool of dark green substance which could scarcely be called water. It was very disappointing, as the march had been the hottest we had experienced and we were all thoroughly tired. We had the choice of digging for water or continuing our way till we reached the Tana, a couple of hours farther on. In several places we had seen the footprints of lions in the dry sand, so of course we were only too anxious to stay where we were. A

careful examination of the stream bed showed where some animals had been digging for water; we followed their example, and soon had the satisfaction of finding a very fair supply of clear cold water, which filtered slowly through the coarse sand. While digging in this sandy gravel we found a number of very small toads, scarcely one and a half inches long, of a kind I had never seen before. They burrowed with the greatest ease until they were below the upper sand, which was dry and scorching hot.

Our first night in camp was made interesting by the roaring of lions. From every direction came the gruesome sound, which was music in our ears, for of all the animals in East Africa the lion was the one which I wanted most to photograph, and if sounds meant anything we should certainly find opportunities in the neighborhood. The following day we built a thorn boma twelve yards away from a freshly killed zebra. Near this two cameras and the flashlight were placed, and when night came we entered the thorny shelter with great hope in our hearts. Nothing happened, however, to break the monotony of the long watch except the roars of lions, which at one time were very near. The next night we were less hopeful, notwithstanding the fact that the conditions seemed very favorable. There was no moon, and dark heavy clouds hung low in the sky, so that the darkness was almost overwhelming. It was really just the sort of night for lions to be prowling about, according to the popular idea. I took the first watch, and lay with my head on the ground, in order that I might perhaps be able to see any approaching animal against the very indistinct sky-line. There was scarcely any wind, so I rather hoped that I should hear anything coming.

For about two hours I had been straining both eyes and ears, when suddenly to my astonishment a huge lion appeared. He was standing close to the zebra when I first discovered him, and I could not understand how he could possibly have come without being seen or heard. Yet there he stood, the king of beasts, the most feared animal in Africa, not twelve yards away. The thrill of excitement was beyond all words. As far as I could judge the big creature was staring at us, and I scarcely dared reach over to my companion and whisper the word "lion." Fortunately he awoke without making any noise, and leaning gently over me he had his first look at the animal. Much as I wanted a photograph I felt almost afraid to fire the flash, for what should we do if he attacked us? After a flashlight goes off one can see nothing for several minutes, so that the lion might come without our knowing anything until he was on top of us, when shooting would be too late. We finally decided that the best plan would be for us both to shoot as I pressed the electric button. While we were getting ready for this the lion seized the zebra, and without the slightest effort turned it round. Fearing that he would carry it off beyond reach of the cameras, we hurriedly took aim, and as I pressed the electric flash release we both fired. The two shots rang out simultaneously with the explosion of the powerful light, but whether or not the lion was hit we could not tell. He only went about one hundred yards away, and then began roaring in a manner that made us most uncomfortable. It was not long before he was joined by his mate, and the two kept up the most frightful roars I had ever heard. Occasionally they moved farther away, but most of the time they stayed within a hundred to two hundred yards, and each

time as the sounds would come closer we expected the brutes were coming for us.

It is all very well to say that when a lion means mischief he keeps quiet. In theory that is generally true, but it is hard to believe in the theory when the conditions were such as we were experiencing. We realized that the lions knew we were there. We also believed one of them to be wounded. It was no wonder then that we did not enjoy crawling out of the boma in order to reset the cameras and flashlight. It was a thoroughly disagreeable job, and I for one was only too glad when it was accomplished, and we were safely back in the shelter of the thorns. Once there we could more comfortably enjoy the continual roars which lasted during the greater part of the night. So far as we could judge there were about five lions altogether, but the sounds seemed to come from every direction. No more came near the cameras, however, so we had to be content with the two exposures which had been made simultaneously.

With the first gleam of dawn we started for camp, as I could scarcely wait to develop the plates. My delight was unbounded when on examining the negatives after they came out of the developer I found that I had really secured two satisfactory photographs of a pretty fair-sized lion at a distance of twelve yards. Not only had the pictures been secured, but we had had a night of as great excitement as the most ambitious might wish. Those who have not gone through the experience cannot imagine the sensation of being at such very close quarters with so powerful and determined a creature as a lion. It would have been exciting enough by day, but in the awe-inspiring darkness of night it was much more so, as one knows that for the lion there is no night, his eyes being as good then as in the clear

sunshine. We found it difficult to wait for the day to pass, so eager were we to be at the lion work again, but our luck was not to continue as it had begun. Instead of lions we had to be content with watching a miserable hyena, which came several times. Constantly afraid, he would come to the carcase after much hesitation, greedily gulp down a lump of torn flesh or entrails, and vanish for some time before venturing to return for another piece. If, when he stood near the carcase, a lion roared, away would the sneaking creature go. Everything frightened him. The whirr of the wings of some nocturnal bird appeared to be as much dreaded as the sound of the lions, and when we moved in any way the hyena simply melted into the darkness. What a life such a creature must live! Ever afraid of his own shadow, shunned by all animals save the jackal, with whom he sometimes associates in his filthy feasts. No one has a good word for the carrion beast, and he appears to feel the world's attitude, if we may judge by his hang-dog expression and skulking ways.

The next night we were again on duty in the boma. The proximity of the zebra was anything but agreeable. When at times the breeze veered round, and carried the offensive odor toward us, it was all we could do to stand it, and we wondered if lions would deign to touch meat that was in such a state. We knew that both hyenas and jackals prefer, or appear to prefer, putrid meat to that which is fresh, but we had been told that lions were more particular, and that, as a rule, they would disdain anything which was not of their own killing. For the benefit of those who wish to try baiting lions, I can say that from our experience it would seem that the lion's own kill, be it fresh or old, is unquestionably preferred, but they will not refuse to come to an animal killed by man, whether

it has been handled or not. It should not be forgotten that they show marked preference for certain flesh, zebra, rhinoceros and, I am told, buffalo being their favorites, while hartebeest is perhaps the least desired. The hour at which food is taken is absolutely irregular and uncertain, any time from sunset till dawn being far more common than during the day, and I believe the earlier half of the night to be preferred to the later half.

I was, as usual, taking the first watch, and was lying with my head on the ground, as I had done on the previous nights. Scarcely anything could be distinguished in the darkness, and I was trying to decide whether a dark object some distance away was an animal or a bush when I felt, rather than heard, some creature moving near the dead zebra. With the aid of the night glass I made out the forms of a hyena and two jackals prowling about. For about half an hour they remained in sight. Evidently they could smell us, and were afraid to begin their meal. Without any apparent reason they suddenly vanished. It seemed more than likely that a lion was in the vicinity, and they had gotten wind of him. Discretion being very much to their mind, they had retired without waiting to argue the point with the mighty hunter. Some time elapsed, and I was beginning to think my conjecture was wrong, when I was startled by a heavy thud, as two lions landed on the zebra. Evidently they had stalked the carcass as though it were a living beast, and crouching low had been invisible against the sky-line, while the spring had been so quick that I could not have seen it. The stealthy and absolutely silent approach of these two big beasts through the parched grass made me realize with what ease they could stalk a man, no matter how alert he might be, and my respect for them increased greatly.



"THE KING IS DEAD." WHEN THIS LION CAME NEAR US DURING THE NIGHT THE FLASHLIGHT MISSED FIRE, SO THAT SHOOTING SEEMED NECESSARY

The first sound after they had landed on the gas-distended carcase was the rending of the tough skin as they tore great pieces from the flank in their endeavor to get at the meat. It was terrible even though a somewhat grand sight, and I gently awoke my companion that he might see it, and be ready in case of trouble. That I was going to secure a splendid picture of the two huge beasts there seemed no reason to doubt, but, as on the previous occasion, we deemed it advisable to shoot as well. The shooting, however, was no easy task, as the sights of the rifles were impossible to distinguish in the extreme darkness, and then the animals were ever on the move as they pulled the heavy carcase about as though it were a feather. At last, however, we both thought we were ready, and at a given signal I pressed the button and we both fired. *The flash did not go off.* At the report of the rifles the lions disappeared! What a dismal failure we had made of this wonderful opportunity! Why the flash had not fired we could not understand, for everything had been so carefully tested. Neither could we understand how it was possible to miss two lions that were only twelve yards away. To say that we were discouraged and disappointed scarcely expresses it, for that we should have another such opportunity was highly improbable.

We were discussing the situation in perfectly audible tones, and I, much against my companion's advice, was about to go out of the boma to investigate the cameras, when he grabbed my arm, and pointed to a dark moving form not more than twenty-five yards away. Was it really the lion coming back? If so, we could only believe that it was coming for us. It seemed utterly impossible that any animal would return to where it had been fired at only a few minutes before. Turning the glasses toward the slowly advancing

creature I found that there was no doubt about it. It really was the lion, and I shuddered at the thought of what might have happened had I been foolish enough to leave the boma as I was on the point of doing. We were very much relieved to see that instead of coming straight for us he went to the zebra. Now, of course, there was no chance of using the cameras; shooting alone remained for us; so as soon as the lion reached the zebra and stood absolutely motionless we took aim with the utmost care, and both fired, I with the .275 Mauser, and my companion with the .450 cordite. The sound of the shots was almost deafening. Then came silence, silence intense, and oh, so discouraging! Had we hit the animal there would have been some sound of the death struggle, or if we had missed we should have heard it rushing away (if it did not rush at us). We waited for several minutes without getting any light on the situation, and then, being unable to stand the strain of suspense any longer, we crawled out armed with lamps and rifles. It was not a particularly wise proceeding on our part, for if the lion were wounded we should have very little chance in the event of its attacking us. Then, too, its mate was probably not far away. The excitement of the moment sent discretion to the winds, and although as we left the boma we looked around us with decided feelings of apprehension, it was not till later that we fully realized the imprudence of our action. The camera was first examined, and the unfortunate cause of failure was found in the disconnection of one of the wires, which had evidently been knocked loose while we were placing the thorn branches around the cameras. Thinking it would be interesting to see which direction the lion had taken when he had so mysteriously disappeared, we turned the light toward the ground near the

carcase, and there, to our amazement, lay the lion stone dead. The little .275 bullet had entered the head directly between the eyes, and death had been instantaneous. With the greatest difficulty we dragged the dead animal away from the zebra. Until then we had not understood that a lion weighs very nearly a quarter of a ton. We were interrupted in our examination of the dead monster by the deep roar of a lion not far away. It was probably the dead one's mate, so we lost no time in getting back to the little boma, as we were by no means anxious to encounter a lioness that had just lost her lord and master. We were very sorry not to have secured a photograph of so fine a lion, but the possession of the skin made up, to some extent, for the disappointment. The shooting of a lion does, without doubt, appeal strongly to one's vanity; even the least bloodthirsty of us pats himself on the back with satisfaction, and thinks he has done something of which he may be justly proud, whereas shooting lions is not anything very wonderful. It is usually close range work, wherein the marksmanship is easy. In most cases it is simply a question of keeping cool, for there is no doubt both greenhorn and veteran regard the lion with a considerable degree of fear; and then, too, tradition has much to do with our feelings of worshipful awe.

We were busy skinning the lion the following morning when the men arrived to carry back the blankets and other articles. Their delight was most interesting when they found that we had really killed a lion. Nothing would satisfy them but that I should be carried back to camp. Shouts and songs announced our approach, and the whole outfit came to meet us. Then began the lion dance, which was very amusing. The skull was carried about, while the

jaws were kept opening and closing as the men went through all sorts of evolutions. The only word I could catch in the song was the universal "backsheesh," so I could not but realize that in appealing so artfully to my natural conceit their one and only idea was to coax money from me. As it appeared to be a custom of the country to give presents in such events I saw nothing to do but "stand and deliver," whereupon there were three cheers, and every man insisted on shaking my hand.

The four nights of watching had proved so tiring that we decided to spend one in camp, and leave the cameras arranged with an automatic release should any animal visit the carcass. But for some reason or other there were no visitors. This we attributed to the presence of the dead lion. We noticed that few, if any, animals care to eat lion meat, especially when fresh. Birds, however, not having any appreciable sense of smell, are not so particular.

The next night we tried using a dead hartebeest for bait, placing it in the bed near a water hole, which was much visited by lions. Our boma we built on the bank, so that we could see any animal coming along the sandy river bed. The night passed slowly, but with the exception of one hyena nothing came near, and, strange to say, we did not once hear a lion roar. The following night we had no better luck, though we heard a good many lions in the neighborhood. Evidently the hartebeest was not wanted, so we again resorted to a zebra for bait, choosing a place some little distance from where we had had the lion experiences. Nothing happened during the early part of the night, but about ten o'clock we were put on the alert by the snorting of a rhinoceros not very far away. He had gotten



COKE'S HARTEBEEST PHOTOGRAPHED FROM A BLIND. SOON AFTER THIS PICTURE WAS MADE TWO LIONS CAME OVER THE SAME GROUND IN THEIR EFFORTS TO STALK THE AUTHOR



TELEPHOTO OF A COKE'S HARTEBEEST. THE ANIMAL SUSPECTS DANGER AND IS UNCERTAIN OF ITS WHEREABOUTS

a whiff of us, which apparently did not suit him, so he went off without waiting to investigate further. The next night, however, he made us very nervous. He was traveling along the river bed, evidently going to drink, when he got our wind, and came to see what was going on that might be stopped. Nearer and nearer he came, and his petulant snorting struck terror to our hearts, for if the big, heavy brute should charge the boma, as he might do in his blind stupidity, there would be a most unpleasant ending to our photographic work. We had built the boma only with the idea of its withstanding the possible attack of lions, consequently it was mostly composed of thorn branches, which rested upon a very light framework. A rhinoceros would not be troubled much by the thorns, and the whole structure would of course collapse if he ran against it, and we should have been in a snarl of thorns from which we could not have been easily extricated, even if there had been anything left of us, as the ponderous brute would probably have trampled us to death. Unfortunately we had left no openings in the boma except at the side facing the zebra, and of course the rhino came on the other side. For quite a long time the disgruntled creature kept us on tenter-hooks. Nearer and nearer he came, snorting intermittently, and generally displaying his bad temper. At last his curiosity got the better of him, and he came past us not more than seven or eight yards away. The smell of the dead zebra was not at all to his fancy, so after giving one farewell grunt he rushed off, passing between the two cameras instead of hitting them, as we fully expected he would do. During the rest of our stay at what we called Simba camp we did not see any more lions at night-time, though we spent many nights watching over kills. Occasionally

hyenas and jackals visited us, but even these were not plentiful, and I did not succeed in securing any good pictures of them. Neither had I been successful with daylight pictures of any of the game, though I had made many attempts, so I thought it might be well to try watching for the animals to come to me instead of stalking them. It was easier work, and therefore suited me, for with the night-work, watching for lions, I was somewhat tired, and if I tramped hard all day it would have been very difficult to stay awake all night, and sleeping in a boma, with one's head at the opening, would have been anything but safe. Then again, there is one great advantage in photographing from a hiding-place, for if one gets pictures at all, they usually show the animals in a natural, quiet attitude, whereas it is almost impossible to stalk any of the more alert wild animals without arousing some suspicion, so that they appear almost unnaturally watchful. My only experience in photographing wild animals from blinds or other places of concealment had up to this time been chiefly with caribou in Newfoundland and moose in New Brunswick, and though it had been extremely interesting, there was in it no element of danger, and consequently none of the keen excitement that I found when I lay in wait for animals in British East Africa. The animals, though very plentiful near our camp, were so wild that stalking them was excessively difficult. They were constantly on the lookout for lions, and their alertness was truly surprising. I determined, after watching their habits for several days, to resort to lying in wait for them at a certain place where they were in the habit of passing each morning. Zebra, hartebeest and impala were the only kinds I expected to see, but of none of these had I as yet secured any satisfactory daylight pictures;

so one morning, after having spent the night watching for lions, I went to the selected place, and made a rough blind with leafy branches, and there alone with a camera — and by good luck a rifle — I made myself comfortable. After about an hour's waiting a small herd of hartebeest came out of the sugar bush, and I wondered if they would come within range, for they are wonderfully careful animals, and act as the sentries for most of the African game. Hitherto all my efforts to get within camera range of them had been unavailing, but here, I thought, was a fairly good chance. I got my camera ready as quietly as possible, and watched. They seemed free from suspicion, but soon I noticed their attention was attracted by something, and looking to one side I saw another small herd emerging from some scrubby woods about one hundred yards away. The herds eyed each other suspiciously for some minutes, and then slowly came toward me. As soon as they were near enough I made two exposures. The sound of the shutter frightened them off, and I saw no more of them. It was not long before some zebra came walking cautiously along the same path. They stopped before they were near enough for anything but a telephoto picture, and they stood staring in my direction for many minutes. I was sure they could not see me, and wondered what it was that interested them. I was not long left in doubt. A wretched hartebeest was coming to warn them of my presence. For over an hour he had been standing in the open plain, about a quarter of a mile away, watching me, and had evidently made up his mind to keep all animals away from my blind. He passed close to me, and on getting near the zebra gave a snort of alarm, and off they all went together. This may sound like a nature faker's story, but all who have hunted in

East Africa will understand and probably believe it. It was not the first time by any means that my plans had been frustrated by the interference of the much-hated hartebeest. Their special friends are apparently the zebra, and I have known them go a long distance out of their way to warn these of impending danger. A certain sportsman has suggested that no shooting license be granted to any one until he has shot a specified number of hartebeests, and after my experience in photographing the animals of East Africa I am bound to say I almost concur in his suggestion.

After the zebra had gone time began to hang heavily on my hands, as nothing else appeared on the scene. I thought of returning to camp for a sleep, as I was very tired after the long night's watch, but it was nearing lunch hour, so I decided to wait a little longer, and beguiled the time writing letters, keeping all the while a good lookout to windward, the direction from which the animals would naturally approach, as coming the other way they would, of course, get scent of me. For some reason or other, just as I was finishing a letter, I happened to glance down wind. It was the most fortunate thing that ever happened to me, for there, not eighty yards away, were two immense lions stalking me across some open ground. The sudden sight of these two big tawny yellow brutes was enough to stagger any one. They had seen me move, and had stopped immediately, absolutely still, with their eyes fixed on me. My first impulse was to grasp a camera and get a picture of them, but as I leaned forward to pick it up they both took a few long, slow steps forward, and I decided that it was no time for camera work if I wished to take my own skin safely back to camp. I therefore took up the rifle instead, feeling that it was far more useful than the

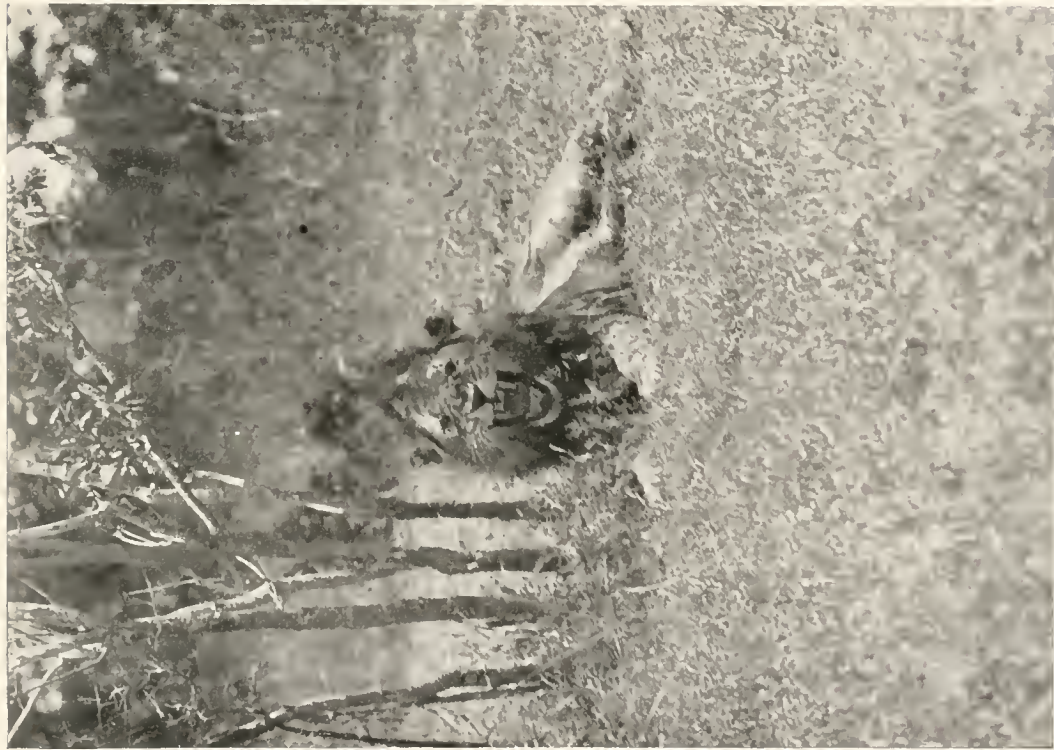


TELEPHOTOGRAPH OF THREE WATER-BUCK. THIS PICTURE SHOWS THE CHARACTERISTIC SCENERY OF MUCH OF THE EAST AFRICAN COUNTRY

camera. In my excitement I forgot to look to the sights, taking it for granted that they would be set for one hundred yards, as I always kept them. I aimed at the larger of the two lions; the shot struck high, just over his head. I attributed this miss to my own excitement, for I was excited, and taking more careful aim fired again, with exactly the same result. Then I looked at the sights, and found that my gun-bearer had set them for three hundred yards. About this time I realized with sudden feelings of horror that I had no ammunition with me except the six cartridges that had been in the magazine and chamber of the rifle; in fact, it was only by chance that I had the weapon at all, for before leaving camp that morning I had remarked to my companion that it seemed absurd carrying any firearms when I was only going to work from a blind which was but five hundred yards from our camp, and I had nearly left the rifle behind. Had I done so, it is hard to say what might have happened, for I should have been utterly powerless, there being no trees near me in which I could have taken refuge. It is perhaps needless to say that the next shot was fired with the greatest possible care and deliberation, and, to my intense satisfaction, I saw the big brute roll over. I had still three cartridges left. All this time the second lion stood absolutely motionless, staring at me. That he did not charge seemed extraordinary. I fully expected to see him come when his companion was struck, so I fired as quickly as I could and knocked him over. The feeling of relief was greater than can be imagined, but I had another moment of anxiety as I saw that the first lion had not been fatally wounded! Curiously enough, instead of charging me, as a wounded lion might be expected to do, he got up and slowly moved away, going into some thick

brush. I signaled to my camera bearer, who was waiting between me and camp, and he came running toward me. His course led him about seventy yards from the second lion, which had its back broken, and as he rushed past the lion gave a frightful roar, and the poor negro thought his last moment had come, and completely collapsed. It was with difficulty I persuaded him that he was not in immediate danger, and that I wanted him to go for some more ammunition so that I could pursue the wounded beast and put the other one out of its misery. He went off gladly enough, and returned with the whole camp following. We searched the scrubby woods, only to find the blood-stained tracks of the wounded lion, and tracks of another close beside. So it was particularly fortunate that I had not followed with my scanty supply of cartridges, and I ceased regretting the loss of the fine skin which I should greatly have liked to keep as a souvenir of my fortunate escape. However, I have the other skin, to say nothing of my own, so it would be ungrateful to complain of my luck.

From what I have heard of lions' habits my experience was decidedly unusual. They will, it is true, occasionally go for a man at night, or when wounded or cornered, but it is very rarely that they will deliberately stalk any one in broad daylight, and it is perhaps just as well, for the sensation is most unpleasant, even though exciting enough to satisfy the most ardent sportsman. Had I not looked in the direction of the lions when I did, there is very little doubt they would have had me, so, as I said before, camera work from a blind in British East Africa has in it the greatest possibilities of adventure. I spent a few more mornings in the blind, but beyond the interesting sight of some Marabou storks eating the remains of the lion nothing



THIS IS ONE OF A PAIR OF LIONS WHICH STALKED THE AUTHOR IN BROAD DAY-LIGHT. THESE PICTURES WERE MADE AFTER ONE OF THE ANIMALS HAD BEEN WOUNDED

of importance occurred. During the rest of our stay in Simba camp we had no more experience with lions. I secured a few pictures of antelopes, but the game was becoming more and more wild, so we decided to go down the Tana, and have a try at the hippopotamus and other inhabitants of the river.

CHAPTER VI

ON THE TANA RIVER. PHOTOGRAPHING GIRAFFE, HIPPOPOTAMUS, CROCODILES AND OTHER ANIMALS

ON THE 28th of March we started for the Tana River, making directly for the point at which it is joined by the Thika. For the first few miles we kept to the rolling plains, where there was practically no vegetation owing to recent fires. The ground was powder-dry, and of a peculiar light ash-like consistency, which offers poor foothold, and as the grass roots form small hummocks, the walking is most uneven, so that wherever possible we found it desirable to keep to the animal trails, which were well-packed, and more or less smooth. As is usual in East Africa, these great open plains contained a lot of game, chiefly hartebeest, zebra and impala, neither Grant's nor Thomson's gazelles being found near this part of the Tana — in fact, we had seen neither of these species since leaving Donya Sabuk.

In the distance to the north of us stood Mount Kenia. As the rainy season was about due, its summit was perpetually enveloped in clouds. Between us and the mountain could be seen the course of the Tana River, winding its way like a great green snake, the rich foliage of the trees along its banks standing out in remarkable contrast to the dry yellowish gray of the surrounding country. Just as soon as the rains commenced all the country would be changed as though by magic. When we saw it a few days later we scarcely

believed it to be the same parched country. After we had crossed the open plains we came to low rolling hills, thinly studded with small thorn bushes, these in turn giving place in the valleys to fair-sized trees. The whole country was infested with ticks, which literally covered our clothes, and made us very uncomfortable. These ticks, which infest most parts of the Athi Plains and the region of the Tana, are about the only pest that trouble the camper in East Africa. While we were marching we saw, not many hundred yards ahead, a fine herd of about twenty-eight giraffe. As they disappeared into a small valley I went after them with the camera, scarcely expecting, however, that they would allow me to approach within anything like photographic range. As there was no cover, stalking was useless, so I simply walked straight at them as fast as I could go. As soon as I got within about three hundred yards I made a telephoto exposure, which showed the greater part of the herd, as well as some zebra, and gives a good idea of the comparative size of these two strongly marked creatures. The giraffe did not at all like the looks of me and my strange silent weapon, so they went off with their queer amble, slowing down as they reached the top of the nearest hill, and I was able to secure one more picture of them against the skyline. Which giraffe these were I am unable to say, as we did not shoot, and even had we done so, the fact there there is so much question as to "who's who" in the giraffe world would still have left the identification in some doubts. I do not, however, think it was the Somali variety (*Giraffe reticulata*), as the spots did not appear to have the very clearly defined network of whitish lines bordering their dark markings. Like many other animals the giraffe is subject to great local variation, and frequently a single specimen, with

somewhat abnormal markings, has been described as a new variety. It seems to be a great mistake to multiply species on too slight grounds, and a single specimen which shows distinctive coloring, without any structural difference, should not be separated by a new name, unless the differences are constant in a number of specimens. But men are so proud to say they have discovered and described a new species that they will jump at the chance of having an animal named after them. Few animals show greater variation than giraffe, and in a herd of thirty or forty a dozen individuals might require a dozen different descriptions, each one being perfectly accurate in itself, but no two being quite in accordance with the true type description. Where these different individuals are found in widely separated districts they would probably each be named as a sub-species. Local conditions of food and climate are usually bound to affect the appearance of any animal, so that, as well as the marked individuality of any species, should be thoroughly considered before a new name is added to the ever-growing list. Unlike the common animals, the giraffe cannot, or should not, be collected in large numbers from a given district, so there are no complete series of specimens from which a general average of markings and color might be described.

As we neared the Thika the nature of the country changed considerably. The small thorn and other bushes, fifteen or twenty feet in height, grew close together, while here and there were large trees, singly or in groups. Ant-hills of immense size were abundant, and on many of the smaller trees another kind of ant or termite had built mud nests. Colonies of weaver birds had their wonderful pendant nests hung from every available branch on some of the



LARGE HERD OF GIRAFFE NEAR THE TANA AND THIKA RIVERS

larger trees. These in some cases were built entirely of thorns, packed closely together, and lined with grass, with an opening on the under side. As the rainy season was due the birds were very busy, and the males were attired in their gay mating plumage of yellow and black.

Before noon we reached the junction of the two rivers and camped on the near side. This seemed advisable, as at any moment the rains might come and the floods would begin, then our return would be cut off, so that we should probably be forced to follow the northward course of the Thika until we came to the bridge on the Fort Hall-Nairobi road. We found the Tana to be a fair-sized river, about one hundred and fifty to three hundred feet wide, deep in most parts, and studded with rocks. Already the effect of the Kenia rains, which had just commenced, was noticeable in the discoloration of the water. The banks showed that when in flood the river must be thirty or forty feet deep. On either side was an irregular fringe of large trees, many of which were vine-covered, but on the whole the river did not impress us as being tropical, not so much so, in fact, as the Thika, where there were occasional palms and a great deal of papyrus and cane. The Thika is generally fairly swift and except during the rains is beautifully fair and cool. Fish are abundant in both rivers, but they are not of very good quality, being both coarse and bony. Of bird life there appeared to be very little. Marabou storks, a few Egyptian geese, sandpipers and darters, once in a while a heron, and some of the exquisitely beautiful blue kingfishers were among the only water-loving birds. Near the river guinea-fowl and doves were numerous, while grouse and bustards were fairly so. On the whole we were

greatly disappointed in the bird life, which we had hoped to find very abundant.

We devoted the first afternoon to looking over the country west of the Thika. Game was fairly plentiful, hartebeest and impala being most numerous, but we also saw a good many zebra and waterbuck, a few giraffe and a couple of rhinoceros. All the animals proved to be extremely wild, and I was unable to do any photographic work. Near the rivers there was some sign of hippopotamus, and during the night we heard them blowing and bellowing in the river not far away, and one rhinoceros nearly came into the camp. The fires, however, frightened him away. We heard no sounds of lions, and judging from the entire lack of signs it seemed doubtful whether there were any in the neighborhood. It is curious how localized animals may be. We were only about ten miles from Simba camp, where lion signs were to be seen everywhere, and here, near the river, we saw no signs during our stay, and only heard one roar, and that was at a great distance. As hippopotamus were the chief object of our visit to the Tana, we lost no time in setting flashlight cameras at some of the most likely looking landing-places, but evidently the big creatures got wind of our camp, for none landed. We saw signs of where they had come out on a sandbar at the junction of the two rivers, and on the chance of getting a rather long flashlight shot we sat up for a couple of nights, but without seeing anything to reward us for the trouble. Several hippopotamus came along the river, and amused us with their queer noises, but they would not come ashore. We went a few miles farther down the Tana, and there we found where the clumsy old creatures spent their days. There was an immense pool, deep and quiet, just the place to suit



LARGE HERD OF GIRAFFE AND GRANT'S ZEBRA. THIS SHOWS THE COMPARATIVE SIZE OF THE TWO STRONGLY MARKED ANIMALS. (TELEPHOTO AT ABOUT THREE HUNDRED YARDS)

its strange occupants, and in it there were dozens of them. We approached the banks of the river very cautiously, but the quick-eared creatures heard us, and were rather uneasy. They collected in such a compact mass, with heads almost touching, that we could not but wonder where there was room for their immense bodies. Presumably they stood almost vertically in the water, otherwise they could not have come so close together. The majority of those we saw appeared to be about half or three-quarters grown, while, scattered among them, or at some distance away, were individuals of immense size. At times they kept up an almost continuous blowing or bellowing, then there would be absolute silence for a few minutes, after which, more often than not, they would all sink out of sight. They stayed under water for several minutes, two to three minutes being the usual periods; then, as they came to the surface, they would blow violently, expelling a great shower of fine spray. When they became frightened at seeing us they, the older ones in particular, would not expose much of their heads as they came up to breathe. Only the immense nose would show for a second or two, then down it would go. Among the herd were two or three young ones, and these seemed to stay on the backs of their parents, going up and down with them. It was a remarkably interesting sight, yet photographically it was unsatisfactory, for the huge beasts show so little of themselves that they seem insignificant in the picture. Then, too, the sound is so much a part of the picture that without it the spirit of the scene is completely lost. Occasionally one would yawn, but somehow it was never the one on which the camera was trained. The immense open mouth is certainly not a thing of beauty, but it is decidedly interesting on account of the curious arrangement

of the teeth. It is difficult to realize that their lower teeth sometimes attain a length of over five feet, which is longer by about a fifth than the total height of the animal itself. How any one can find sport in shooting these gigantic pigs is a mystery, but people will go many days' journey to order in "enjoy" the "sport." The beast is frequently shot for its ivory, which is quite valuable. Then, too, their meat is probably more appreciated than that of any other African animal, the immense quantities of fat being greatly relished. Agriculture and the hippopotamus do not go hand in hand, as a single hippopotamus will in one night destroy acres of crops; consequently the animals are not much loved by either the native or European farmers. The hippopotamus is usually a nocturnal feeder. He spends most of the day in the water, though he may be frequently seen on rocks or sandbars enjoying his sun-bath. As evening approaches, he becomes restless, and usually soon after the sun sets he begins to think of dinner. At this time the herd separates, each individual going, I believe, to his own favorite feeding-ground. Whether they feed every night I am not quite sure, for I have noticed certain individuals keeping to a pool all night, while it is not at all an uncommon thing to them see at night asleep on sandbars. Certain landing places are used regularly, and judging from the way the banks are worn down, and rocks polished, it would seem as though these places have served for many centuries. How far they will go from their day pool is hard to say, but there is every reason to believe that they will sometimes travel ten or fifteen miles or more before landing. Then when they are ashore they will often go a long way before finding the necessary supply of the grass which forms their food. It is scarcely credible that such large beasts (for a full-

grown bull will probably weigh over three tons) can find enough nourishment in grass, but of course in proportion to their size they do not require nearly as much food as animals of more nervous temperament and active habits of life. Generally speaking, the hippopotamus cannot be said to be dangerous, but like most large animals they object to man, and if any one is foolish enough to place himself between a hippopotamus and the water, which is the creature's natural refuge, he must be prepared to defend himself, or take the consequences; and the results would certainly not be pleasant, for one crunch of those big powerful jaws would leave a man in a badly mangled condition. Then, too, when the mother hippopotamus imagines her young to be in danger, she will at times have no compunction in attacking the cause of that danger. The occasional catastrophes which occur to canoes or small boats are due more often than not to accident rather than to aggressiveness on the part of the hippopotamus, but if they are made angry by being wounded, or even fired at, it is only natural that they should seek to retaliate. I feel sure that in nearly all cases the hippopotamus will leave alone those who leave him alone, and when a man speaks of the ferocity of this lumbering old animal he is probably trying to find an excuse for having killed it.

We watched the animals in the pool for several hours, while I made a few pictures. Wishing to get a nearer view of one big cow, which frequently came close to the shore, I took the camera to a place where there was a flat bank of mud, and this seemed to make the old cow very uneasy. My companion suddenly discovered the cause of her queer behavior, for there, not twenty feet away, lay a young hippopotamus carefully hidden beneath some overhanging

roots. The little creature was only about five feet long, and had what looked like a small wound on its back. It was so quiet that at first we believed it to be dead. I made an exposure before investigating more carefully, when the little rascal awoke, and immediately slid rather than ran into the water. A few moments later he appeared on his mother's back. It was a piece of extraordinary good luck, securing such a picture, for, as a rule, the young ones are hidden in places which are almost, if not quite, inaccessible to the camera.

Judging from the appearance of the river banks the hippopotamus must hold meetings there every night. In some places the ground for nearly one hundred yards from the river was clear of all vegetation, and the red earth was so thoroughly trodden down that no footprints were visible except at the water's edge. We built a boma not far from one of the most likely looking landings, and arranged the cameras so as to catch any animal that came ashore. Some of the cameras were fitted with the automatic device which the animal would trip, while others were controlled by electric wires from the boma. Shortly after sunset the hippopotamus began making a great deal of noise, but none landed near us. Late in the night we heard them ashore some distance from the river but not one would come near the cameras. The following night we changed the position of the boma, but with no better result. Evidently the wary creatures were in some way able to get our scent, so they kept well away from us. Then we tried stalking them by moonlight, which was rather uncanny work, but in this, too, we failed, as they always saw us, while we never saw them. After several nights of waiting and watching and stalking, we began to realize that photographing hippopotamus was not as easy as it seemed, and it looked as if we



HERD OF GIRAFFE PHOTOGRAPHED AT A DISTANCE OF ABOUT 375 YARDS WITH THE TELEPHOTO (ENLARGED). NEAR THE TANA AND
THIKA RIVERS



MARABOU STORKS ON THE BANKS OF THE TANA



A YOUNG DIK-DIK FOUND NEAR THE THIKA RIVER



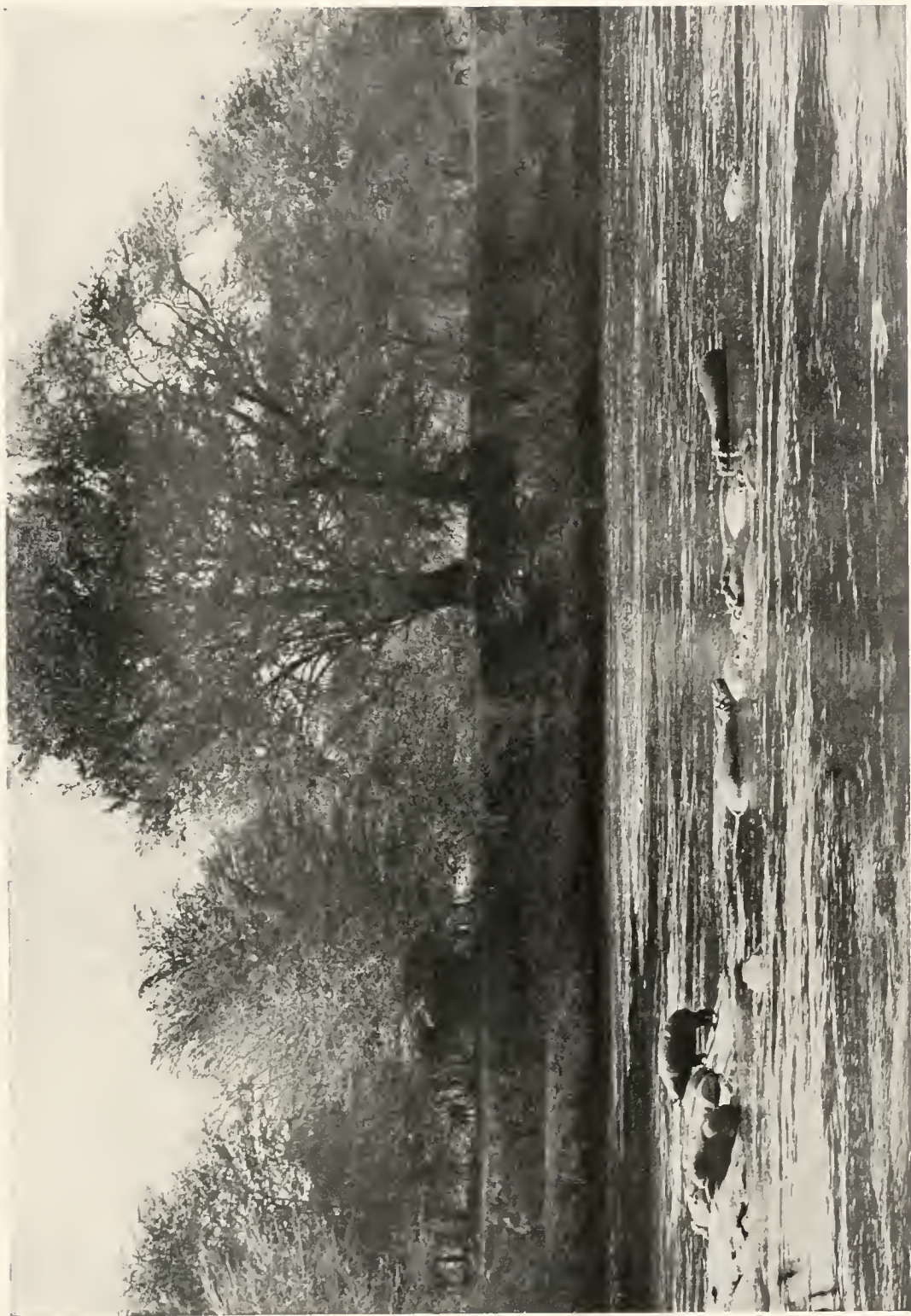
HIPPOPOTAMUS IN THE TANA RIVER. THE SPRAY IS CAUSED BY THE SUDDEN EXPULSION OF AIR WHEN THE ANIMAL COMES TO THE SURFACE, RESEMBLING THE WHALE'S "BLOW"



STUDIES OF HIPPO IN THE TANA RIVER



YOUNG HIPPOPOTAMUS ASLEEP ON THE BANK OF THE TANA RIVER



THE TANA RIVER, SHOWING HIPPOPOTAMUS IN THE FOREGROUND, WHILE ON THE BANKS MAY BE DISTINGUISHED WATER-BUCK AND IMPALA



ON THE TANA RIVER. HIPPOPOTAMUS ON THE ROCK AND IN THE WATER



IMMATURE HIPPOPOTAMUS AND A CROCODILE. THE BIRDS SEEN ON THE ANIMALS' BACKS EAT THE PARASITES—LEECHES AND OTHERS—WHICH INFEST THE COARSE SKIN. (TELEPHOTO MADE ON THE TANA RIVER)



SOME OLD HIPPOPOTAMUS ASLEEP IN THE TANA RIVER. (TELEPHOTO)

should be unable to secure any pictures except those which showed the animals in the water. The rains had commenced, which added to our troubles, and made the night work somewhat unpleasant, as there was usually a heavy downpour each night, so that the cameras and flashlights had to be very carefully protected. sl

We had noticed one particularly good-looking place on the way to camp, so one night we arranged to watch there, and accordingly placed the camera with the greatest care at the landing, while we pitched a very small dark-colored tent about seventy or eighty yards away, so that the animals should not get our wind. In order to prevent their landing at the place near the main pool I went there just before dark and built several large fires. On my way I saw something which made me decidedly happy. In a bend of the river where several large rocks appeared above the surface of the water were a number of hippopotamus. Some of them were on the rocks and others in the water. This, then, was the place where they slept when not in the pool. So it looked as if there would be no difficulty in making photographs of them. It was too late to do anything that night, so I continued toward the big pool, and on my way saw an immense number of baboons, some of which were quite near. It was the first and only time that I had seen them at all tame, and of course, it was the one time when I had no camera with me. They were so disdainful of me that they would not even hurry at my approach, but walked slowly, stopping frequently to look at me. There must have been over a hundred of them, and some were of immense size, capable of doing a lot of damage if it happened to suit their fancy. I could imagine nothing more frightful than being attacked by a herd of these savage-looking

creatures — though, as a matter of fact they do not, so far as I could hear, ever attack man in East Africa.

That night we had an extremely amusing experience. The night had passed only too quietly. There were no lions about, so we were somewhat negligent in our watching. If the truth were known I believe that both of us were dozing, for we were tired after many nights of watching, when about an hour or two before daylight the sudden report of the flash nearest our shelter startled us. Up we jumped, delighted at the idea of having at last secured a photograph of a hippopotamus, for that it was a hippopotamus we were sure, as we heard the splash as the big beast jumped into the water. When we emerged from our well-hidden shelter we were surprised to see some burning sparks quite close to us. They could not, of course, have come from the flashlight, and we stood still and wondered. Farther on a burning brand lay on the ground glowing brightly in the darkness. What in the world it all meant we could not imagine. We walked toward it, and there, to our intense surprise, stood a shivering native scared nearly out of his wits. His surprise can be easily understood, and it was no wonder that he was frightened. It appears that he, with two others, had made an early start, and were quietly walking along the trail brandishing (as they always do when traveling in the dark) a burning stick to keep animals away. A hippo, returning from his grazing ground, seeing them coming, had beaten a hurried retreat, and in rushing down a steep embankment to the river tripped the flashlight release. Bang went the flash, to the utter consternation of both the Kikuyu and the hippo. Then, while the man was trying to gather his senses together, we two appeared as though from nowhere, and the wretched fellow evidently believed his last



AN IMMATURE HIPPOPOTAMUS IN THE TANA RIVER. (TELEPHOTO ENLARGED)

moment had come. It took us some minutes to allay his fears, and he had great difficulty in coaxing his two companions to return, for they, in their fright, had rushed away and hidden in the brush. It would have been interesting to hear their account of the experience with the sudden bright light, which must have blinded them for a time.

It had rained so hard during the early part of the night that we had great difficulty in crossing the Thika to camp. The water had risen about four and a half feet, and it began to appear as though we should not be able to take advantage of yesterday's discovery. But when I thought of those hippopotamus on the rocks I determined to get back to them at all costs, and when we crossed the river at noon it looked as if there would be small chance of the camera arriving at the opposite shore in a dry condition. However, the porter managed it with the greatest care, and by two o'clock we were within sight of the hippopotamus rock. Sure enough there were the animals, more even than I had seen on the previous day. The question was, how could we get near them? They are very shy beasts, and particularly object to being seen out of water. As their sense of smell is wonderfully keen we had to manœuvre so as to guard against their getting our wind. After about half an hour of careful stalking we reached the river bank immediately opposite the hippopotamus, and with the utmost caution I placed the camera in position and made an exposure, fully believing that one would be all I should be able to make. To my astonishment the sound of the shutter did not frighten the animals at all, and I continued for half an hour making exposures with every possible combination of lens and time. They were about eighty or one hundred yards

away, so the telephoto proved far more satisfactory than the ordinary lens, which only gave a very small image of them. The conditions for telephoto work were admirable — scarcely any wind, good light, and animals that were almost immovable. Such a rare combination seldom falls to the lot of the animal hunter who uses a camera in place of the rifle. So I made the most of the opportunity, and used up every plate I had brought with me except two, which were kept for emergencies. As long as I live I shall never forget that afternoon on the Tana. Not only were there the hippopotamus — fifty of them in all — which behaved most wonderfully well, but on the opposite bank other animals were continually coming. A large herd of impala fed along in the shade of the trees, some waterbuck and bushbuck added to the variety, and numerous monkeys played among the overhanging branches, forever on the move, and chattering continuously. On the rock near the hippopotamus a large crocodile lay basking in the afternoon sun. So inconspicuous was it that not until the plates were developed did I discover its existence. The whole scene was such as one reads about but seldom sees, and indeed, from what I have since seen and heard, I consider we had most unusual luck that memorable afternoon. We started back toward camp after about half an hour of the most rapid photographic work I have ever done. That at least some of the plates would prove good we could not but hope. As a matter of fact, nearly all were more or less satisfactory.

The following day we returned to the same place with the intention of making a set of bioscope pictures. We found the hippopotamus were there, but even with most careful stalking I was unable to get anywhere near them. They slid off the rock and vanished down



TELEPHOTOGRAPH OF A LARGE CROCODILE ON THE TANA RIVER

stream, and after that we never saw more than their heads, as they came to the surface to snort and blow. It would have made a splendid bioscope series, and we were greatly disappointed at having failed in the attempt. But it shows how uncertain a job is animal photography. After the experience of the previous day I had felt that there would have been no difficulty at all, provided proper precautions were taken to stalk with due regard for the direction of the wind; but only failure had resulted, even though we had been quite as careful as on the previous day.

On our way back we had the good fortune to see two crocodiles. One was on the rock in the middle of the river, and the other, a very large one, was on the edge of the water under a high bank. In both cases they were beyond the scope of the ordinary lens, so that it was necessary to use the telephoto, and as the day was overcast at the time the camera had to be used on its tripod. This rather added to the difficulties of the stalking, but I was fortunate enough to be able to make two exposures of each crocodile before they disappeared. In India, where these creatures are protected, they become so tame that they may be photographed with little or no difficulty, but in East Africa I found them very shy, and it was only by approaching the river with utmost caution that I could secure any pictures of them. If it was only a case of shooting the creatures there would be no trouble, as one could always with moderate care creep behind a tree and get a shot without being discovered, but with the camera one is handicapped, as a rule, by intervening twigs or grass.

Most of our energies during our stay on the Tana had been devoted to the hippopotamus. We had done some other work, but the animals appeared to be extremely wild, and, consequently, difficult

to photograph. Both waterbuck and impala were abundant, but, though I tried repeatedly, I did not succeed in doing anything with the latter, and only once was able to secure any pictures of the waterbuck. Three of these beautiful creatures were feeding on a dry hillside which, owing to the lack of trees or other obstructions, lent itself to the making of a good picture. A pile of rocks afforded convenient cover for the camera, and, after some careful stalking, I got within about one hundred and twenty-five yards of them, and made several rather successful telephotographs. While watching these animals I had an opportunity for seeing a pair of impala fighting. These seem to be the most pugnacious of all the East African gazelles or antelopes, the jealousy between the bucks being extremely keen. A large one will chase a younger one, or a doe which objects to his attentions, for miles with the greatest persistence. At such times they seem to be utterly oblivious to danger, and I have had them come within a few feet of where I stood in the open watching them. A full-grown buck, when in an amorous condition, is a beautiful sight, reminding one of the prong-horn antelope of North America, for like that animal it displays what in America is commonly called the "chrysanthemum," which is a spreading of the long hairs of the rump. With the impala the effect is the more extraordinary, as the vertical dark streak on either side forms a natural border or fringe to the white rosettes. The tail is widely spread and held erect. At such times the buck causes consternation among the herd, emitting repeated loud roaring grunts, chasing first one and then another of the does, and if by chance a younger buck questions his power he had better be fleet of foot or strong of muscle, for a fight is then a serious affair. The impala, or pala as it is often called, is one of

the most interesting as well as one of the most graceful animals in Africa, if not in the world. In most parts of inland East Africa it is very common, and is found in herds of from three or four to about a hundred. In treeless plains, bush country and among fairly large timber, they appear to be equally happy. Generally speaking they seem to prefer places where the ground is free from low bush, but where there is plenty of shade, and water within a few miles. They are said to drink regularly three times a day. I do not, however, believe this to be the case, at least not in all parts of their range; for though I have seen many thousands of these animals, and have watched them with the greatest care for hours at a time, I have never seen them either drinking or coming from water between ten in the morning and late in the afternoon. Of all the antelopes they appear to be the most noisy, and their peculiar snort or grunt, is entirely out of keeping with the size and gentle appearance of the delicately built creature, which in point of lightness of limb reminds one of the gerenuk. As a rule, the impala do not mix much with the other animals, though occasionally I have seen them with oryx, hartebeest, gerenuk and waterbuck. The sexes usually herd separately—that is to say, the bucks, especially the younger ones, go together in small or large herds, while the does, though sometimes without any buck, usually have two or three accompanying them. Whether or not the herds keep to themselves or mix with the others I am not sure, but I have seen certain small herds, consisting of a few individuals, day after day, and their numbers did not vary. The males alone carry horns, which are roughly lyrate in form, but vary greatly with the age of the animal. There is no more beautiful sight in the animal world than a herd of impala that has been suddenly frightened,

if they do not see the cause of their alarm. They immediately commence jumping to heights that seem incredible. One after another they bound from the ground in their endeavor to see the enemy. Once they discover it they go away, traveling as much as twenty-five or even thirty feet at a bound, and clearing what seems to be fully five or six feet. This jumping continues usually until they believe themselves out of danger. In their actual running they hold their heads low and go at wonderful speed, faster even than the hartebeest, I believe. As a rule they are easy of approach up to a distance of about one hundred and fifty yards, but to get very much nearer requires the most favorable conditions and careful stalking. As they are small animals which cannot be photographed at long range, I found them extremely difficult subjects for the camera. Except in cool and cloudy weather they do not usually feed much during the midday hours, but prefer to collect in regular places where they rest. These places are so thoroughly trampled that the ground is bare of all grass. When frightened by any beast of prey the impala becomes very much excited, and rushes about snorting continually. Once while I was walking along the banks of the Tana I heard this snorting, and was at a loss to know what animal could make so much noise. We were on the edge of some high reeds, when out came three impala in a terrified condition, with nostrils distended and panting as though they had had a long run. They passed within a few feet of us, and before I could recover from my surprise two monkeys climbed quickly up a tree squealing loudly, and at the same moment a leopard sprang through the grass and disappeared. Had we come a moment later we should probably have found the leopard busy with its kill, but our coming had broken

up the hunt, and I had no chance of photographing the scene. When we came first to the Tana there appeared to be every prospect of doing something with the giraffe, but they as well as the zebra left the neighborhood soon after our arrival, frightened, I believe, by the shots that had been fired when we were getting meat for camp. From what I saw of giraffe I fancy they do not enjoy the presence of man, but will quickly leave the vicinity of a camp. I had frequently been told how easy it would be to photograph these strange beasts, but from my experience I consider them among the most difficult of all the larger animals that I encountered. Feeling that we had fully accomplished the object of our visit to the Tana, having secured a far better set of hippopotamus photographs than I had dared to expect, we broke camp on April 7th, and started on our northward journey.

CHAPTER VII

FROM THE TANA RIVER TO MERU. ONE-HUNDRED-MILE MARCH OVER THE NORTHERN SLOPES OF MOUNT KENIA

WE HAD ten days of continuous marching before we could hope to reach Meru, and as the rains had set in there was every likelihood of the journey being interrupted by the flooding of the streams which we had to cross. For the first day we kept close to the Tana, traveling generally in a northwesterly direction. The appearance of the country had undergone a wonderful transformation since our last march. Where all had been sun-dried, or burnt by fires, was now as green as the fields of Ireland. Trees that had been leafless were covered with tender foliage that was delightfully springlike. Flowering plants were growing with true tropical rapidity, and their swelling buds told of the wealth of blossom that would soon carpet the ground. Everything was filled with promise, which unfortunately was never thoroughly fulfilled. For the rains almost entirely failed after the first ten days or so, and most of the tender vegetation was burnt before it reached maturity. The weather was not suited to long marches, for though there was no sun the low-lying clouds rendered the air heavy and uncomfortably oppressive. Under the conditions photographic work was practically impossible, as the light was too weak for instantaneous exposures. While on the march it really does not answer to attempt using the cameras unless some very unusual opportunity occurs, as it means holding up the

caravan, which results in making camp late in the afternoon if a reasonable distance has to be covered. Then, too, marching is quite tiring enough without any extra work, and hunting with the camera is always more fatiguing than is commonly supposed. We saw a good many giraffe, waterbuck, baboons and a fair amount of other game during the early part of the day, but it grew scarce as we neared our camping place, and we had great difficulty in securing any meat after we had made camp.

The following morning we started as soon as the rain ceased. Our course took us to the westward, away from the Tana, across somewhat hilly country, most of which had been recently burnt over, so the grass was particularly fresh and green, and fairly glistened in the early sunlight. Game became scarcer and scarcer as we proceeded; in fact, after the second hour we saw none at all, though the conditions appeared to be favorable for many kinds of animals. Part of the way was through the most perfect park-like country we had yet seen. For miles in the direction of Kenia there was fine open land carpeted with short grass; trees resembling the apple and olive were dotted about in groups, or widely separated, and yet not an animal was there. Once in a while a bustard rose before us, and with curious slow flapping of its wings would go a couple of hundred yards away. There were also brightly colored rollers, bee-eaters and doves, but the bird life was far from abundant. From the open country we passed through stretches where the low-growing sugar bush became monotonous to the eye. About eleven o'clock we entered the cultivated region, where the natives grow their maize, beans, sugar-cane and sometimes arrowroot. We found the plantations well cultivated and tidy. Most of the work is done by the

women, and of course the agricultural implements are of the very roughest. So far as I could see a long knife served the purpose of plough, spade, hoe, and cutter for the maize and sugar-cane. Most of the ground was kept free of weeds, and where there was danger of the heavy rains washing furrows in the light soil, rows of corn-stalks or other long stems were laid a few feet apart.

We arrived at Fort Hall shortly after noon, and were directed by a native policeman to our camping ground. In one place a field is set aside for the use of Europeans. Here also the cook, boys and askaris are allowed, but the porters have another place, which is not so near the white men's dwellings. The settlement consists of the native soldiers and police barracks and parade ground, court-house and prison, the bungalows of the European and Indian or Goanese clerks, and a broad street of stores which are managed by Indian and Goanese merchants. The trade is chiefly with the natives, who receive beads, blankets, cotton cloth and wire in exchange for their labor or farm produce.

Fort Hall is about the largest and most important of the outposts, and is the capital, so to speak, of the Kenia district. Here the Provincial Commissioner and his assistants hold sway, their work being to deal out justice according to the law, which is based chiefly on the Indian code, and to collect the hut tax from the natives. Every dwelling hut is taxed three rupees (four shillings), and as a great part of the province is thickly populated, the revenue thus derived is very considerable. As ordinary labor is only about twopence per day, it will be seen that the native does his share in supporting the Government. It is argued that besides bringing in the much-needed money, this form of taxation forces the people to work, and



ON THE ROAD BETWEEN FORT HALL AND NYERI

so prevents to some extent, the natural idleness of the native, which so greatly hampers the development of the country. It is quite certain that if there is no direct need for money the native man will not work any more than is absolutely necessary, and as the men do not have any fighting with which to occupy their time, as they had in the past, their idleness would probably lead to crime. Fort Hall is only about forty miles from Nairobi. There is an excellent road between the two places on which, except during the heavy rains, it is a pleasure to drive or cycle. There is mail service three times a week, also telephone and telegraph wires. Unfortunately the other forms of intercommunication are both irregular and bad. Camel carts make trips when it pleases their owners. Ox carts used to be more dependable, but since the strict quarantine against cattle (owing to the East Coast fever) the service has practically been abolished. The whole question of traffic in East Africa is a most difficult one. So far, outside of the railway, nothing has been found to properly take the place of the human beast of burden. He is fairly satisfactory and cheap. He travels from sixteen to twenty-five miles per day, carries a load of from forty to sixty pounds, and is paid from four to thirteen shillings per month, the cost of his food adding another two shillings or so. There is, however, frequently trouble in procuring porters just when they are wanted. Traction engines are being used with some success, but with them comes the question of fuel. Coal is too expensive, so also, I am told, are oil and petrol. Wood is about the only thing left, and that brings us to one of the most important local problems that has to be faced in East Africa. Wherever the native has been living for any length of time, wood suitable for fuel has become so scarce that in order

to find the small amount necessary for cooking, the native woman, who is the woodcutter of the country, has to go many miles. Around places like Fort Hall and Nyeri there appears to be no wood within at least four or five miles, and even then the supply is extremely limited. Unless vigorous steps are taken very soon for the planting and the better conserving of the forests that still exist, there will be a fuel famine which will hurt both European and native. At present the railroad uses wood as fuel, and though some measures are being taken for maintaining a supply for the future, the question is disturbing the minds of those who fully realize the great importance of the problem. It is to be regretted that the Forestry Department, which was working against the odds of lack of funds, has recently been further handicapped by a reduction of its very meagre allowance.

At Fort Hall we found the Provincial Commissioner only too ready to help us on our trip with information, and by giving us letters to the various district commissioners whom we might encounter. We had an amusing experience with a native who wanted to go as guide for our trip to the Guaso Nyiro and Lake Hannington. He declared, as all guides do, that he knew every inch of the way, and could show us as much game of all kinds as we wished. He promised so much that I became suspicious, especially when he wanted a large advance on his pay. This of course I refused, but I offered him fifteen rupees per month, with a bonus of from twenty-five to fifty rupees, according to how satisfactory he proved. This did not suit him at all, so we parted. I afterward discovered that he knew practically nothing about the country through which we proposed to travel, so that he would simply have trusted to what information he could obtain from any people he might meet on the way.



OUR CAMP NEAR THE AMBORI RIVER, ON THE NORTHWEST SLOPES OF MT. KENIA

The chop boxes and other supplies, which had been forwarded from Nairobi, awaited us at one of the stores. These were supplemented by additional material purchased locally, so that we had enough to keep us going for two months. The following morning there was the usual difficulty in making a start from a post. It is extraordinary how many reasons there are for delaying when one camps in any sort of settlement, and my advice to those going on "safari" is that they stick to the wild country unless they wish to court trouble with their porters. It was after ten o'clock before we finally started, and by that time the old cook was so drunk that it seemed doubtful if we should see him at our next stopping place. The rains during the night made the walking extremely difficult, for the "road" to Nyeri is laid out so that the highest point of every hill is traversed. In some parts the gradients are so steep that the porters can scarcely carry their loads if the clay soil is wet, and even without any extra weight we found the slippery walking most trying.

The country we passed through was hilly, and in most parts closely cultivated. The small native huts were seen in all sorts of unexpected places, frequently on the very steepest slopes, and nearly always surrounded by bananas or maize, while a dense hedge usually hid all but the roof from the eye of the passer-by. The yards about these huts were, as a rule, clean and well kept, and nearly all had a stockade into which women, children and cattle retire in the event of a raid. Now that wars are a thing of the past, the stockades, being no longer needed, will be allowed to disappear, except in places where lions are numerous, in which case they will be simply used as protection for the cattle. The road between Nyeri and Fort Hall is used a great deal by the people, and we were quite surprised at

the number we met on our way. The Wa-Kikuyu of this part are by no means a fine-looking race, and many of them are rather small. The women do most of the heavy work, and it is no uncommon thing to see a girl of perhaps twelve or thirteen carrying a seventy or eighty pound load of firewood on her back, with a bag of corn or a huge gourd of water on the top of it. These are hung by a strap from the head, which is usually clean-shaven. In front, more often than not, hangs a baby, which complacently sucks at its mother's breast as she walks along. The father marches in front carrying no more than his spear and knob stick, his body smeared with a sickening mess of red earth and grease. The costume of the men is usually a red blanket or a brown cotton cloth hung from one shoulder, while the neck, wrists, arms, ankles and below the knees are decorated with beautiful little beaded bands of wire. Frequently they dispense with covering of any kind. The women wear a short skirt of leather with or without bead work. It is fastened below the breasts, and parts in front so as to leave the knees free. Heavy wire ornaments are usually wound around the legs, arms and neck, and sometimes immense waistbands of beads and cowries are worn. Ear ornaments are used by both sexes, the women preferring clusters of large beaded rings, or heavy wire. In both cases the lobe of the ear is cut and stretched enormously by means of wooden or bone discs. It is curious that the women have the head clean-shaven, or nearly so, while the men do their hair, or wool, in most fanciful ways, usually filling the fine braids with a mixture of their favorite red earth and grease. The people are chiefly agriculturists, their livestock consisting almost entirely of goats, sheep and poultry. The sheep are rather small, and are of the fat-tailed variety; the poultry



MOUNT KENIA WITH A FRESH FALL OF SNOW COVERING THE ENTIRE UPPER RANGE. THIS IS AN UNUSUAL SIGHT, AND LASTS ONLY UNTIL THE SUN RISES, WHEN IT ALMOST IMMEDIATELY DISAPPEARS

are also small, and lay eggs not much larger than those of the bantam. The crops vary little in kind throughout the inland parts of East Africa. Maize is about the most important of the staples. Next to that comes a small bean which grows on a bushy plant four, five or even six feet in height. Then there are several varieties of small grain, some of which look much like millet. Sugar-cane and arrow-root, yams, sweet potatoes and gourds and bananas are almost the only other important crops.

We camped at Wambugus (named after the chief of the district), and received presents of milk, in return for which a little cash was gladly accepted. The next day we reached Nyeri, and there learned that in the Meru district, owing to last season's crop failure, food for the porters would be very difficult to obtain, so we had to arrange for a supply to be sent after us. The men who were to carry this received the large sum of one rupee each (one shilling and fourpence) for the trip of one hundred miles and return, and a quarter of a rupee for food. We loaded a few extra porters so as to be sure of enough food in case the others were delayed by rain or other causes. These porters at the last moment struck for blankets, as we expected to go to Meru by the upper trail, which would take us to an elevation of over ten thousand feet. At such a height the nights would be extremely cold, so we bought some blankets at a rupee each, and agreed to lend them to the men. Though it is almost on the equator, and six thousand feet above sea level, we found the climate of Nyeri delightfully cool and invigorating, and quite different from that of Fort Hall, which is decidedly enervating and steamy. Altogether we thoroughly enjoyed our Sunday's rest, and when we dined with the District Commissioner we sat before an open fire,

while we ate as good vegetables and salad as we could have found at home. Peas, cabbages and other European vegetables, and even strawberries, grow remarkably well in the fine cool climate. Flowers, too, such as roses, violets and nasturtiums, do very well if they are well watered during the dry season.

None of our men knew the trail to Meru, so I took a copy of a rough map which showed the approximate positions of the various streams we must cross. It is very important to know how far apart are these streams, as they offer the only camping grounds, so that the distance of each day's march must be regulated entirely by them. The regular Government map which we had with us was on so small a scale and so full of errors that it was of no value to us except in giving an approximate idea of the country.

On Monday, April 12th, we left Nyeri, and started on one of the finest marches I have ever taken. Climate, scenery and the walking combined to make it an ideal trip, the only drawback being the many rivers which had to be forded or bridged. No words can adequately describe the beauty of the country and the exhilarating quality of the atmosphere. The mornings and evenings were positively intoxicating, reminding one of fine autumn days in Canada, and yet we were practically on the equator, sometimes within about four miles of it. The first day's march took us away from all signs of cultivation, and after a few miles had been passed we saw no habitations. The last village was one belonging to the Masai, and a more discouragingly filthy place could not well be imagined. Like all their villages, this one was simply a circular collection of dung-covered low huts surrounded by a thorn stockade, inside of which the cattle are collected at night, so that the ground was a regular quagmire. Such



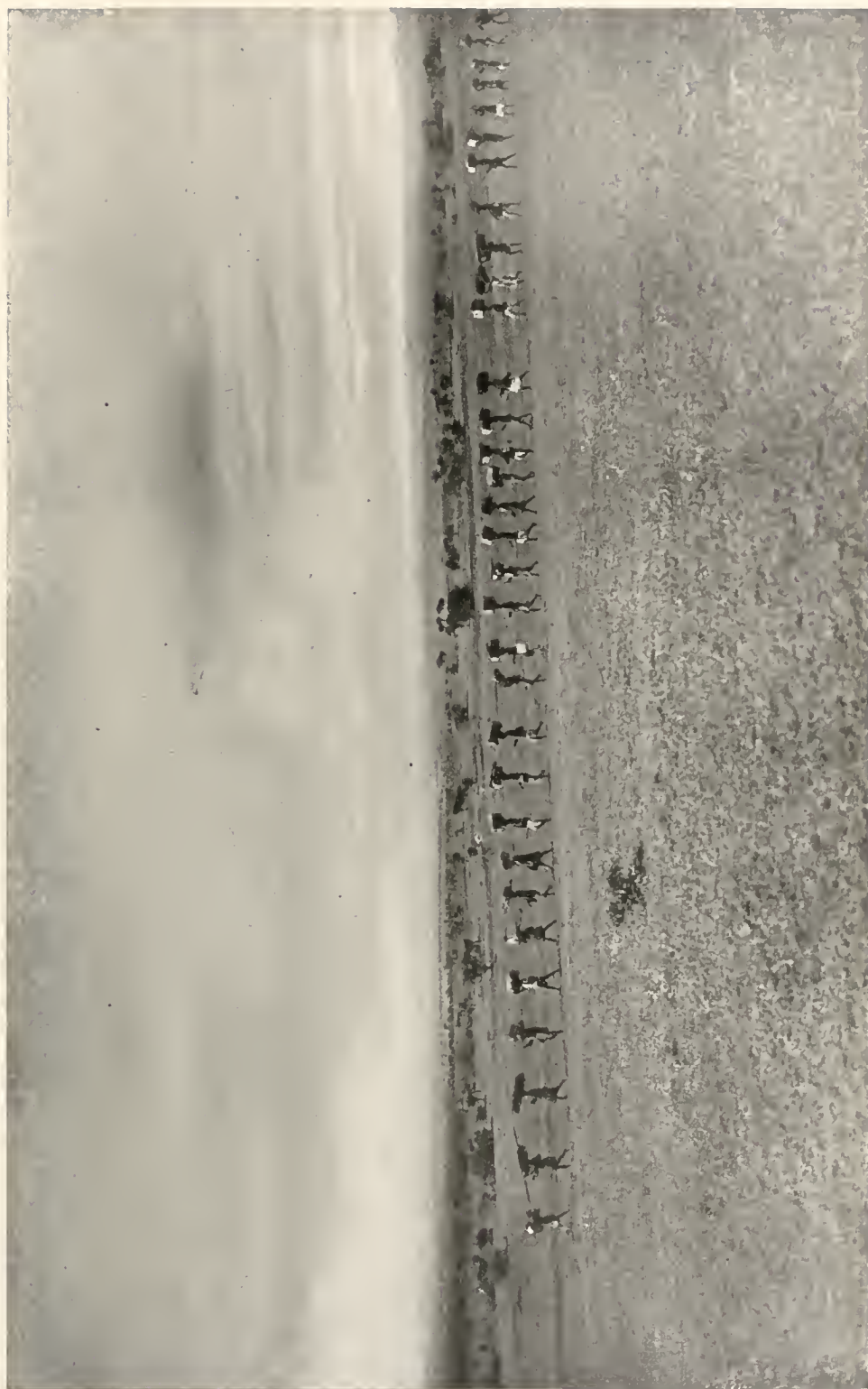
TYPE OF THE PARK-LIKE COUNTRY THROUGH WHICH WE MARCHED ON OUR WAY TO MERU

a place seemed quite out of keeping with the beauty of the country. We made only eleven miles that day, as we had started late, and the camping ground we found was so inviting we could not make up our minds to pass it. To have continued would have meant a march of another four hours before we should find good water, so we made camp and settled down to enjoy ourselves and revel in the beauty of the place. It was like fairyland, and we felt the desire to pinch ourselves to see whether we were really awake, or whether the whole thing was a dream. The camp was placed in a small glade near the stream. The ground was carpeted with the richest of turf, velvety and green from the recent rain. Such wonderful grass I have never seen even in England. Surrounding our glade were clumps of thick bushes and trees all sparkling with their new foliage. Here and there flowering creepers added spots of blazing color, and everywhere birds sang such songs as one seldom has the good fortune to hear. The whole scene reminded me of the old stories of "Robin Hood and his Merry Men" and their camp in the forest glades. Work was impossible under such conditions. We simply gave ourselves up to enjoyment, our only attempt at work being to take a lot of films which had not been properly washed, and hang them in the clear river water while we lay on our backs and watched them swaying in the current. As evening approached the air became clearer and colder, so that sweaters were found comfortable; later, as the sun dropped behind the golden clouds and vanished in the purple distance, we had a large fire built in front of the tent, and we sat before its cheering blaze, listening to the birds that were singing more beautifully than ever. Then, as the silent twilight gave way to night, the moon rose beyond Kenia, and we two mutually agreed

that we had never enjoyed an evening nearly so much as this one spent on the banks of the little Ambori River. Was it possible that but a few miles from here, not many months ago, a lion had seized an unfortunate native soldier while he was sitting with his companions around the camp fire? Even the recollection of such a thing was out of harmony with the peaceful, dreamy quietness of the place.

Before morning the rain came down in torrents, so we were unable to make an early start. These night rains are hard on the porters, as the tents become water soaked, and consequently very heavy, and the ground, until the sun comes out, is unpleasantly slippery. It was with a feeling of regret that we left our delightful camp, but the beauty of the country before us was such that we soon forgot everything else. For miles the sloping hillside was like a lawn of short green grass, such as one sees in fine sheep pasture. Here and there small clusters of olive-like trees dotted the landscape. On our right Mount Kenia towered above us, its snow-clad peak sparkling in the clear morning light. To the west was the beautiful Aberdare Range, standing guard over the valley of the Guaso Nyiro, which stretched far to the north and east, and everywhere, as far as the eye could reach, endless mountains raised their cloud-topped heads above the misty valleys. The ground on which we walked was carpeted with millions of exquisite flowers, which looked like very small gloxinias, their colors ranging from blue to violet and purple-tinged pink. Strange to say, game was very scarce in this seemingly perfect pasture land. A few Thomson's gazelle and zebra were all we saw, and these were extremely wild.

We stopped near a stream to give the men a rest, and while there a party of Wa-Kikuyu came along. They were carrying produce to



OUR "SAFARI" CROSSING THE OPEN COUNTRY ON NORTH SIDE OF KENIA, ABOUT 5,000 FEET ABOVE SEA LEVEL

Nyeri, and were driving a few sheep with them. The chief came to us and begged for some salt — a much-prized commodity in this country. We told him that we needed all we had, and regretted not being able to oblige him. Thereupon a consultation was held, and soon the women of the party — about thirty in all — proceeded to give us a dance to the chanting of a rather tuneful song. The motions were not particularly interesting, being, like most of the women's dances, composed chiefly of clapping the hands and swaying the bodies. Of course we had to give them the salt, and it was amusing to see how the wily chief tried to coax more from us. He arranged all the dancers in a row, and taking the gourd of salt, dealt out a handful to each woman. He managed it so that the supply ran out before the end of the line was reached. This left about eight without salt, and these were the younger and better-looking girls, who immediately began pleading for their share. The trick was so transparent that we refused point blank to give any more, whereupon the chief made a new division, so that each one had her share.

We were fortunate during the day in missing the many showers which could be seen scudding across the country, but just as we reached camp it set in for a steady night's rain. The next morning we started in a somewhat damp condition. It had evidently snowed during the night on the mountains, and as the clouds broke away we enjoyed the unusual sight of Kenia with its upper part covered with new snow, which melted as the sun rose, leaving the peak alone clothed in its perpetual white mantle. We found the rivers greatly swollen by the heavy rains, and the first one we came to was barely fordable. It was only with the greatest difficulty that we managed to cross, and, though the water was icy, it was surprising to see how

little the men minded their cold bath. The next river was about nine feet deep, and so swift that we were forced to build a rough bridge before we could effect a crossing. This was a tedious job, as the men had not the slightest idea of handling an axe; in fact, most of the chopping was done with blunt machetes (heavy cutlass-like weapons). Our next camp was at about seven thousand five hundred feet elevation, and the country near the streams bore a strong resemblance to parts of Maine and Eastern Canada, on account of the gaunt cedars or junipers, which waved from their straggling branches long festoons of gray-green moss. It seemed a strange place for parrots, yet we saw a great many of them. Apparently they spend the nights in the belt of forest which clothes the slopes of Kenia at about ten thousand feet elevation, for each morning they passed us on their way to the lower country. Game was very scarce until we reached the immense clear woodless slopes of the north side mountain. There we found zebra, Thomson's gazelle, and a few hartebeest and oryx (beisa).

Owing to a slight mistake in our map we had to make a very long march on the fourth day. A stream which we had counted on as a camping ground proved waterless and woodless, so the porters became surly and mutinous. They threw down their loads and refused to move, so I told them they could camp where they were if they wished, but it meant carrying both fuel and water from the next possible camping ground, which was two miles farther on. The high altitude necessitated large fires, as the air was really cold. When they found I would not oppose them they changed their tone, and came along meekly enough, not even grumbling when on reaching the next stream we found it as bleak and cold as any one could



EXAMPLE OF VEGETATION NEAR THE STREAMS OF KENIA, ABOUT 7,000 FEET ELEVATION. OWING TO THE MOSS, THE JUNIPERS AND THE CEDARS, THIS LOOKS LIKE NORTHERN MAINE OR CANADA

wish. Wood was very scarce, so that we had difficulty in finding enough for the very necessary fires. We were about ten thousand feet above sea level, and only a few miles from the snow line. To add to our discomfort a cold foggy rain set in, and the raw wind as it swept down the gully kept us all in a very shivery condition, making me recall certain chilly autumn evenings spent in Newfoundland.

The morning broke clear and keen, and so invigorating that we felt as though we could march almost any distance. The view from this high elevation was wonderful beyond words. The country to the north and east, scarcely known to the white man, was literally covered with high mountains, many of them as yet nameless and unexplored. In the distance we could barely distinguish the course of the Guaso Nyiro, the river on which we hoped to camp before long. Near us the nature of the country had completely changed, the almost lawn-like grass having given way to higher grass, which, being wet from the night's rain, soaked us to the skin as we walked along. New flowers appeared with the change of conditions. A beautiful variety of scarlet gladiolus was fairly common, and occasionally a spike of pale blue larkspur eight or nine feet in height reared its delicate flowers above the surrounding vegetation. Other familiar flowers, such as both common mullein and moth mullein, forget-me-nots, violets, evening primroses, white clover, sunflowers of several varieties, coreopsis, wild carrot and many others were there as surprises. There were also many flowers which were quite strange to us, the most conspicuous being a very large bright yellow pea-like flower that grew on bushes from four to twelve feet high, looking in the distance like broom.

On the morning of the sixth day, after several miles of bad walking over rough volcanic rock, we entered the great Meru forest. It was our first sight of an African forest, and though it was disappointing, inasmuch as there was but little which was conspicuously tropical, it was none the less very impressive. The trees were of great height, and in many instances were curiously enveloped by immense woody creepers, which hung in strange and weird festoons even from the highest branches. The underbrush was dense and everything was cool and damp. The path which had been cut through the forest was somewhat slippery and in places quite dark from the heavy masses of foliage. Here and there in sunlit clearings flocks of guinea-fowl might be seen and pigeons of several varieties darted from the tree-tops as we came along. Beside these and the large plantain eaters and one or two glossy ibis we saw no other large birds, and no animals at all, though colobus monkeys and elephants are to be found in the forest. The elephants, however, are difficult to find, and it is dangerous work going after them. One young Englishman had a very narrow escape in this forest, having been caught between two cow elephants while tracking a bull, and he had to shoot them both at unpleasantly close range. Soon after emerging from the forest we came to the first signs of cultivation since leaving Nyeri, and in less than an hour we were within sight of Meru. This post is one of the newest in the Protectorate, being but a little over a year old at the time of our visit. Though situated within a few miles of the equator it enjoys a perfect climate, and is delightfully cool, healthy and invigorating. The site is well chosen on a small level plateau overlooking vast stretches of plains and mountains to the north and east, while to the southwest Kenia, but a few miles away

rears its snow-clad peak. The country around Meru is mostly under close cultivation, and is fairly densely populated by a branch of the Kikuyu tribe known as the Meru Kikuyu. We were most cordially received by the District Commissioner and his assistant. They, with the Chief of Police, are the only white residents. Not having either telegraph or telephone, and only an occasional post service by native runners, these three men feel pretty much out of the civilized world. But, as they say, they so thoroughly enjoy the place and the people, and have so much to do, they seldom feel lonely. I was surprised to see that the buildings were all of the log-cabin type until the District Commissioner told me he had spent many years in America, and while there had learned the art of log construction. I was very anxious to obtain photographs of the native dances, and was delighted when he promised to get up one within the next few days.

CHAPTER VIII

OUR STAY AT MERU. INTERESTING NATIVE DANCES. FROM MERU
THROUGH DOMINUKI'S COUNTRY TO THE NORTHERN GUASO NYIRO

As we had four days to wait before the people would be brought together for the big dance, we had an opportunity for seeing some of the country around Meru. Elephants we were particularly anxious to find, but from what we could hear about their habits the possibilities of obtaining photographs of them seemed very slight. According to reports they only left the dense forest quite late in the afternoon, and returned soon after dawn, and while out in the open they generally kept to the very high grass, where shooting was difficult and photographing quite out of the question. There was one place, however, where they might occasionally be seen, and that was near a lake in an extinct volcano crater. As it was only a couple of hours' walk from Meru we decided to take a trip there, and engaged a so-called guide to show us the trail. On our way we saw a few zebra, three rhinoceros and some fairly fresh buffalo tracks. Our guide, who did not know the trail at all, took us many miles out of the way, through dense thickets, along disused elephant paths, but did not lead us to the crater. Along these trails were innumerable pitfalls, made by the native hunters to catch elephants and, as these were usually most carefully concealed, it required the greatest of care to avoid falling into them. We were going along through a particularly thick place, and were hurrying so as to keep our guide



COMING TO THE DANCE AT MERU WHICH WAS GIVEN FOR OUR BENEFIT

in sight, my companion leading, when suddenly he completely disappeared. He had dropped into an elephant pitfall, the bottom of which contained six sharpened spikes, varying in length from two to five feet. How he escaped being impaled was a mystery, but by good luck he had landed in an upright position, closely wedged between two of the deadly stakes. We had difficulty in getting him out, as he was down fully twelve feet. The lesson made us very careful, but it was not long before one of my porters had a similar experience, except that the hole into which he fell contained no spikes, and beyond breaking a tripod no harm came of the mishap. Later on we found a hyena in one of these holes. The wretched creature had evidently been there for many days. Its attempts to dig its way out had failed through exhaustion, and we put the poor beast out of its misery.

Instead of reaching the lake at nine or ten o'clock in the morning we did not arrive till after two o'clock. It was nearly round, about one-third of a mile across, and surrounded by high shelving hills, which were densely wooded. Elephant tracks were very numerous, but from their appearance it seemed as if they had been very seldom used of late. Formerly elephants were abundant in the vicinity, and this used to be their regular drinking and bathing place, but through the lust for ivory they had been mostly killed or driven away, so that now but a very few remain in the vicinity. The only signs of life that we saw in the lake were some ducks and a few white herons, and even on the shore there was no indication of any animals having come to drink.

For a couple of days we stayed about camp, as I had a lot of developing and printing to do. During that time we were much interested

in the constant stream of visitors. From morning till sunset the natives would come to look at us and our belongings, and we amused ourselves by buying spears, shields and other weapons and ornaments of the country from them. A better-natured, more polite, and finer-looking lot of people would indeed be difficult to find, different in every way from the Wa-Kikuyu of the west and south of Kenia. The Meru Kikuyu are fairly tall and extremely well built: instead of being black they are more usually of a deep copper color. Their features vary greatly, a very small percentage approaching the true Negro type, while others showed strong nilotic features. The race is evidently a mixture of many tribes, Masai, Kikuyu and Somali being probably the most strongly represented. The men sometimes wore blankets, but more often a few well-chosen ornaments constituted their entire "dress." Some wore a neat triangular piece of goatskin hung from the waist at the back, while the usual individuality was displayed in their selection of necklaces, bracelets and anklets. The morans, or warriors, frequently dress in a sort of square-cut cape of goatskin, embroidered with beads, and hung from one shoulder down to a little below the waist. Ankle decorations made of the skin of colobus monkeys are also worn with great effect. The women are quite the best-looking of the natives I have seen. They are seldom tall, ranging in height, with noticeable regularity, from about 5 feet 1 inch to 5 feet 2 inches. Their figures are remarkably fine, lacking the coarseness of the west coast Negro. Like the men, they are generally copper-colored rather than black. Their well-formed breasts are usually uncovered, as their dress is simply the brown leather skirt hanging from the waist, leaving the legs exposed in front. They show remarkable taste in decorating



DANCE OF THE MERU WA-KIKUYU

these skirts, using just a suggestion of beaded pattern, in design much like that found among some of the North American Indians. Beads and wire are their only ornaments, and they are used with exquisite taste, blue being the favorite color. It is rarely that any of these people, men or women, overdo the amount of bead and wire decorations. The women, more often than not, carry long walking sticks, while the men, except the very old ones, seldom go without spears, which are made by the Masai, and long sword-like knives and knobsticks. The shield, which is made of buffalo hide, is seldom carried except in dances and war.

So far these people are in their primitive state, untouched by the slightest suggestion of Europeanism. Some of the men had never seen a white man until the Meru post was opened, and even now scarcely one in a hundred knows anything about money. In buying spears and other articles, we had the greatest difficulty in arranging not only the price but the form of payment. The rupee, after careful examination, was usually regarded as a safe proposition, but 10-cent pieces, or 100 cents (the rupee is divided into 100 cents) would on no account be accepted for a rupee. Nearly everything we possessed was new to these unspoilt people, and their childlike pleasure in seeing novelties was positively refreshing. The favorite objects were a small mirror and the reflex camera. Of these they never tired. It was interesting to see how well they behaved. No matter how anxious they were to see anything, they never crowded or pushed; each one would take his turn. Then again we were greatly surprised at their intelligence in looking at pictures. Even a negative they would understand far better than most white people do, recognizing immediately each member of a group. When taking a print into

their hands they would handle it with the greatest delicacy, never smearing their fingers over it as one might have expected. We might be inclined to inquire into the morals of such an interesting people, and would probably be shocked at hearing what their customs are, but as their point of view differs so entirely from ours it is not fair for us to judge. They at least live up to their code, which is frequently more than we can say of ourselves. We are apt, too, to call the natives lazy, but if we stop to consider for a moment that they have never had to work, why should we expect them suddenly to adopt our ideas on the subject? Beyond attending to the crops, which give them their supply of food, what other need have they to work? As already stated, wives are almost the only purchasable commodity, and they are procured in exchange for cattle. Money they have not known. Everything they use except spears and knives they make themselves. So why should they have acquired the habit of exerting themselves? Where there is no competition in any way there is no necessity for a man exerting himself, and so when we condemn people for being lazy we should take conditions into consideration, and not jump to conclusions too hastily.

On the day appointed for the dance the whole neighborhood was in a state of excitement. People were coming in from every direction, all in gala attire, the men with their well-decorated shields and gleaming spears, the women with their best skirts and finest beads. Before reaching the dancing ground the men of each village were gathered together, and instructed as to the day's programme. They would then rehearse some dances and work themselves up to a proper degree of excitement, before running or marching in a solid body to the clearing.



DANCE OF THE MERU WA-KIKUYU

There were in all about four thousand people, including performers and spectators. A large circle about one hundred and fifty yards in diameter was made. At first the ring was irregular, but a few warriors armed with shields and spears, and singing loudly, ran round as fast as they could, clearing the field, and driving the spectators into a well-defined circle. Any one who got in the way was quickly upset, and had difficulty in scrambling into the lines before being run into by another warrior. I had great difficulty in escaping with my camera. As I wished to keep in front of the great crowds I soon found my position too precarious, and had to go to the middle of the field, where several chiefs sat by me, and kept off the excitable performers. The dance began by all the warriors entering the arena in double column, trotting with long, slow strides, and chanting in perfect rhythm a most stirring song. A finer or more impressive sight it has never been my good fortune to witness. Six or seven hundred of these well-built, naked men carrying their large shields raised in one hand, their long shining spears in the other, while from their waists, placed horizontally, was the long, sword-like knife in its red sheath. Few beads were worn. Some had big head dresses of ostrich plumes or colobus monkey hair. Many had their bodies painted red, white and black in fantastic designs, while white or yellow patches of paint round the eye were a common form of decoration. As the main body would run slowly round the circle detachments of five or six would rush across the field shouting and jumping with wonderful agility. For nearly an hour this continued, yet I could willingly have watched it the whole day. I have never seen men keep such perfect time, and their song was positively inspir-

ing. I tried to take some bioscope pictures, but the day was so dark and overcast that I could scarcely hope to get good results.

One part of the performance, and quite the most spectacular, was the cattle-raid dance. In this the men formed a solid body, some kneeling, others standing, while others again rushed round brandishing spears and shields, and shouting loudly. The whole lot would then come forward with a wild whoop, and after going thirty or forty yards would drop again. In this way they came straight toward where I stood with the bioscope camera, and I could not help wondering what would happen if in their excitement they lost their heads, and failed to break the ranks as they reached me! As a matter of fact several men went into fits from nervous excitement, and had to be carried off the field, while one couple got into a real fight, which was extremely interesting to watch. Their method of using the shield was particularly effective. The man receiving the attack would drop to a kneeling position and catch the spear on his shield, and with a turn of the wrist send it glancing off. One man lost his spear, and resorted to the long knife, which he threw with great force at his antagonist, as he was seized by those in favor of peace.

Later in the day there was a mixed dance, which was both monotonous and uninteresting. The men and women each formed a line. The men having put on their blankets, or some sort of cloth, advanced, and placing their hands on each other's hips or shoulders, swayed their bodies backward and forward, chanting a rather tuneful song. For hours they continued this without variation. Still another dance was that of the women alone. This was not particularly interesting. The girls formed a circle with two or three leaders in the centre,



YOUNG MERU KIKUYU GIRLS (ABOUT TWELVE YEARS OLD)



A MERU KIKUYU MAN AND GIRL



MERU WA-KIKUYU BELLES IN THEIR HOLIDAY DRESS



TYPES OF MERU WA-KIKUYU WARRIORS. THE PATCHES AROUND THEIR EYES ARE PAINT



PHOTOGRAPHING UNDER DIFFICULTIES. THE NATIVES WERE SO ANXIOUS TO SEE THE CAMERA THAT THEY CROWDED ROUND AND OBSTRUCTED THE VIEW



THE NATIVES OF MERU WERE MORE INTERESTED IN THE REFLEX CAMERA THAN IN ANYTHING ELSE WE POSSESSED



WA-KIKUYU GIRLS FILLING GOURDS WITH WATER NEAR MERU

moving their bodies up and down while they clapped their hands and sang. This singing was by no means beautiful, as their voices were very strident. Each age of women had its own individual dance, from the girls of six and seven even to very old women, but I could discover little that was interesting in any of them. The themes of nearly all of these would scarcely be considered proper according to our ideas of morality.

A native brought word on the day after the dance that he knew where we could find elephants, so the following day we started with him and half a dozen assistants whom he picked up on the way. We walked for several miles through thickly populated country, where the natives build their small thatched huts in the banana groves. Everywhere we found the ground well cultivated, and generally very tidy. The overhanging bananas shaded the road so thoroughly that it was still wet from the night's rain, and so slippery that it was all we could do to keep our footing. The porters found the walking very difficult, and the progress was aggravatingly slow. On the way we saw some of the people collecting the winged ants or termites. These they eat raw, as well as prepared in some way. As we came to the open country, where cultivation was more scattered, we were anxious to learn from our guide where he had seen the elephants. For some reason or other he could not tell us, and we began to suspect that he was simply trusting to luck, and news gathered from people he met, that he *might* see some. Leaving the men to make camp, we took a trip to a near-by hill which commanded a good view of the surrounding country, but we saw no signs of elephants, and no other game except one rhinoceros, two waterbuck and a bushbuck. On our return to camp we found some more sanguine guides, who

declared their ability to show us elephants if only we would go with them to a place about three hours away. We had some trouble with the porters and the headman the next morning. I had given orders for a start to be made at six o'clock. At that time I found the men were cooking their breakfast, and in no hurry to get ready. This had happened before, so I had to read the riot act, and gave them to understand very clearly that if ever I found men eating their breakfast after the hour set for starting I would discharge the whole outfit, including the headman. They realized what it would mean to be discharged in this out-of-the-way place, where no Swahili is popular among the natives, so after that I had very little trouble in making early starts. Our new guides took us to a small pond near which we camped, and then they went off to reconnoitre. While they were away we examined the vicinity of the pond, but beyond seeing an old cow hippopotamus and her calf we found nothing of interest. There were a few Coke's hartebeest, which were very wild. Finding the hippopotamus in the pond was rather surprising, as we were about twenty-five miles from the Tana, the nearest large river. It would have been interesting to know whether the calf had been born by this pond, and if so why the pair had remained away from the rest of their kind. Late in the afternoon my companion, feeling restless and energetic, decided to climb a neighboring hill to see if he could detect any elephants, as the guides had returned without news. Just about sunset he came back in an excited condition, saying that there was an elephant in the grass about half a mile away. It did not take long for me to seize the camera and start with him. Time was precious, as the light was fast failing, so we ran through dense swamps and high grass as fast as we could,



DOMINUKE'S MEN WERE ORDERED BY THEIR CHIEF TO BRING US FIRE-WOOD, EACH MAN CONTRIBUTING A FAGGOT. IN THE POPULATED DISTRICT WOOD IS EXTREMELY SCARCE



THE SAMBURU MASAI METHOD OF USING A DONKEY, THE STRANGE CONTRIVANCE ON THE ANIMAL'S BACK BEING A PACK "SADDLE," THE LEADING "REINS" CONSIST OF A STICK FASTENED THROUGH THE DONKEY'S NOSTRILS

and at about a quarter past six came in sight of a small elephant feeding on the edge of some fairly high reeds. There was no time to do any elaborate stalking if I wished to attempt a picture before dark, so I simply went through the noisy cane until I was within two hundred yards of the creature. He heard me coming, so I hurriedly put the camera on its tripod, and tried to make a telephoto exposure, but the light was so bad that I could not even see to focus. There was nothing to do but guess at it; this I did, and made a time exposure, which could not come out well, as the elephant moved his trunk continually in his effort to catch our wind. It was very disappointing, although we did enjoy our first view of an elephant in its natural surroundings. Had we been half an hour earlier I could easily have secured some quite satisfactory photographs. It was particularly unfortunate, as I never had another opportunity while in the country.

The guides seemed to be discouraged at the prospect, so the following morning we broke camp and returned to the Meru district.

Our camp was in the middle of the cultivated region, on a site set for the white man by the chief Mitari. We received a visit from the old fellow, who brought a sheep as a present. He, like Wambugu, was glad to accept some money in return. During his visit, which lasted over an hour, he informed us that it was a cause of the deepest regret to him and his people that so few white men ever visited his country. We were only the fourth to use the camping site. He had never seen a white man until ten years ago, when a bad one came through the country fighting the people and stealing from them. It is probably due to that man's behavior that the people of the north-east of Kenia objected to the white man and his ways, and acted in

a manner which led the authorities to regard them as a dangerous tribe. The British occupancy of the district was, I believe, the result of a request by the chiefs for protection against the warlike Masai, who continually harassed their more peaceable neighbors and seized their cattle.

We left Mitari's country on April 27th, our plan being to go to Dominuki's, one day's march, and there obtain a guide for the Guaso Nyiro, and if possible for the rest of the journey to Lake Hannington. From the information we had received at Meru the prospects of our being able to make the latter part of our proposed trip were very small. It appeared that no one had ever undertaken it, and consequently there would not be any chance of finding a native guide upon whom we could rely.

The country between Meru and Dominuki's was mostly under some sort of cultivation. Corn was more and more in evidence as we proceeded, while bananas were less common. The huts were of the usual style, generally circular, with low walls of mud and wattle, and conical roofs of grass. They were not so much scattered as those we saw near Fort Hall, but were arranged more often in small clusters, each with strongly built bomas or stockades. The evidence of recent warfare was visible in the good repair of these stockades.

We reached Dominuki's country early in the afternoon, and were well received by him and his people. The old chief directed us to a suitable camping place on the edge of his village, and immediately ordered each of the men present to bring us a faggot of wood, for in this country, which had been inhabited for no one knows how many years, wood is alarmingly scarce. As soon as our tent was



KIKUYU MOTHER AND CHLD. THIS COSTUME CLOSELY
RESEMBLES THE DRESS OF THE MASAI

pitched and everything in order, the chief, with several of his councillors, called on us. He proved to be a most intelligent and interesting man, well along in years, but still keenly alert. His control of his people is really remarkable, and no one ventures to question any order he gives. I was very sorry not to be able to speak with him directly instead of through an interpreter, whose knowledge of English was of the slightest. He is one of the few "traveled" natives of this remote country, and has, so far as I could learn, visited both Mombasa and Zanzibar. We were much amused at his attempts to smoke. Evidently he believed it the correct thing to do, but the effort was too much, and after laboriously working his way through half a cigarette he gave it up, and requested one of his followers to finish the task of politeness. He was very anxious to know if we would intercede in a matter which was apparently troubling him. We could not understand the situation exactly, but it seemed that he had been requested to pay a tribute to the British powers of a number of cattle, in return for which he had received a flag, which he regarded with rather a sad smile as he had it unfolded for our inspection. We endeavored to explain that we had nothing to do with the Government, but he could not be made to believe it. To him all white men were officials who represented the British nation. We were politely invited to pay him a visit in his own home and to accept some presents which he would send to us. The presents consisted of fresh milk, butter, flour, honey, a sheep and a cow. The cow however, we declined with many thanks. In return for all this he would accept no money, but a hunting-knife and a ring met with his approval. The receptacles containing these presents were decidedly interesting. The milk was in large gourds, which

were well decorated with cowries. The flour was in a basket made of grass beautifully woven in red and natural color, while the honey was in a wooden drum, made from a hollow branch and covered with a well-fitting lid. I tried to purchase these receptacles, but could not persuade the people to part with them at any price. His anxiety that we should not be annoyed by his people was noticeable. He sat for a long time a little distance from our tent, and if he saw any of the men come too close he immediately ordered them away.

The people were somewhat like those about Meru, but scarcely as good looking. Their method of dress and ornamentation was very similar, except that the women frequently wore the long leather dress from the shoulders after the manner of the Masai. Shields seemed to be more often carried, and occasionally the men painted their faces and bodies in fine stripes with dark reddish ochre. During the afternoon we were much surprised at receiving a visit from two of the chief's wives. This was the first time any native women had come to our tent. Usually they seemed to be lacking entirely in the curiosity which, though credited to their sex, appears in East Africa to belong far more to the men than the women. To each of the women we presented a brass ring containing a brightly colored glass "stone." This seemed to please them, and they left us with much laughter. After they had departed we felt it incumbent on us to return the visits, and were greatly surprised at the neatness and cleanliness of the immediate surroundings of the huts. The ground was swept as clean as a floor, and all rubbish and refuse was carried away from the yards. The chief's huts differed in no way that we could see from those of the other people. All the huts in the village were strongly stockaded, more so than any we had



VILLAGE OF THE SAMBURU MASAI. THE USE OF CAMELS IS ALMOST ENTIRELY RESTRICTED TO THESE PEOPLE NEAR THE GUASO NYIRO

previously seen. This branch of the Wa-Kikuyu had only recently placed themselves under the protection of the British, so the idea of living in complete peace was new to them. As a rule, the Wa-Kikuyu are almost entirely agriculturists, but Dominuki's people have a great many cattle, and appear to consider them of more importance than their crops. In their habits they seem about half-way between the Masai and the true Kikuyu, but in appearance, there is not much to remind one of the Masai.

Dominuki informed us that he could not supply a guide for the Guaso Nyiro, but that he would send his son with us to his next neighbor, the chief of the Samburu Masai tribe, who would perhaps be able to help us. He did not believe it possible for us to make the trip to Lake Hannington without going by a very roundabout way, which would take us almost to Nyeri, and might require a long time. The question of water, after leaving the Guaso Nyiro, was a very important one, for there is said to be a great stretch of country which is almost entirely waterless, unless the rains are very heavy. This season the rains had been so deficient that the chances of finding water would be extremely small.

When we broke camp the following morning we found that the old chief had sent four guides with us. There seemed to be no way of refusing them, but as food was precious we did not appreciate having the extra mouths to feed. The trail downward toward the Guaso Nyiro was through the usual scattered thorn tree country, but the walking was made bad by the small stones of volcanic origin with which the ground was thickly strewn. Game was not abundant. On the march we only saw three rhinoceros, a herd of oryx, some Grant's gazelle, an immature striped hyena, a great many guinea-

fowl, and one bird which I am almost certain was a woodcock. All the game was very wild. Even the rhinoceros bolted before we were nearer than three hundred and fifty yards.

About noon we ran into trouble which nearly proved serious. We were sitting down waiting for the porters to catch up with us, when suddenly we saw them rushing wildly in every direction. Their loads were dropped, and, with arms flung about, they acted as though they had all gone mad. We were at a loss to understand their strange behavior. At first we thought that either lions or rhinoceros were after them, but it proved to be bees or wasps of some kind. The headman came to us with the news that two of the men were dying. One of these men was my boy, who acted as interpreter. To have lost him would have placed us in a very awkward predicament. When we examined the wretched fellow we found he had been frightfully stung, especially about the head and back. There were probably several hundred stings in him, and he was yelling with pain. It certainly looked serious. We shaved his head and plastered him all over with mud. Then we made camp as soon as the other men had used the mud cure. The boy, who was in a state of collapse, was wrapped in a blanket and given some strong tea, which seemed to revive him greatly.

During the afternoon a couple of rhinoceros were observed not far from camp, so we went after them in hope of securing some photographs. Our Kikuyu guides came along, and were very much worried because we walked right up to within twenty-five yards or less of the big creatures, a cow and a calf, and there took two photographs before the animals had recovered from their surprise at seeing us suddenly stand up in the grass so close to them. Instead of charg-

ing, as we expected them to do, they took to their heels, and though we followed for a long way, we were unable to approach within photographic range again. Once they turned, when it dawned on them that they were being followed. After hesitating a few moments they trotted toward us, and it looked as if we should have some fun, but their courage failed them, and, turning about, they continued their retreat.

The following day we camped near the village of the Samburu Masai, and about three hours' march from the Guaso Nyiro. We saw oryx, Grant's and Thomson's gazelles, impala, bushbuck, waterbuck and guinea-fowl. As on the previous day we were struck by the extreme shyness of the game, which was in every way wilder than that of the Tana region. No sooner had we made camp than the chief of the Samburu paid us a visit, bringing with him presents of sweet and sour milk. The chief, whose name was unpronounceable to us, was physically as fine a specimen of man as one would wish to see, and he appeared to be very intelligent, and also very mercenary. He brought with him his young son, to whom he was wonderfully devoted, lavishing affection in a way that struck us as unusual. He begged clothes for the child, and was delighted when we gave him an old waistcoat, a silk handkerchief and a ring. He promised us a guide for the Guaso Nyiro, but said that it would be impossible to find any who would undertake to lead us to Lake Hannington, so much against our will we decided to abandon that part of our trip. From all accounts we should find a great quantity of game near the Guaso Nyiro, including buffalo and giraffe. The guide, who was to show us all these animals, was to receive a blanket (value thirty-three cents) as payment for his services.

The chief invited us to pay a visit to his village on our way to the river, so the next morning we did so. The village was of the usual Masai kind — a collection of very low huts scarcely five feet high, made of wattle, plastered over with cow-dung. They were windowless and chimneyless, the low open door — which is but little over three feet in height — serving for all purposes. Each was surrounded by a hedge of thorn bush. In the middle of this circular arrangement of huts was an open space, into which all the cattle were gathered each night. A more filthy mess could scarcely be imagined, the mire of manure being fully ten inches deep all around the huts, and outside the boma the same filthy condition prevailed. The village contained about thirty or forty huts, and more than a thousand head of the long-horned humped cattle, innumerable sheep and goats, as well as a good many donkeys and camels. The people use the regular Masai clothing, the women wearing the single-piece garment made of hide hanging from the shoulder to below the knees, immense necklaces of copper, steel or brass wire, with earrings, bracelets and anklets of the same material. The men used either a blanket or a piece of earth-stained cotton cloth, or nothing. The small boys are practically unencumbered by clothing, but the girls from babyhood are generally covered. Both men and women are tall and slender, the legs of the women being particularly long and thin. We found that it was necessary to accept some milk from the chief, though it required courage to drink from the unwashed smoky gourds in which it had been kept. These gourds are about the only receptacles used by the natives. Usually they are ornamented with considerable taste by the Masai, but among the Samburu we saw none that were decorated in any way. So far as we could learn the



IN A MASAI VILLAGE SHOWING THE STOCKADE, BUILT FOR PROTECTION AGAINST LIONS, THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN, AND THE HUT MADE OF DUNG-COVERED WATTLE



SAMBURU MASAI AND THEIR CATTLE IN THE REGION OF THE NORTHERN GUASO NYIRO

milk receptacles are never washed, all the cleaning they undergo being a sterilization by smoke as they hang in the huts, which are smoky to such a degree that it is hard to realize how any one can live in them. Milk is one of the chief articles of food for the Masai; in fact, sour milk may be said to be their staple diet, and no crops are grown so far as I could ascertain. Wild meat is not supposed to be ever eaten, but the flesh of cattle is used a great deal. Blood, too, is much relished, and is taken either from the dead, dying or the living animal. There is frequent complaint from the white farmers that their Masai herders "tap" the cattle. The Masai are such splendid herders, keeping their own cattle in remarkably fine condition, that it is a great pity they have this bad habit. The people appeared to be very cordial and well-mannered. All the men insisted on shaking hands in European fashion, with the unwelcome addition of spitting on their hand as a mark of particular respect. One thing that struck me about the Masai, and which I have never been able to understand, was the fact that their villages so seldom appear to be situated near water.

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CHAPTER IX

THE NORTHERN GUASO NYIRO. ABUNDANCE OF GAME: GERENUK, ORYX, GRÈVY'S ZEBRA AND GIRAFFE. FINDING AND PHOTOGRAPHING THE GIANT BUSH PIG

AT LAST we had reached the Northern Guaso Nyiro, the region so often mentioned by Neumann in his writings on the animals of East Africa. We camped near Neumann's Boma, one of the few named landmarks of this country, and a more delightful site for a camp would indeed be difficult to find. We had heard much of the beauty of the Guaso Nyiro, but it was really finer than we had expected. The banks were clothed with the most luxuriant grass, among which flowers grew in great profusion, giving it the appearance of a wonderful park. Along the river's edge a belt of tall, rich-foliaged trees overhung the water. The numerous palms made it appear more tropical than any river we had yet seen. On the north side steep, rocky hills rose one behind the other, in complete contrast to the comparative level of the side on which we were camped. The river itself was about seventy yards wide. As we were near the middle of the rainy season the water should have been very deep, but owing to the almost total failure of the rains in the district it was fordable in some places. The only thing which disappointed us was the lack of bird life. We had been led to believe that it was abundant, whereas we saw only a few Egyptian geese and sandpipers. Crocodiles, too, were scarce; in fact, we only saw



ON THE BANKS OF THE NORTHERN GUASO NYIRO RIVER

two or three altogether, and they were very small, so I was glad I had taken the opportunities of photographing those on the Tana.

Our camp was situated under some wide-spreading thorn trees overlooking the river. It was so delightfully comfortable, so cool and restful, that we could scarcely tear ourselves away to go after game. But the guide was restless, and wished us to go with him and see all the game that he knew about. We had not gone half a mile from camp before we discovered a large herd of oryx (*beisa*). There were nearly a hundred of these handsome antelope feeding on a piece of open ground, which was devoid of any cover that would be of use in stalking. With great difficulty I was able to approach within about two hundred yards of the herd. At that distance I made several telephoto exposures. Unfortunately the wind was blowing so hard that it was impossible to obtain really satisfactory pictures. I attempted a nearer approach to them by walking boldly toward where they stood in a solid line watching me intently. In this way I gained about fifty yards, and made an exposure before they took fright and cantered away. It was my first comparatively close view of the oryx, and they impressed me as being one of the handsomest of the antelope family, the curious black markings against the pale pearl-gray color of their coats making a most striking contrast. Their extraordinary long and almost straight sharp-pointed horns add to the graceful appearance. These horns sometimes attain a length of slightly under forty inches. But thirty-two to thirty-six inches is considered a very good pair. In size the oryx is one of the largest of the common antelope. It weighs over four hundred and fifty pounds, though it stands very

little over four feet at the shoulder. In running it either trots or canters with a distinctive action, and a noticeable swing of its long bushy-tipped tail, but when frightened it gallops noisily and with fair speed. It is found in fairly close bush country in open valleys, and in places where there is a scattered growth of trees. Generally speaking they are shy animals, and notwithstanding their decided markings are difficult to see when among bushes. Like most animals, they have the knack of seeing the man before the man sees them. Were it not for the almost incessant wagging of the tail they would be even more difficult to detect. They go in herds of from two or three to one hundred or more, the large herds being seen most often toward the middle of the day, when they appear to congregate, the small herds and scattered individuals joining the main lot. This at least is what generally takes place near the Guaso Nyiro. The oryx is frequently found with other animals, especially with zebra, both Grant's and Grèvy's, and with giraffe and Grant's gazelles. This applies more particularly to the resting hours about midday. During the feeding time I believe they keep more to themselves. Their eyesight is remarkably keen, probably more so than that of any other antelope. Their hearing is also good, but I have never been able to make up my mind about their sense of smell. It scarcely seems to be very acute.

After the oryx had left us we saw a herd of giraffe, but they were so wild that they would not let us approach nearer than five or six hundred yards. We also saw Grant's gazelles, impala, duiker, and some hares and jackals, as well as partridge and guinea-fowl. The following day we examined the vicinity pretty carefully, but saw no signs of buffalo. Neither were there any lions, though



OUR CAMP ON THE BANKS OF THE NORTHERN GUASO NYIRO

we had been told we should find them in droves. From what the native herders told us I do not think there had been lions for many years, as they did not even trouble to build a lion-proof boma for their flocks at night. The guide informed us that the game had evidently changed its habitat since he was last here, and that he would not be able to show us anything worth having; in other words, he wanted to leave us. This we allowed him to do.

The conditions for successful photographic work scarcely warranted our remaining any longer in the neighborhood, so we decided to break camp the following morning, and work our way toward the foothills of Kenia, in the hope of finding something there. We had no guide, so it became necessary to rely on our own knowledge, or rather lack of knowledge, and trust to luck in finding our way. The only map we had was worse than useless, as it had been made from various conflicting notes instead of surveyors' observations. The question of food for the men was rather troublesome. We had expected to remain in our first Guaso Nyiro camp for at least eight days, and had intended to send some of the porters back to Meru for supplies. As it was, we had but twelve days' rations left, and would probably not be able to obtain any more till we reached Nyeri, which was the first settlement we should touch, my plan being to return to Simba camp, near the Tana, and do some more lion work there before going to the Athi Plains for brindled gnu. We left the Guaso Nyiro with feelings of regret and disappointment at the failure of our plans. We had come a long way — about one hundred and eighty miles — to what had been described to us as a veritable game paradise,

where everything we wanted would be found in abundance, and be tamer than in the more hunted regions, only to find that the animals were scarce and extremely shy.

Of course we had thoroughly enjoyed the trip, and had seen much that was unusual and interesting, but from the point of view of animal photography we had failed almost completely. The same amount of time spent near the Tana would undoubtedly have been productive of far more satisfactory results. But how little one can foresee! At the very moment when everything appears to be most discouraging, and failure stares one in the face, good luck comes with unexpected suddenness. Things usually work out for the best, and the very obstacles are often the direct means by which success is obtained. So it was with us. The fact that we had been unable to procure a guide to lead us back to the Nyeri trail resulted in our going by a way which, though probably far from correct, took us right into the heart of a splendid little game district. We had not gone more than three or four miles before we saw a pair of hunting leopards (known also as chetah or chita). These large serval-like cats are probably the most swift-footed animals in Africa, if not in the world. Unlike the lions and most other members of the tribe, they are largely diurnal in their habits. When hunting they rely less on their skill in stalking than on their speed. Curiously enough they are by no means ferocious, and become remarkably tame in captivity. Even when wounded they do not, as a rule, show much fight. I was very anxious to obtain a photograph of the pair we saw, but they had heard the caravan, and were bounding away when we first caught sight of them. We followed the swift-footed creatures for some time, but were unable to photograph them, though we



NATIVES CROSSING THE NORTHERN GUASO NYIRO, CARRYING WITH THEM A BRITISH FLAG WHICH IS BEING SENT TO A NEIGHBORING CHIEF
AS A PRESENT FROM THE GOVERNMENT



ORYX (BEISA) NEAR THE NORTHERN GUASO NYIRO. THE UPPER PICTURE SHOWS THE ANTELOPE SCRATCHING ITS BACK WITH ITS SHARPLY POINTED HORN. (TELEPHOTOGRAPHS)



HERD OF ORYX (BEISA) AND GRANT'S GAZELLE DURING THE NOONDAY REST. TELEPHOTO AT ABOUT 175 YARDS, NEAR THE GUASO NYIRO



HERD OF GRÉVY'S ZEBRA. TELEPHOTO, NEAR THE GUASO NYIRO



A PAIR OF GRÉVY'S ZEBRA, NEAR THE GUASO NYIRO



A GRÉVY'S ZEBRA WHICH AT ONE TIME CAME SO CLOSE THAT WITH THE TELEPHONE HE MORE THAN COVERED THE PLATE. NEAR THE GUASO NYIRO



GRANT'S ZEBRA, NEAR THE GUASO NYIRO. ENLARGED FROM TELEPHOTO MADE AT ABOUT FORTY YARDS



GRÉVY'S ZEBRA



GRANT'S ZEBRA

THESE TWO TELEPHOTOGRAPHS SHOW MORE OR LESS THE DIFFERENCE IN THE MARKINGS OF THE TWO SPECIES OF ZEBRA



PART OF A HERD OF FORTY-FIVE GIRAFFE (PROBABLY *Giraffe reticulata*) AND SOME ORYX, NEAR THE GUASO NYIRO. OWING TO THE DARKNESS OF THE DAY AND THE STRONG WIND IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO OBTAIN A SATISFACTORY TELEPHOTOGRAPH



TELEPHOTOGRAPHS OF A GERENUK NEAR THE NORTHERN GUASO NYIRO. THESE SMALL GAZELLES
ARE NOTED FOR THE EXTRAORDINARY LENGTH OF THEIR NECKS

once approached to within about eighty yards. Unfortunately we were keeping a lookout only for them as we hurried along, and did not notice a herd of giraffe that were ahead of us. They were in a place where they could have been stalked with comparative ease. As it was they of course saw us, and ambled off to the top of the nearest hill, from which they could keep us in view.

We rejoined the caravan, and proceeded on our way. The light was becoming very poor, owing to the heavy clouds which were rolling up, and I almost hoped we should not see any game, as to photograph it would have been well-nigh impossible. Just as we reached the top of a low hill, on which were open glades and dense clumps of bushes, we heard a noise like a stampede of horses, and before we knew what had happened an immense herd of oryx was rushing past us not more than twenty to fifty yards away. There were probably one hundred and fifty of them. They appeared to be in a terribly excited condition, and paid no attention to us as they galloped past in scattered groups. The whole thing happened so quickly that I had scarcely time to seize my camera before the herd had passed. At the speed they were going there would have been no chance of making a photograph, although I should probably have attempted it had the camera been ready soon enough. I went ahead, hoping that a straggler or two might come along slowly, when to my utter astonishment four gerenuk bounded past scarcely twenty yards away — a buck and three does. Such delicately built creatures I have never seen, and I was so completely lost in admiration of them that it never occurred to me to use the camera. No sooner had they passed than a herd of impala went by at lightning speed, and I began to wonder what next we should see. What

could be the cause of such commotion I was at a loss to understand. The animals had evidently not scented us, as we were to leeward of them. While I was trying to think of a reason, two hunting leopards came in sight about one hundred yards away. We saw each other almost at the same moment, and they vanished before I could recover from my surprise. But there was no question as to the cause of the antelopes' excitement. They were being chased by the swift-footed chetah, and we had come between the hunted and the hunters.

As we continued our march we saw more oryx, more gerenuk and more impala. There was no doubt about our having run into a wonderfully good bit of game country, and as game was what we wanted, it seemed to us that the best thing to do would be to spend a few days in the neighborhood. The question was, where should we camp? An examination of the immediate vicinity showed us that there was no water. The only thing to do, therefore, was to make straight for the Guaso Nyiro at its nearest point, so I sent the men to make camp while we spent a few hours in looking over the country. We saw a great deal of game, but I had no luck in photographing, though apparently the country was thoroughly suited to the work. The irregular clumps of bushes afforded good cover for stalking, but nearly every time I tried to approach any animal there was another, which I had not seen, to give the alarm; in fact, there were too many animals. Another drawback was the difficulty of going on one's hands and knees, a proceeding usually quite necessary when one wishes to get very near to any wild animal. The ground was in most places covered with a small trailing plant bearing seed pods, which though not more than half an inch in diameter,



THE FOREST HOG OR GIANT BUSH PIG (*Hylochoerus Meinertzhageni*), ONE OF THE RAREST ANIMALS OF EAST AFRICA, PROBABLY NEVER BEFORE PHOTOGRAPHED. (TELEPHOTO, NEAR THE GUASO NYIRO)

were armed with extremely strong sharp-pointed spikes, and these went into one's hands, or through clothing, with very painful results.

We saw a number of gerenuk, and were surprised at finding them so numerous, as we had no idea they existed in this region. Seeing them and photographing them were, however, altogether different propositions. They are extremely shy and very difficult to see, except when in motion, as they usually stand with the body concealed by brush, their remarkably long and very slender neck and small head being scarcely visible. They are essentially dry-country animals, living mostly away from water, among scrub or thorn-bush thickets, interspersed with clearings, and appear to avoid thick underbrush. I saw more of them on the bare, sun-baked, sandy clay than anywhere else. In such places their coloring, which is reddish fawn, and devoid of conspicuous body-markings, so nearly corresponds with the ground that they are very difficult to see. As a rule, they live in bands of two to four, though larger herds are occasionally seen, the does, which are always hornless, being much more abundant than the bucks. I have frequently seen them in company with impala, but they are more usually found by themselves. Their goat-like habit of standing on their hind legs while feeding from the upper branches of bushes is well known, but I do not think the habit is as common as is generally believed; in fact, I have never seen but one instance of it, though I have watched the animals feeding for hours at a time. Their food consists entirely of the leaves of trees and shrubs, and low-growing plants, while grass is seldom, if ever eaten.

We had our first view of Grèvy's zebra that day, and by good luck I succeeded in approaching to within about forty yards, and

secured a fairly satisfactory photograph of a pair of them. They appeared to be fairly abundant. Their superior size — for they stand about fourteen hands two — and the totally distinct markings make their identification only too easy. The stripes are very much more narrow than those of the common variety, and more generally vertical on the body. The large, rounded, fringed ears are also a distinguishing mark. It will be observed that there is something peculiar about the markings above the nose which gives them a very queer expression. We found them in herds of from two or three up to over forty, and curiously enough saw no foals. They appear like the oryx to feed in herds by themselves except during the middle of the day, when they congregate with various other animals — particularly oryx — and resort to grassy clearings. In disposition they do not resemble the common, or Grant's zebra, being much less pugnacious. We saw no fighting among them, and from the condition of their skins, which were in all cases free, or nearly free from scars, it is evident that they are far more peaceable than their relatives, the Grants, which fight so frequently that a perfect skin is difficult to find. I have often watched the latter as two would rear together biting each other's neck, and sometimes throwing one another with great force. Such fights would continue for as much as ten or fifteen minutes before one of the contestants would give way and retreat. We saw a considerable number of dik-dik and a few duiker. The former were usually in lots of two to four, while the latter were found singly or in pairs. The vulturine guinea-fowl was very abundant, much more so than the common variety. Altogether the day had proved a most interesting one, and even though I secured a few photographs, there was every reason



TELEPHOTOGRAPH OF IMPALA, NEAR THE GUASO NYIRO



IMPALA JUMPING. THIS PECULIAR HABIT IS CHARACTERISTIC OF THESE ANIMALS WHEN FRIGHTENED

to suppose we should have better luck later on. On our way to where we expected to find camp we saw a number of waterbuck and baboons. The men had selected a splendid site for the camp on a beautiful, shady, grassy bank on the edge of the river. Nothing could have been more delightful. As we sat outside the tents we could continually see baboons and other monkeys. They appeared tame enough so long as we paid no attention to them, but the moment I attempted to stalk them, with the idea of securing photographs, they disappeared immediately, the baboons taking to the stony hills, the others following the fringe of trees which bordered the river. The men were greatly excited at the quantity and quality of the fish they could so easily catch in the river. Some were of immense size, weighing probably ten to fifteen pounds, and of excellent flavor. Unlike those we had caught in the Thika and Tana rivers, these were comparatively free from bones. As fast as the fish were caught the men cleaned them and dried them before a slow fire. In this way they would keep for several days, as they were more or less smoked.

The following day we made an early start to the place where we had seen so much game. This ground was a more or less level stretch of country on the top of a low hill. Altogether it embraced an area of perhaps ten or fifteen square miles, but the tract to which most of the game resorted was only about a mile wide by two miles long. Part of the whole area was quite open country, with natural grassy fields of from three to twenty acres in extent. On the north side was a belt of small irregular glades, with thorn-hush thickets dividing them. These glades were somewhat stony, and covered with coarse, low-growing vegetation, among which there was some

grass. On the south side the nature of the country changed completely. Seen from above it looked like an impenetrable thorn-tree thicket, with absolutely no openings. As a matter of fact, the low trees were arranged so that there were a succession of sandy openings which were devoid of all vegetation. This continued nearly as far as the eye could see toward the foothills of Kenia. To the west ran a range of high rocky hills, while the country in the centre was flat, open in some parts and sparsely wooded in others.

Almost the first animals we saw on reaching the glade belt were some Grant's zebra. They were feeding in our direction, so we lay down behind some bushes and waited, while we watched them coming slowly toward us. Everything indicated that this would be a perfect opportunity for photographing the little herd. Both light and wind were right, and the background was all that could be desired. I was very much excited, as up to this time I had had extremely bad luck with zebra, and had secured only one reasonably satisfactory picture. I was therefore thoroughly disgusted when I heard footsteps nearly down wind of us. Peering through the bushes I saw a zebra walking along. As yet he had no suspicions, but in a few seconds he would undoubtedly get our scent, and our chances would be spoilt. The only thing to do under the circumstances was to make the best of things and get what I could, so with the greatest possible care I crawled, with painful results to my hands and knees, to a little opening, and as the zebra came in full view I secured a rather satisfactory picture at about forty yards.

Later on we saw a large herd of oryx and both kinds of zebra. Most of the oryx were lying down, but some were on sentry duty,



TELEPHOTOGRAPH OF A PAIR OF VULTURINE GUINEA FOWL NEAR THE GUASO NYIRO

and with their keen eyes they detected me crawling through the bush when I was fully one hundred and fifty yards away. Of course they made off. It was not long before we discovered another large herd in a more or less open place. By using every possible precaution I managed, after much difficulty, to get within one hundred and fifty yards or so without being seen. Any nearer than that it was impossible to go, as there was absolutely no cover, so I had to content myself with a couple of long telephoto pictures of the Grèvy's zebra. Then I attempted to go a little closer, but the whole herd galloped away. There must have been about one hundred and fifty oryx, forty or fifty Grèvy's and a few Grant's zebra. It was a beautiful sight as they rushed through the open woods. When about two hundred and fifty yards away they all stopped, and turning round in a solid line stared at us intently for several minutes. The dust they had raised prevented my obtaining a picture of the wonderful sight.

During the rest of the day we saw but little game, only a few gerenuk, impala and dik-dik, and none of these could I photograph. The next day I missed one of the finest chances of photographing a wild animal that has ever come my way. I had spent about half an hour in stalking three oryx. They had not seen me, and were feeding slowly in the openings among the bushy thickets. Never have I stalked any animals more carefully, and finally I found myself within seventeen yards of one, and about forty yards from the other two. It happened that they were all standing behind bushes, and I felt sure it would be only a matter of minutes before they would come into clear view. But they had evidently some idea that things were not quite right, as they remained motionless

for what seemed like a full half-hour. I was standing in the burning sun not daring to move. A pair of gerenuk passed by, and I let them go. Then came a herd of impala. They looked so beautiful in the sunlight, and were so unconscious of danger, that I could not resist the temptation to photograph them. The first exposure did not frighten them or the oryx, so foolishly I tried a second. At the sound of the shutter out came the oryx and stood in clear view, broadside to me. Such a picture as he made I have never seen. In nervous haste I put a fresh plate in position, and was in the act of setting the shutter when he ran off, leaving me in a most unhappy frame of mind. Such an opportunity will probably never fall to my lot again, and yet I have nothing to show for it. Had he waited two seconds longer I should have had the picture, but it is just those little seconds which so very often come between success and failure in animal photography.

We had not walked half a mile before we saw some more oryx feeding in one of the open fields. On the edge of the clearing there was the remains of an abandoned Samburu cattle boma, which afforded me shelter for stalking. After considerable difficulty I was able to get inside the circular thorn edge, but the oryx were rather too far away to give satisfactory pictures. However, I made several exposures before they detected me and made off. Soon after that we discovered a herd of about two hundred oryx, but they were in a place where it would have been useless to attempt to stalk, as the wind was in the wrong direction, so I decided to make a wide detour in order that I might approach them up wind. This necessitated going back into the region of bushes and glades, so that we should not be seen. While we were making our way as



TWO TELEPHOTOGRAPHS OF A VULTURE

quietly as possible I caught sight of a Grèvy's zebra about forty yards away. At first only the top of its head was visible as it came up a sudden rise in the hill, but there was no doubt that it was coming directly toward us, and coming at such a rapid walk that we must act as quickly as possible. There was no time to do any choosing of a place of concealment, so I simply ordered the men who were carrying my extra outfit to lie down flat, and not move on any account, while I crouched as low as I could with the camera held ready for immediate use. By bad luck the camera was equipped with the telephoto lens, as I had given up expecting close-range work, and there was no time to change to the regular rapid lens. I might say here, for the benefit of those who have never used the telephoto lens, that it is almost impossible to focus rapidly on any object that is coming or going from the operator, as the difference in distance of a few feet completely alters the telephoto focus. Then, again, owing to its low illumination, it is not adapted to instantaneous work, except under extraordinarily favorable conditions. Of course, I never expected for a moment that the zebra would come nearer than twenty or twenty-five yards, so my surprise was very great when they — for another one had appeared — continued toward us. One, however, turned aside, while the other came to within twelve yards, I scarcely dared to stir, yet the photograph could not be made without some movement, so I gently raised the camera, only to find that the zebra was too close, and that it more than covered the plate. This was certainly a new sensation. I would have given almost anything to have had the regular lens in place of the telephoto. The animal was staring right at me, evidently wondering what was going to happen, while I was shaking all over with excite-

ment. After a few seconds it walked slowly away, then turned once more and stared at me. This time I found that I could just fit the animal to the plate, so I made an exposure, thinking that the sound of the shutter would undoubtedly frighten away the surprised animal. It did not, however, so I quickly changed plates, and made another and still another exposure. That was all it could stand, and it trotted off, but stopped again when about seventy yards away, and I made two more exposures before it finally vanished, leaving me positively limp from the nervous strain.

We next continued our way toward the oryx, to find that they had been joined by some Grant's gazelles, and that they had left the open field and moved to the shade of some large thorn trees. So the chance of securing satisfactory pictures was not so good as I had hoped it would be. However, I managed to stalk to within about one hundred and seventy-five yards, and at that distance made several exposures with more or less success. Owing to the wind, which was blowing hard, the pictures showed a slight amount of vibration. No sooner had the herd gone than we saw some giraffe about three-quarters of a mile away. Though rather tired from the excitement and the amount of work done during the morning I determined to go after them. We made our way through a small gully until we were fairly near where we imagined the animals to be. On emerging from the gully there was nothing to be seen of the big creatures; presumably they had seen us and gone off. On the chance that they might be somewhere about, we walked to the ridge of a bare hill, and there, to our complete astonishment, we saw no less than *fifty* giraffe, and near them a herd of oryx and Grant's gazelle. Such a sight I had never expected to behold! I



TELEPHOTO OF AN EGYPTIAN GOOSE ON THE GUASO NYIRO

had always believed that a herd of twenty-five or thirty was quite exceptional, but to see fifty was indeed a surprise. A strange thing about this herd was that more than half of them were apparently scarcely half grown, and that there were but three or four large bulls. So far as I could judge from the clear reticulation of the markings they appeared to be the Somali giraffe. The question of doing any photography was very uncertain for three reasons; the wind was blowing violently, the sky had become heavily overcast, and, most important of all, the giraffe were beating a retreat. Under such conditions I could not hope for much success, but being anxious to obtain at least some sort of photographic record of the herd I made several exposures, which resulted, as might have been expected, in rather blurred pictures.

On our way back to the camp we saw a number of oryx, a herd of fully one hundred impala, and some zebra and gerenuk. As we were going down wind no more opportunities for photographing occurred. On reaching camp I saw an Egyptian goose on an island in the river, and though the light was most unfavorable I made a picture of it. This ended one of the busiest days of animal work that I had ever experienced. I had seen an almost uncountable number of animals, and had used thirty-two plates. As the afternoon was cool I developed all of these, and had the satisfaction of seeing a few at least come out fairly well. It one could but have such days more frequently how delightful it would be, and how much material could be collected in a very short time; but unfortunately these days of exceptional luck come only too seldom.

The next day saw me once more in the game district. It was my intention to devote myself to the task of securing photographs

of oryx and gerenuk, but I changed my plans on coming across the very fresh sign of buffalo. A large herd during the night or early morning had visited a small mudhole in one of the clearings. From the indications it seemed as though they had left the place scarcely more than an hour or two, so I decided to follow the tracks. It was the first time I had attempted to walk down buffalo, and I should never repeat the performance. For nearly eight miles we trailed the herd, expecting every minute to come upon them in the shade of the stunted thorn trees. What would have happened had we been successful I cannot say, for I had only the .275 Mauser with me. We were frequently startled by the sudden appearance of flocks of sand grouse, which rose with a whirr that was anything but quieting to our nerves. On our way we came across an old rhinoceros feeding in a small grassy clearing, but not wishing to be forced to shoot we carefully left him alone. The walking was excessively hot on the glaring sand, as the overhanging thorn trees afforded only the scantiest of shade, and there was not a breath of air stirring.

We were not very far from the western range of hills, so I decided to climb up on a high rocky spur, from which there would be a good view of the surrounding country, in the hope of seeing something of the buffalo. As we entered the more thickly wooded region before reaching the hills I saw ahead of me, about twenty-six yards away, an animal which I took for a young rhinoceros. My first impulse was to have the rifle ready, as the mother would probably charge us should we happen to be between her and the calf. On taking a second look at the animal it struck me as being different from anything I had ever seen, and I quickly seized the camera and



THE NATURAL FLOWER GARDEN ON THE BANKS OF THE NORTHERN GUASO NYIRO

hurriedly focussed the queer-looking creature. I was scarcely ready when it looked up, and as I pressed the shutter release I realized that the animal I was photographing was none other than the forest hog, or giant bush pig (*Hylochærus Meinertzhageni*), one of the rarest animals in East Africa. This huge creature, the largest of the pigs, has only been known to science since 1904, when it was discovered, I believe, by Captain R. Meinertzhagen, and since that time very few specimens have been secured. In general appearance it differs from the wart hog, not only in size, but in the enormous wart-like excrescences protruding immediately below the eyes, and in the inconspicuousness of the tusks, which were practically invisible in the one I saw. The color of this one was a decidedly reddish brown, but that may have been due to its having rolled in the dust, as it was nearly the same tone as the sandy clay of the district. Needless to say, I was greatly delighted at such a stroke of good luck, for in my wildest dreams I had never expected to have an opportunity of photographing this rare and very shy animal.

As nothing was to be seen of the buffalo we started back toward camp, hoping that we might have a chance to secure a picture of gerenuk. This was the last day of our stay in the neighborhood, so unless I succeeded I should have to do without this interesting species for my collection. On our way we saw many gerenuk, but in every case they saw us first, and fled. At last, however, I discovered a fine buck feeding in a scrubby clearing. He had not seen me, so I did some very careful stalking until I was within about one hundred yards, which was as close as it seemed wise to go. At that distance, with the greatest of care, I was able to make three telephoto exposures of the queer little creature before he took fright.

We thoroughly disliked the idea of leaving the Guaso Nyiro, for a more delightful camping ground could not be found, or a more interesting place in which to photograph game. The climate, too, was perfect, fairly hot days and very cool nights, and there were no insect pests, neither ticks, flies nor mosquitoes. So we packed up our outfit with the keenest feelings of regret. If we had had more food we should have stayed at least another week, but we had only eight days' supplies left for the men, and many miles had to be covered before we could obtain any more. The first part of the journey was trailless, and, as already stated, we were without a guide.



OUR SAFARI GOING UP THE FOOTHILLS OF MT. KENIA

CHAPTER X

FROM THE NORTHERN GUASO NYIRO BACK TO SIMBA CAMP. DIFFICULTIES OF FINDING THE WAY WITHOUT GUIDES OR TRAILS

WE LEFT the Guaso Nyiro on the morning of May 6th, just as the sun was creeping on the distant tree tops, and made our way due south, so as to pass the western edge of the rich game district which had proved so useful to me. Before we started the men were instructed to fill their water-bottles — a thing they will never do unless ordered — and to drink very sparingly from them, for we knew not how long it would be before we should find any more water. Our way — or rather what we imagined was our way — led us through some very bad country, where dense thickets of stunted trees made the selection of a route anything but an easy task. It was well enough for us who were unencumbered by heavy loads, but the porters needed head room. Nothing will impede the progress of men and tire them more than having to continually duck beneath overhanging branches. In some parts the ground was bare red sandy clay, which afforded good walking, but much of the country was covered with a coarse scrubby growth of underbrush, among which a small aloe-like plant, with extremely hard, sharp points, gave the bare-legged, and often bare-footed, men no end of trouble. We were frequently obliged to alter our course, on account of deep gullies, where the streams after heavy rains had washed away the banks, and at times it was difficult to find a place

fit to cross. To add to our discomfort the heat was well-nigh intolerable. The men, with the lack of self-restraint which characterizes the Swahili porter, drank their supply of water before noon. Up to that time we saw absolutely no sign of water. Every stream bed was powder-dry, and in that volcanic sand digging for water is almost always useless. Shortly after noon we were waiting for the rear of the caravan to catch up, when the headman arrived with the information that the cook's boy had vanished about a mile farther back. The boy's pack had been found, and at first we were inclined to think that the wretched youth had been taken by a lion, but a close examination of the ground revealed no signs of such a mishap, and we were forced to believe the young rascal, having gotten tired of his load, had thrown it down and was following the men at a safe distance. In vain we shouted and searched, and after wasting over an hour of precious time we had to abandon the boy to his well-earned fate. It might be as well to add that he turned up late in the afternoon, having evidently followed the porters through all the thickets without ever being seen himself. How difficult his task must have been is shown by the fact that several times our men lost their way, though supposed to be all within sight of each other, and it was only by firing shots that we were able to bring them back. The only animals we saw on our way through the thicket country were three lesser kudu, a number of dik-dik, and a few duiker, and there were no large birds except the common guinea-fowl.

Shortly after four o'clock we came to a large tract of open country which stretched to the foothills of Kenia. Here at last the walking was better, but still the stream beds were dry. The men were



THE SAFARI TAKING A REST DURING THE MARCH UP THE FOOTHILLS OF MOUNT KENIA

tired and discouraged, but being without water they had to continue. In the distance to the westward there was a range of mountains, that were an offshoot of Kenia. Near these there was every reason to suppose we should find some stream which had its source in the mountain snows, for snow water was all one could hope to find since the rains had stopped. On our way toward this hoped-for stream we came upon a herd of Grèvy's zebra, and the men begged me to shoot one, as they felt the need of meat after the long march. We shot one, and while I stayed behind with my camera bearer to skin it, the others went forward to make camp. About an hour before sunset I thought it high time to be moving along, and wondered why the porters had not returned for the meat. Just before six o'clock we came to the valley below the western mountain, and found there a fine stream of good water, but no sign of any camp. I fired several shots, but received only the echoes in reply. We had no way of knowing whether the camp was above or below us, so we did not know what to do. Darkness was setting in with the usual tropical suddenness, and the prospect of traveling blindly in the dark did not appeal to us at all, neither did the prospect of going to sleep without food appear particularly alluring, as we had eaten nothing but a couple of small biscuits since five-o'clock breakfast. We tried building grass fires, but the heavy dews had already dampened the grass, so that it did not burn freely. Thinking one way as good as another we went southward, and after going about half a mile I fired several shots, when to our relief an answering shot rang out in the distance, a mile or more away. After replying we carefully noted the direction, and started off as fast as the nature of the ground and the darkness would permit. The walking was

none of the best, and many were the holes we fell in. We were in some fear of meeting either lions or rhinoceros, and kept a sharp lookout as we stumbled along. Every bush or high tuft of grass looked to us like some dangerous animal, for we were thoroughly tired. About eight o'clock we came in sight of camp, and what a cheerful sight it was! When I thought of how we had been faced by the prospect of sitting up all night hungry, and in constant fear of lions (for we were in the lion country again), the prospect of a bath, a good dinner and a comfortable bed seemed wonderfully satisfactory. The next morning the askaris who were on watch told me the lions had been roaring all around the camp, but I had heard nothing.

By daylight we found our camp to be situated quite close to the lower foothills of Kenia. As far as we could see, range upon range stood between us and the trail which would take us to Nyeri. All the hills within sight were clothed more or less thickly with dense bush growth, so the question of selecting a route was extremely difficult, as water must be found before night, and impassable thickets and very deep rocky slopes would have to be avoided. I was anxious to go by the western range of hills, and work our way along the stream, which I felt sure came from Kenia. This would have meant going a few miles out of the way. The headman and others seemed to think it better to head directly for Kenia, following a fairly open valley which opened near our camp. We had not proceeded very far before we realized our mistake. The valley became more and more densely wooded as we continued, until even the old rhinoceros trail we were trying to follow was so overgrown that we were forced to cut our way through the thorny undergrowth.

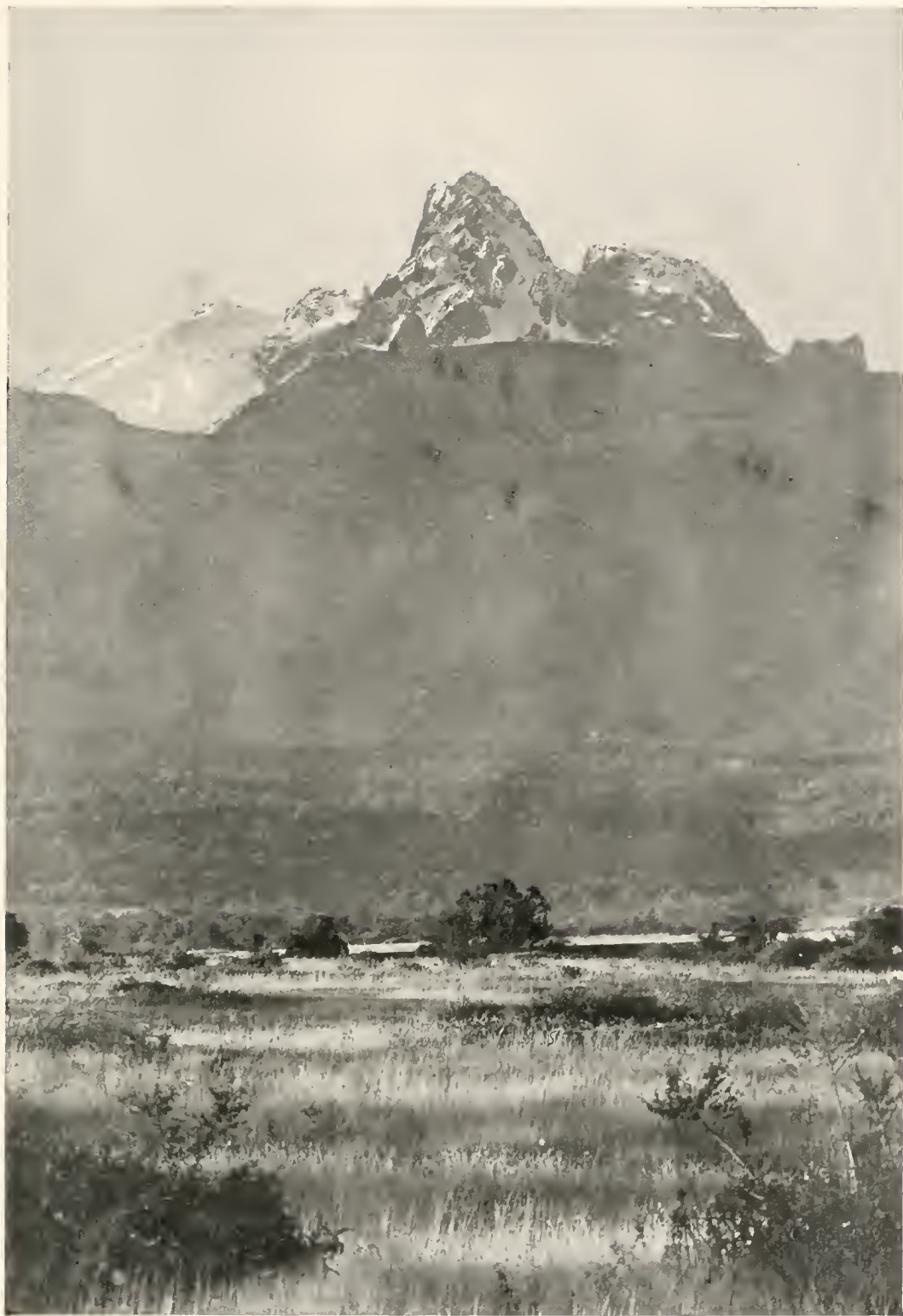


MOUNT KENIA FROM THE NORTHERN FOOTHILLS

As we could not see more than a few feet ahead it was necessary to keep the sharpest possible lookout for rhinoceros, for when these cross-grained creatures meet any one on their path they waste no time in clearing the road. To avoid a catastrophe, very quick and accurate shooting is necessary, as one cannot dodge among dense thorn thickets. Only a couple of months or so before we came to the Guaso Nyiro an unfortunate Englishman was killed while walking along a rhinoceros trail. He had gone out for a stroll quite close to camp, and had not thought it necessary to carry a rifle. The rhinoceros met him, and being unable to escape, owing to the thorn bush, he was tossed. When his companions found him some hours later he was too far gone to be saved.

Our progress was necessarily very slow, as the endless thorny creepers and branches were difficult to cut. In every way it was hard on us all, but especially so on our hands. Owing to the denseness of the vegetation we could not see where we were going, so it was all a matter of guessing. We blessed the rhinoceros tracks, however, for without them it would have been practically impossible to proceed. For a couple of hours this continued, then to our relief we came to an open grassy glade through which ran a stream of sparkling cool water. To get out of this little valley was our next difficulty. There were only two possible openings, one of which was along the stream where the vegetation was so dense as to be almost impassable; the other way was up a very steep and rocky hill. This we chose, and after an hour of difficult climbing found ourselves in fairly open but exceedingly hilly country. Working to the westward a little we came to the stream again. Here we discovered a trail which followed the course of the stream. It

was not much of a path, but after what we had gone through it was a veritable luxury. Occasionally it was necessary to cross the vine-tangled stream to avoid rocky spurs of the hill, but until we camped late that afternoon the walking, though steep, was not very bad. On starting next morning we were greeted by a superb view of Kenia, whose snow-capped peak lay directly south of us. For several hours we had little or no trouble. The country was almost treeless, rolling and smooth, but ahead, between us and the Nyeri trail, rose steep hills so densely wooded that we could see no openings. Several attempts to find a reasonably good way failed. Deep gullies of impenetrable thicket blocked our passage. One way seemed worse than another, and as it began to rain hard we felt rather discouraged. Then, to make matters worse, the headman informed me that the men had scarcely any food left. Less than two days' supplies remained, as the improvident creatures had eaten double rations on some days, even though they had been given meat, and had caught any quantity of fish. Expressing our opinion of both porters and headman could do no good. The men could not carry loads unless they had food, so any delay would prove serious. There was nothing to do but cut our way right through the belt of big forest, trusting to luck that we should get out before dark. So we set ourselves to the task, steering by compass, and cutting a path for the loaded porters. It was discouraging work, and appeared unending. The rain made the air steamy and oppressive, and altogether we all felt sorry for ourselves. Late in the afternoon the forest lightened, and to our delight we came to open country once more. There was no more forest ahead, so the rest of the way should, we hoped, prove easy. We had seen



TELEPHOTO OF MOUNT KENIA, ABOUT 18,000 FEET HIGH, ONE OF AFRICA'S HIGHEST MOUNTAINS. THOUGH ALMOST DIRECTLY ON THE EQUATOR, ITS SUMMIT IS PERPETUALLY SNOW-COVERED. THE THIN CLOUDS OR MIST CAUSE THE INDISTINCT BLURS OVER THE LOWER PARTS

scarcely any game since leaving the valley of the Guaso Nyiro, though rhinoceros signs had been abundant. The men on going for water saw two buffalo in the thick woods, but we were too tired to go after them. Our camp, which was at an elevation of about eight thousand feet, was bitterly cold, and every one was glad to be on the move by daylight. We struck the Nyeri trail at ten o'clock, much to the delight of all hands. On our way we saw some Jackson's hartebeest, but I was unable for the first time to get any pictures of them. From our high elevation we had a splendid view of the Guaso Nyiro Valley, and we realized that we had made a big mistake in selecting our route. It would have been far better had we followed the river seven or eight miles to the westward, and then come up the valley of the stream alongside of which we had camped. By so doing we should have had water all the way, and traveling would have been through fairly open country. The rest of our trip to Nyeri was uneventful. We followed the trail on which we had come, and found the game very much more abundant than it had been a month ago, zebra being exceedingly numerous. We also saw one small herd of eland, of which I secured a couple of long-range photographs. The evening before reaching Nyeri I was told that the men had no food left (though they should have had rations for over two days), and that they were anxious to make an early start in order that they might reach Nyeri in one day; so we got off at four o'clock, and marched by the light of the moon. The cold was so great that our hands were almost numb, and it took several hours of sunshine to warm us through. We had over thirty miles to travel before we should see Nyeri, and it speaks well for the strength of the men that they were able to do such a march fasting.

They arrived at the post pretty well tired out, and I do not think any of us were sorry when we saw the flag flying over the fort, and heard the bugles of the native police. We camped alongside of Mr. Selous, the well-known African hunter, and spent the evening with him listening to many interesting accounts of his experiences. The next morning we had great difficulty in making a start, as the men wanted to have a day off, and came with endless excuses. Sore feet was the main reason for wanting a rest, and they limped as though it were impossible to walk. Several of them were telling the truth, but most were resorting to the commonest of lies, so I took on a few native porters to help those who needed help, and we finally got off about nine o'clock. The following day we reached Fort Hall, where we took supplies of food for the men. There, again, the men tried to get a holiday, but time was precious, as I had booked my passage home by the steamer sailing the fourteenth of June, and had yet much work to do. Any of the men who wanted to leave me for good were given permission to do so on condition they found efficient substitutes. This they could not do, and after several delays we left for our old camp near the Tana. Beyond losing our way through the men becoming separated nothing exciting happened, and we arrived at Simba camp on the afternoon of May 15th. We were somewhat surprised at the condition of the country. According to the season everything should have been green and spring-like, for the rains had come since we were there before, but evidently the fall had been insignificant, and there was no evidence of rain having fallen for several weeks. The grass was burnt and dry. In many cases the trees were losing their leaves, but, worst of all, the stream, or rather what should have been the

stream, was a dry bed of sand, with here and there a rapidly evaporated water hole containing a dark green substance, which bore but a slight resemblance to water. The water holes we had made were absolutely dry, and it was only after making some deep excavations that we were able to find any water at all; even then the supply was so limited that it kept the men busy all day long getting enough for the needs of the camp. Yet, notwithstanding this dried-up condition of the country, game was very abundant. On our way to the camp we had seen a great many zebra, hartebeest and impala, also several rhinoceros. One of these nuisances attempted to break up the caravan, and had to be dissuaded by a couple of shots. Another one made me feel rather uncomfortable for a few seconds. I had left the men, and was marching alone with my camera bearer on the chance of finding something interesting, when we heard a loud snort and a rushing sound. Down came a rhinoceros trotting almost straight toward us. The grass was too high to allow of photographing, and I did not want to shoot (especially with the little .275), so I crawled quickly to a tree. The rhinoceros had been disturbed by the "safari," and had come our way only by chance. When he heard me moving in the grass he stopped, and as he was not more than twenty yards away it looked as though we were in for some excitement, but as I kept quiet, and the wind was in the right direction, the old fellow did not bother us, but continued his retreat.

On the chance of obtaining some automatic flashlight photographs we set three cameras near the water holes, as we were too tired to sit up and watch them. We stayed by these pools till dusk, in order to guard the apparatus against birds. Just about dark we started

back to camp, thinking we had at last outwitted the birds which came to drink at dusk, but before we had gone more than a few hundred yards the report of one of the flashlights reached our ears. There was nothing to do but return and reload it. While this was being accomplished off went another one. We had no lantern with us, so that working among the high grass and papyrus in the river bottom was anything but agreeable, as we knew the place to be infested with lions. Then, too, we had seen signs of buffalo, and they would prove extremely unpleasant creatures to meet in the dark. We were not sorry, therefore, to reach camp. The next morning it was found that no animals had been near the water holes, so we had nothing to show for our trouble. Later in the day we built a thorn boma near a dead zebra, and spent the night in it, with no luck at all. In the distance lions could be heard roaring, but not so much as a jackal visited the kill. A few mosquitoes annoyed us, and this was the first night that we had been troubled by them to any extent. For four nights we stayed in the boma without any results. The only creature to come near us was one hyena, and even he did not give us an opportunity to photograph him. This was extremely discouraging. It began to look as though our lion work was to be a complete failure. We heard a few, but it was nothing like it had been on the occasion of our previous attempts, when at least the lions roared near us almost every night. The days, though better than the nights, had not been productive of anything particularly interesting. We had seen quite a lot of game, mostly hartebeest, impala, zebra and waterbuck, also a herd of eland, a few giraffe, and three or four rhinoceros, but I had extremely bad luck in my efforts at photographing any of them, though I tried



LONG DISTANCE TELEPHOTOGRAPHS OF ELAND ON THE NORTHERN SLOPES OF MT. KENIA

every way I knew. Stalking was generally useless, except in a few places. The dry grass was so high that it interfered with the success of the pictures. So I went in for working from a blind, but even then luck did not favor me. For two mornings I stayed in the blind in which I had had my experience with the two lions, but no excitement came, and as I glanced down wind with considerable frequency the events of that memorable morning were vividly recalled, and I wished that I might see another of the big creatures creeping stealthily through the grass. Occasionally a few hartebeest came within range of my camera, and I succeeded in securing several fairly satisfactory pictures. Curiously enough no impala ever came near the blinds. Many times they could be seen walking quietly among the trees, but only once was I able to approach a herd near enough for photographic purposes, and then it took me over an hour before they gave me an opportunity. For half an hour they watched me as I stood in the baking sun, not daring to move. Never in my life had I been so nearly sun-cooked as I was that day. When the animals finally returned to their feeding it did not take me long to seek the shade of a near-by tree, where I cooled off before continuing the stalking. My companion, while off on a hunt, discovered a flock of white pelicans perched on low trees on the mountain-side a few miles from camp. We never had an opportunity of finding out whether they were nesting there, but it was the only time we saw these birds during our entire trip.

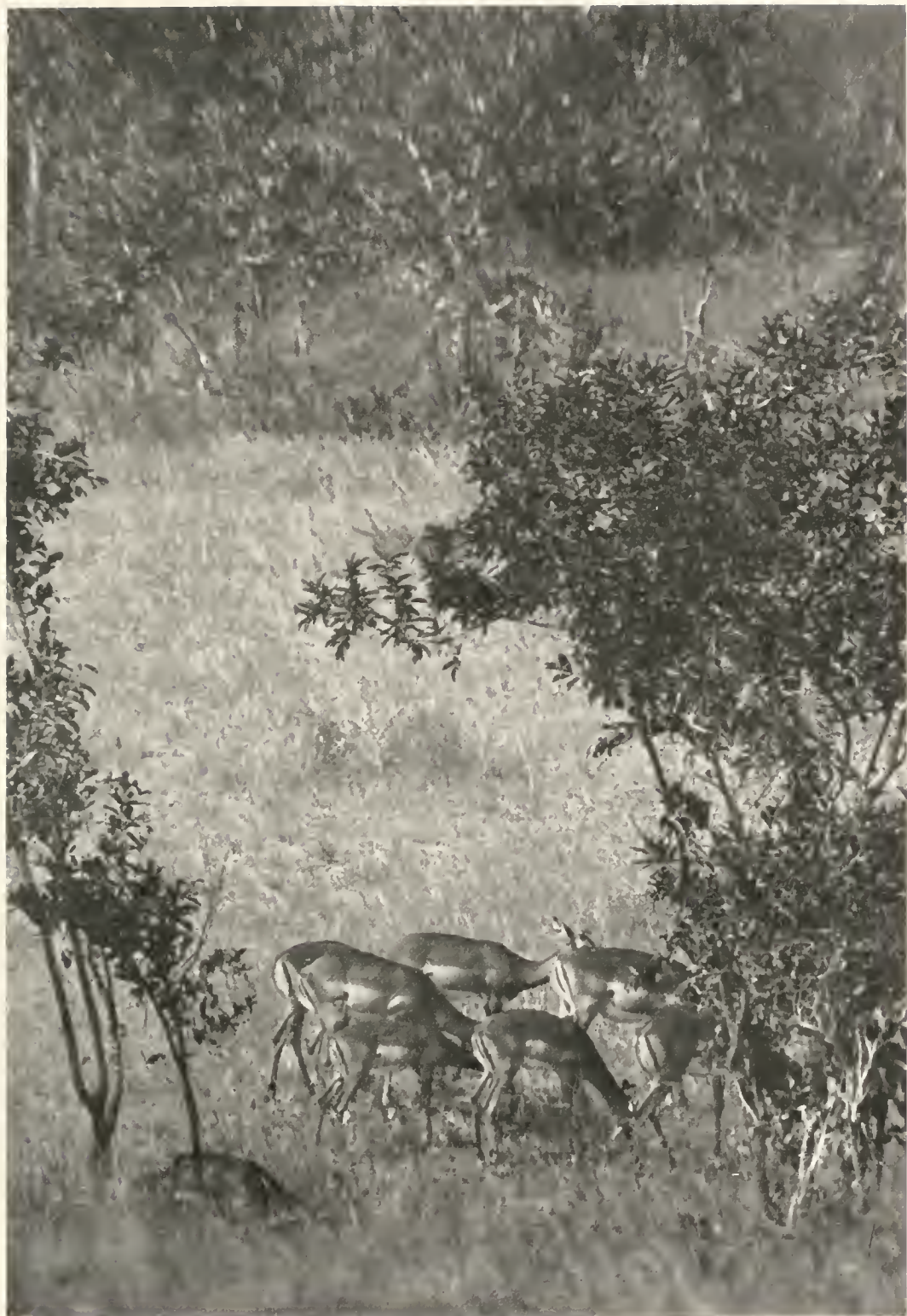
CHAPTER XI

SIMBA CAMP. SEEING TWELVE LIONS IN ONE NIGHT. MAKING
FLASHLIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS OF THEM AT NINE YARDS

THE previous chapter is mostly a record of failures, so far as my photographic hunting was concerned, but Dame Fortune had not altogether forsaken us, even though she had been absent for some little time. She returned, as she usually does, when least expected. We had determined to move camp to a point nearer the Thika River, where we believed lions to be plentiful, for lion pictures were the most important part of my programme. They must be obtained at all costs, so the change was decided upon, and we amused ourselves, on what we expected would be the last day in Simba camp, by taking a walk to a part of the country where my companion had seen a herd of eland two days before. Beyond seeing some giraffe, which we were unable to approach, we found nothing except the common hartebeest and impala. Not surprised, but somewhat disgusted, we headed toward camp again. On our way our attention was attracted to some vultures sitting on the dead branches of a tree. Where vultures congregate there is likely to be meat, and the meat is more than likely to be a lion's kill. If there was one thing more than another that we wanted to find it was a lion's kill, so we hastened toward the vultures, but for a long time were unable to find any sign of meat. At last our search was rewarded by the discovery of some animal's entrails. Following the sign of blood



OUR WATER SUPPLY AT SIMBA CAMP. THE PICTURE, WHICH WAS TAKEN AT THE END OF THE RAINY SEASON, SHOWS HOW WE HAD TO DIG DEEP HOLES IN THE DRY BED OF A STREAM IN ORDER TO FIND WATER



TELEPHOTOGRAPH OF A HERD OF IMPALA FEEDING

we soon came to the remains of a hartebeest hidden among the grass under a high grass-covered bank, below which was the dry bed of a small stream. The animal had been partly eaten. Nothing remained but the shoulders, head and fragments of the hindquarters. From the condition of the grass we were unable to determine whether the carcase had been eaten where it lay, or whether it had been dragged and hidden there after the lions had had their meal. The latter seemed the more probable, as the grass had been much trampled in a little depression about forty yards from the bank. If we had arranged the sitting to suit the requirements of flashlight photography we could not have found a spot more entirely satisfactory for the position of the kill than where the lions had placed it. Not only was the background excellent, with the high bank of grass overshadowed by two overhanging thorn trees which made the composition nearly perfect, but there was a knoll on the opposite bank where the boma could be built in such a way as to control the situation completely. The gully was valuable as a protection against a surprise attack by the lions, for they would be under great disadvantage in having to come up the steep bank, where a long spring would be practically impossible. Then, too, there were splendid positions for the cameras, where they would be near the boma, and clear of any intervening brush. Altogether we were more than pleased with our good fortune, and our trip to the Thika was abandoned in view of the comparative certainty of seeing lion pictures where we were. How much good luck was in store for us we did not know, but we were about to enjoy the finest night's sport that had yet come to us — the crowning night of the twenty-eight which we had spent in our endeavors to obtain flashlight pictures of the

African beasts. Time was valuable, as we had much to do before dark, for it was noon when we had this lion's kill, and we were three miles from camp. The photographic outfit had to be brought, a boma built, and everything put in perfect readiness for the night's work. So we hurried back to camp, had lunch, and returned with the outfit, and men to build the boma. The illustrations show how everything was arranged. Three cameras were placed in a line about eight or ten feet apart, and nine yards from the kill. They and the flash were all on one electric circuit, so that they would operate simultaneously. In the boma, which was ten yards from the kill, were two more cameras, and an extra flash to be used in case the others failed, or in the event of a lion remaining after the first flash had been fired. They might even be used if a lion should charge. We had everything ready by about half-past five, when the boys brought us our much-needed dinner. After eating it we crawled into the boma, put up the bars of the opening, and settled ourselves down to enjoy a cup of hot coffee and a quiet smoke. We had just finished, and darkness was settling fast on the country, when to our surprise we heard a slight sound in the grass beyond the dead hartebeest. Very soon we were able to distinguish a light shadowy form coming slowly through the grass. Then another and another. Lions they were without doubt. Three were more than we had bargained for, and to have them all within twelve or fourteen yards was, to put it very mildly, exciting — almost too much so. The night was so intensely dark that it was only with the greatest difficulty that we could see anything under the shade of the trees. The lions looked unreal; their ghostly forms blended with the grass so that we could scarcely tell where they were. Two seemed to be above the



BUILDING THE THORN "BOMA" FOR PROTECTION AGAINST ATTACKS FROM LIONS WHILE MAKING
FLASHLIGHT PICTURES



FRONT VIEW OF THE SAME "BOMA" COMPLETED, WITH THE THREE CAMERAS SHOWN IN THIS PICTURE
WERE MADE ALL THE FLASHLIGHT PICTURES OF LIONESSES

kill, and one lower down, and to the side. They were making strange noises which sounded like the crunching of bones, and I feared there was one lion at the carcass, and that he would carry it away. If that happened we should lose all chance of any more pictures, as I for one would not care to go out in the dark to haul back the lion's kill immediately after they had carried it away. To satisfy myself I turned on the little electric pocket lamp, and by its light could see that there were three lions sure enough, but that only one was near enough to the kill to be within the field covered by the cameras. This one was a lioness, and as the light fell on the big creature her eyes gleamed with the brilliancy of jewels. I was so interested in the wonderful picture, and so excited, that for the moment the idea of pressing the electric button scarcely entered my head, but soon I realized that if I did not soon act trouble might come our way, and I might, through several causes, lose the opportunity of securing a picture, so I pressed the button, and, with a report like a shot, the blinding flash illuminated the scene with its unnaturally brilliant bluish light, which was followed by darkness more intense and more impenetrable than ever. The lions, startled and frightened by the sudden interruption, retreated in haste, uttering low growls as they went, but as we had three photographs of them we were delighted. The next question was the filling of the flashlamp and re-setting of the shutters. Should it be done at once before the lions had recovered from their surprise, or should we wait till they had gone farther? The former course was the better, as we had no means of telling how far they had gone, and if we waited they might return and catch us outside, in which case the consequences would perhaps be unpleasant; so with reluctance

we both went out of our comfortable shelter to do the most disagreeable part of flashlight work. Needless to say no time was wasted. The three cameras and the flash were put in readiness, and we crawled into the boma with a feeling of intense relief. For two hours nothing occurred to disturb the quiet of the night except the occasional roaring of lions and the distant barking of zebras. My companion was asleep while I kept watch. It was about nine o'clock when I heard sounds of something approaching, and I awoke my companion so that we should both be ready for anything which might occur. Soon the form of a lioness was discernible coming slowly toward the kill. Nearer and nearer she came until she appeared to have reached it. Instantly I pressed the button, and secured some of the best pictures I have made of lions. She was broadside to the cameras, crouching as though about to commence the meal when the flash went off, and she was only ten yards from us. She went away with a bound and a growl, and we hoped she had taken herself off to a respectable distance, for the cameras had to be reset again in case any more might come. It seemed scarcely possible that they would after the two bad frights they had received, but as there was absolutely no telling what these fearless animals might do, it was best to be ready. Accordingly, armed with rifles and lights, we went out and completed the task. For a long time after that we saw no more of the hungry creatures, but they kept us constantly on the *qui vive* by their roaring, which sounded in every direction. There could be no doubt that we were in a thoroughly good lion region, for there must have been at least a dozen of them within half a mile of us. At two o'clock, when we were about to change watch, for I was very tired and badly in need of



LIONESS APPROACHING KILL. AT THE MOMENT THIS FLASHLIGHT PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN SHE WAS
LOOKING AT TWO OTHER LIONS WHICH WERE ON THE BANK JUST OUT OF RANGE OF THE CAMERAS

some sleep, we heard a low growl, then more growling, and sounds as though some animal or animals were coming through the dry grass. For a long time we could see nothing, but the growling continued until it got on our nerves. There is something decidedly uncanny in the sound of a lion growling when you cannot see the animal, but know it is probably within fifteen or twenty yards of you. At last three lions came within sight. They were on the bank overlooking the kill, and as they moved about they would mysteriously appear and disappear among the high grass and dark shadows of the trees. The horrible growling never ceased for a moment. It was evident the beasts fully realized that our presence was a menace to them, while we, on our part, had come to the conclusion that they were a decided menace to us. To make matters worse, even though more interesting, a fourth lion approached from the back of the boma. He, too, growled as he came along, and we felt that we were really in for trouble. At one time he could not have been more than *three* yards away from us. The situation, though not by any means pleasant, was exciting; but we could not help wondering as to the possible outcome, either photographic or otherwise. Home certainly seemed a long way off, and I wondered whether I should ever see it again. It looked as if the four lions would never make up their minds what to do. They were probably debating whether to attack us or go to their meal, and, after what seemed an interminable time, one of the growling animals — a lioness — came down the bank. When she was within a few feet of the kill we turned the electric light on her, and almost at the same moment released the flash and shutters. After the severe strain which we had been undergoing the sudden report of that

flash sounded so loud that it actually startled us. The lions, instead of rushing away as they had done on previous occasions, retreated most deliberately, growling ominously as they went. What became of the one which had been behind us we could not tell, as the flash had silenced him. If, earlier in the night, we had been averse to leaving the comparative safety of our boma, it may be easily understood that after all the excitement of the last hour we absolutely dreaded facing the outside darkness. The attitude of the lions had been decidedly threatening, and the idea of four of them being about caused us to wonder whether it would not be better to give up the chance of any more pictures for this night rather than take the risk of leaving the boma. For that it was a risk there could not be the slightest doubt. The lions were unquestionably enraged at being interrupted in their meal, and if they decided to attack us we should have very small chance of defending ourselves against four, or even more of them. After much deliberation we concluded that as we might never again have such an opportunity it would be foolish not to make the most of it, and so with fear and trembling (I confess it) we pushed down the bars and went out. How frightfully dark it was! The little light from the electric lamp seemed rather to accentuate than relieve it, and the deep roars of the lions could be heard in all directions. It was altogether weird and horrible. We carefully scrutinized the immediate surroundings, but could discern no sign of the dreaded creatures. So the cameras were once again set, and the flash filled, while we wondered what the next pictures would be. It did not take us very long to complete our task, and we were soon safely ensconced once more in our little boma.



LIONESS COMING TO HER KILL. THE TWO VIEWS SHOW THE ADVANTAGE OF USING TWO OR MORE CAMERAS IN ORDER TO SECURE DIFFERENT POINTS OF VIEW OF THE ANIMAL

Less than two hours passed before our next visitors arrived — only two this time, and a noisy two they were. Such snarling and growling as they indulged in was highly disconcerting. Backward and forward they walked, always keeping on the bank over the kill, but never coming within range of the cameras. For more than an hour they kept us in suspense, and we were beginning to become used to their menacing tones when they quieted down, and we could see them crouching alongside one of the trees. They were facing us, and we felt most uncomfortable. The sudden silence was really more disconcerting than their growls had been, for a lion is always supposed to be quiet when about to do mischief. Instinctively we both cocked our weapons and held them ready. I also had a heavy revolver convenient in case of a fight at close quarters, for that is what we had every reason to expect. Several seconds passed, long seconds which seemed more like minutes or even hours, but nothing happened, and the deathly stillness was appalling. Those two shadowy forms were as motionless as the tree near which they crouched. Should we fire, and so perhaps avert the onrush? In that dim light it would have been risky, as we should probably have missed, and the firing would most likely precipitate the attack. There was still a chance that their attention might be diverted by some occurrence, so we waited, while our eyes tried vainly to penetrate the darkness. All at once there was a sound, and the two creatures came down the bank with a rush and a growl, straight toward us. The seriousness of the situation was alarming, but just as we were expecting to receive them, they changed their minds, and as they reached the sandy stream bed, not more than five or

six yards from us, to our intense relief they turned and beat a rapid retreat up the gully, and that was the last we saw or heard of them.

The night's work was ended, and it was a relief to see the gorgeous tropical dawn after the hours of darkness and intense excitement. No one who has not undergone the experience can have any idea of the nervous strain that such a night's work implies. If one were simply shooting the tension would be of comparatively short duration, but where a shot would probably spoil the opportunities for the whole night, it should not be fired except in extreme emergency. The slightest sound or movement might result in the loss of a picture, so it is necessary to stay absolutely quiet while the ferocious beasts sit and look at you, practically within springing distance, for minutes at a time. Although nervous it is fascinating to the utmost; but it is better to have the help of the moon, for if the night be dark the strain of listening for the almost noiseless footsteps of a lion going through grass, and the vain endeavors to pierce the blackness with one's inefficient eyes is so great that it plays havoc with the nerves. There are several experiences of my African trip which will linger in my memory for many a year, but the night of the twenty-first of May will outlast any. Not only was it thrilling, but it resulted in my securing no less than ten photographs of lions, an achievement which I shall probably never equal.

On returning to camp after the night's work I immediately commenced developing the plates, as we were both impatient to see if everything had gone well. No words can express my delight as negative after negative came up clear and crisp, and I found that all ten were satisfactory beyond my most sanguine expectations.



A LIONESS ABOUT TO COMMENCE HER DINNER. THE HARTEBEEST HAD BEEN KILLED BY LIONS DURING THE PREVIOUS NIGHT. THIS FLASHLIGHT WAS MADE WHEN THE ANIMAL WAS TEN YARDS FROM THE AUTHOR

The rest of the morning was devoted to Morpheus, and late that afternoon we returned to the lion boma in the hope that perhaps we might have another good night's sport. We were, however, doomed to disappointment. Hour after hour passed slowly along, but nothing occurred to break the absolute stillness of the starlight night. Not even did we hear the lion's roar, nor did any animal visit the lions' kill; and so the long hours dragged. We dared not sleep, for who could tell at what moment the lions might come to avenge the disturbance of the previous night, and if they came with evil intent there would probably be no roars or growls, so that unless we kept our ears constantly and keenly alert, we could not hear their stealthy approach. A dark form that would fill the opening of the boma would be our first intimation of the creature's presence, and then it would be too late to save ourselves. The lions, however, did not trouble us, and we returned to camp at dawn, no richer in pictures or experiences.

After thinking the matter over we decided to make another attempt at lion photography. But three nights remained before we must leave Simba camp. That left us only two for work, as it would be necessary to have a whole night's rest before going on our march. As it was, I was beginning to feel the effects of lack of sleep, for, unfortunately, I was seldom able even to doze during the daytime, and at night I scarcely ever had more than two or three hours of broken, restless sleep.

We were unable to secure a zebra for bait, so we had to content ourselves with a hartebeest, which is a very poor substitute. To enhance the value of this generally despised antelope we dragged the remains of the lions' kill for a mile and a half to our new boma, so

that any lions crossing the track would be more than likely to follow it. As the nights were still moonless, and there was every indication of this one being overcast, and consequently very dark, we placed the kill only eight yards from the boma, in order that there might be a better chance of our seeing and hearing any animal that approached. There was no gully or other safeguard against the attack of lions, so that if any came we should have to be prepared for extremely quick action. The first few hours passed quietly enough. In the distance we occasionally heard the deep roar of a lion, but apparently none was near us. Between one and two o'clock a slight sound reached my ears, and I listened more attentively than ever. Then the distinct crunching of bones could be heard, but the darkness was so intense that nothing could be seen. Had it been a lion we should without doubt (so we thought) have been able to distinguish its large bulk against the skyline. Probably it was a jackal, or possibly a hyena. As I had not any good photographs of either, I determined to take this opportunity, and accordingly pressed the button. The flash failed to ignite, and the sound of the shutters frightened away the animal, which to our surprise proved to be a lion. It went off growling in a much disgusted manner. As soon as the noise ceased we went out to see what had gone wrong with the flash lamp. Just by way of precaution I glanced round, and to my surprise, the electric light revealed a pair of eyes. The horror of the situation may well be imagined. We were out in the open with a lion watching us not more than twenty yards away. At first both of us wanted to fire, but on second thought we realized that by so doing we should lose all chance of any more pictures; so instead of shooting I reset the cameras, and discovered and cor-



THIS IS THE SAME LIONESS THAT IS SHOWN ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE. THE TWO PICTURES WERE MADE SIMULTANEOUSLY WITH DIFFERENT CAMERAS PLACED A FEW FEET APART

rected the cause of the flashlight failure. We then immediately crawled into the boma. No sooner was the light put out than the blood-curdling roars of two lions broke the stillness of the night. The one we had seen had evidently been joined by his mate, and the two stood looking at us and roaring. For two hours they moved about, apparently never more than a couple of hundred yards away and often within thirty yards or less. All the time they sang their nerve-racking duet, making the hills around us echo with the horrible sounds. But never once did they come near enough to be photographed.

In listening to the roaring of lions at close quarters one can hear with great distinctness the long low rolling ending to the very loud two-note beginning. This ending lasts fully twelve or fifteen seconds, becoming gradually softer and softer until it finishes in a sort of purr. It has been truly said that no sound in nature is so impressive as the lion's roar. It is positively fascinating, but strikes terror to the hearer only when it is delivered at very close range. Then the volume of sound actually makes the air vibrate.

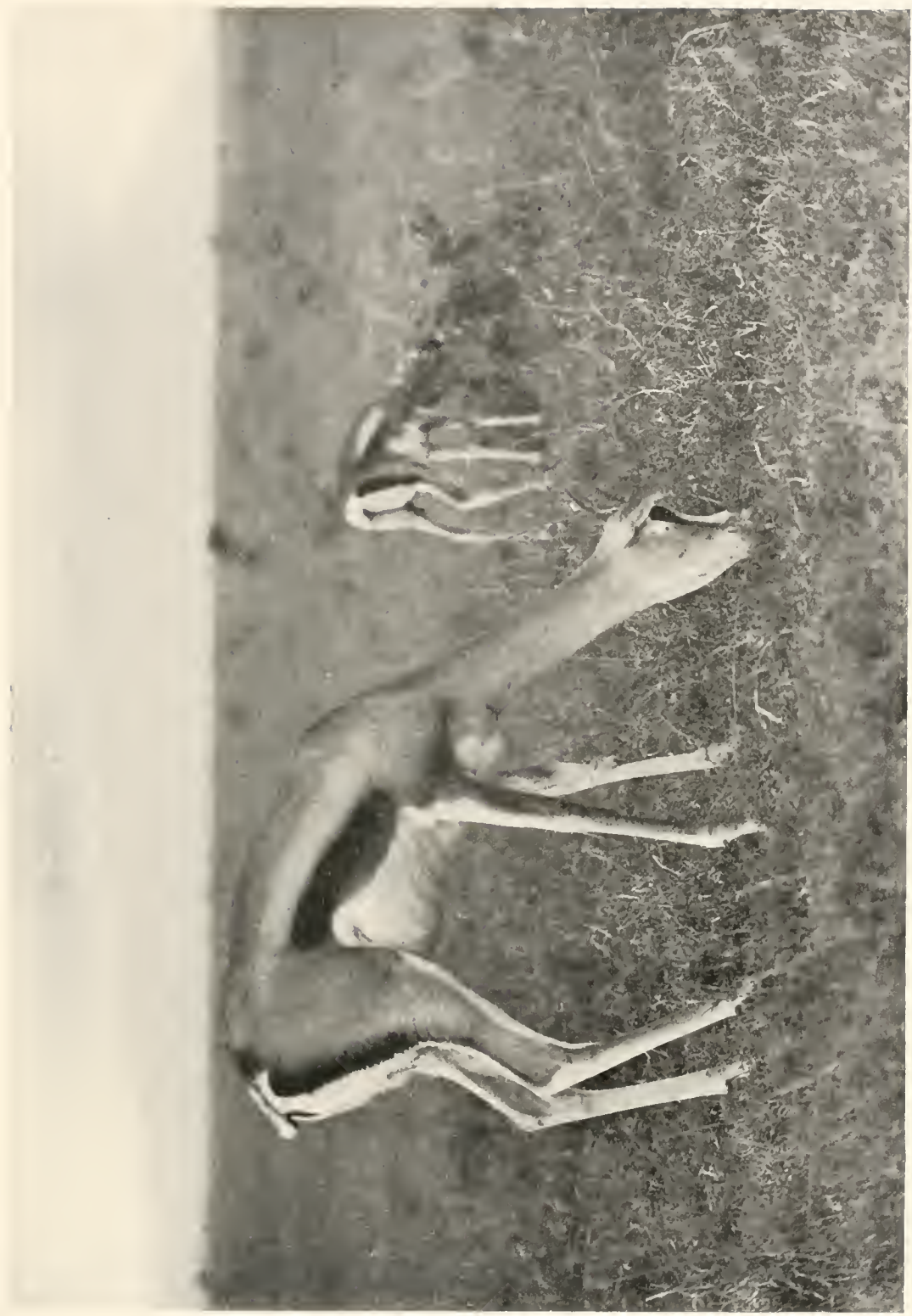
We returned to camp soon after dawn without having had any more exciting experiences, and rather discouraged with the results, or lack of results, of the night's work. One more night was spent in the boma, but we had no visitors to relieve the dreary monotony, and when morning came we were glad to return to camp. The day was devoted to preparations for our departure. Our stay in the neighborhood was ended. We had had but one stroke of luck since our return, but that had more than paid for the visit, and the camp had rightly earned the name we had given it during our previous visit — Simba (lion) Camp.

CHAPTER XII

FROM SIMBA CAMP BACK TO NAIROBI. PHOTOGRAPHING WILDEBEEST,
ZEBRA AND OTHER GAME. SOME EXCITEMENT WITH BUFFALO.
THE END OF THE FOUR MONTHS' "SAFARI"

SOME days before leaving Simba camp I had suggested to the headman the advisability of sending two or three men to see whether we could make a straight course to Punda Milia by going over the hills to the west of our camp. He, however, insisted that both he and one of the askaris knew the way perfectly, and that by going northward to the Tana we should find a trail which would take us straight to Punda Milia, and from there we could go to Juja, where I hoped to find the brindled gnu. According to this information it would be two days of easy marching — about twenty-six miles altogether. So when we left on the morning of May 25th we expected a march of thirteen or fourteen miles.

On reaching the Tana we found a trail, which we followed for a few miles, then some natives passed us, and from them we learned that we must bear to the right on coming to the next trail. The way was through hilly country, more or less densely wooded. Game was very scarce; in fact, after the first three or four hours we saw none. About two o'clock we came to a place where the trail divided, and found then, just as we had suspected, that none of our men had any idea of the way. By good luck we noticed three natives on an adjoining hill, so we engaged one of them to act as guide. At four



FEMALE GRANT'S GAZELLE AND HER FAWN. THESE ARE PARTLY TAME, AND SPEND MUCH OF THEIR TIME IN THE VICINITY OF JUJA

o'clock this man said he must leave us, for as we were then on the Fort Hall Road we had simply to follow it till we came to Punda Milia, which was only a short distance to the southward. At that time we must have been about as near to Fort Hall as to Punda Milia, for we walked steadily till after five o'clock, when from a hilltop we sighted the settlement fully seven miles away. It was terribly discouraging, as we were very tired. The men were miles behind us, so there was nothing to do but wait at the first stream and make camp as soon as the "safari" arrived. We were ravenously hungry, having had nothing since five o'clock breakfast, and our water was all gone, so altogether we felt sorry for ourselves, and even more sorry for the wretched men who had been so badly misled by the stupidity of the headman. The only food we could procure while waiting for the porters was some sugar-cane, which proved most refreshing. It was almost seven o'clock when the tired men began to arrive. They were wonderfully good-natured about it, but so used up that they could not have gone much farther; and no wonder, considering they had been on the march for thirteen hours, and yet we were still over two hours from our expected destination. It was almost exasperating, as we need only have traveled in a straight line ten or twelve miles.

At nine the next day we reached Punda Milia to find it was nothing but a farm. There was no store, though we had been told there was one by our ill-informed headman. The farm is one of the biggest in the country, and successfully grows maize, wheat and potatoes, and is having excellent luck with a species of sisal. Whether or not this will prove a valuable crop remains to be seen. So far the tests of the sisal grown in the higher country show a lower yield of

fibre than that produced near the coast. The country around Punda Milia was suffering greatly from the lack of rain. It looked indeed as though the wheat would be a total failure, for the young leaves were already beginning to turn yellow.

The uncertainty of the rainfall is one of the most serious difficulties encountered by the farmers in inland East Africa, and until a good system of irrigation is adopted the prospect must be anything but hopeful. With a steady supply of water and reasonable intelligence there appears to be no reason that the greater part of the country should not produce almost unlimited crops. Unfortunately, too, many of those engaged now in farming are not sufficiently well versed in the work to give a fair chance to the country, and their failures must be attributed as much to their own lack of knowledge as to the natural conditions. That a man can farm successfully without experience is as foolish an idea as that he can take up engineering or any other profession without adequate study. What East Africa will do in the future it is difficult to say. Cattle seem to be occupying the minds of most of the settlers. Apart from the question of a market, which is most important, there is the uncertainty of success owing to the several diseases which have wrought such havoc of late years. Until these diseases are under better control the situation is rather hopeless. Sheep, goats and pigs do very well. As far as the sheep are concerned, the wool can scarcely compete with that which comes from Australia, but the pig furnishes as good bacon as could be desired. Ceara rubber cultivation, though yet in its infancy, promises well in the regions where conditions are suitable. Coffee does well in certain parts, but as very little attention has been devoted to it there is no way of telling how valuable it may



TELEPHOTO OF WILDEBEEST OR BRINDLED GNU, ATHI PLAINS



THE ENTRANCE TO A SERIES OF LIONS' DENS. THE QUEER EXCRESCENCES ON THE ROCK ARE SWALLOWS' NESTS

prove. Maize does extremely well. Wheat and other grain depend on locality and water. Sugar-cane is scarcely a paying crop, as the areas suited to its cultivation are very restricted. Most fruits are troubled with insect pests, which so far have discouraged the growers; but oranges apparently do well, while bananas, though they grow like weeds, are too far from a steady market to be worth cultivating in any quantity. One of the most promising industries, if we may judge from reports, is that of ostrich farming. The birds thrive remarkably well, and though the native birds do not bear as good feathers as the best market demands, there is no doubt that with a little care in breeding from the best South Africans, the grade of feathers will improve, so that they will compare favorably with the best of any country. Considerable capital is necessary for farming in East Africa, and for the man who has only one or two hundred pounds to start with the country cannot hold out any very rosy promise.

We left Punda Milia about eleven o'clock, and reached the Fort Hall-Nairobi road an hour or so later. At four o'clock we arrived at our camping ground on the banks of the Thika. How different the river was from where we had previously seen it. In the Tana region, where the country is comparatively flat, the Thika is a small, quietly flowing stream, whereas at the point near our camp it was a mountain torrent, with abrupt falls eighty or a hundred feet in height, where the water had worn away a large basin between the banks. The vegetation around the pool was luxuriant beyond description — dense tangles of feathery palms, large trees and creepers clung to the steep sides of the bank, and formed an impenetrable barrier to the wonders below. Beneath the great smooth flow of foamy water,

as it dropped over the rocky ledge, ferns in immense number reveled in the glistening prism-colored spray. The deafening thunder of the falls was music well fitted to the grandeur of the scene, and as night came on we were lulled to sleep by the monotonous beauty of the song of the Thika River.

The morning broke cloudy and gray, and as we continued our way to Juja we were struck by the difference between this country which bordered the great Athi Plains, and that in which we had spent the past months. Except for the small valleys and gullies, where there was green grass and a scattered growth of trees, the country was bare and very desolate. Mile after mile of unbroken landscape, parched and yellow, with naught to relieve the dreariness but occasional herds of animals and the distant blue hills, it reminded one very strongly of the plains of Western North America. Zebra were fairly abundant, and so also were hartebeest, Grant's and Thomson's gazelle, whilst here and there could be seen gnu and ostrich. On arriving at Juja we called on Mr. Macmillan's manager, and were given permission to camp on the place. We heard that Colonel Roosevelt had shot a hippopotamus in the little river which runs through Juja, and that he had had the good fortune to find a rhinoceros, which is a very uncommon animal in these parts. His party had also shot a leopard and various other game. Mr. Macmillan's farm occupies an immense tract of country, where, except in the bottom land, little is grown. The houses are well built, and fitted with modern appliances, such as electric light, running water and so forth, while an ice plant furnishes the establishment with the necessary supply. The place is really more of a shooting preserve than a farm, if one may judge by appearances.



TELEPHOTO OF GRANT'S ZEBRA AT JUJA, ON THE ATHI PLAINS

The morning following our arrival we commenced our camera hunt for the brindled gnu, strange creatures, which outwardly resemble cattle, and the North American bison. That they are really antelope seems incredible to the average man, who cannot understand why an animal is not a cow if it looks like one. The brindled or blue gnu (also called wildebeest), the East African representative of the species, is an animal weighing not much under five hundred pounds, with a shoulder height of fifty-two or fifty-three inches. The horns, resembling in a general way those of cattle, have a maximum spread of about thirty-three inches, the bulls carrying larger horns than the cows. These animals live almost entirely in the open country, and are very local in their distribution. They go in large herds of both sexes, but as with most of the antelope, the cows appear to preponderate in numbers. The old bulls are frequently solitary in their habits, and may be seen standing like black statues on the treeless plains for hours at a time, either singly or in herds. The wildebeest is a most difficult animal to stalk, owing to its common habit of avoiding cover, and it is only by the best of luck that one may approach to within two or three hundred yards.

We were told that there was a certain gully a few miles eastward where the game came every morning to drink, so we proceeded there, and found the conditions apparently satisfactory for photographic work, the only serious drawback being the presence of some hartebeest, scattered about with the evident intention of keeping an eye on our movements. In vain did we try to get into a blind without being seen by these sharp-eyed nuisances, but there was always one that had his eye on us. We tried to drive them away,

but they would simply run along the top of the bank overlooking the gully and plant themselves on a conspicuous mound. Only too well did we know how useless it would be to wait for any animal to come to us if the hartebeest knew where we were, so after arranging a rough blind I stayed in it while my companion and the camera bearers walked on. In this way we hoped to outwit the hartebeest, but of course the plot eventually failed. For an hour or more I had lain concealed in my shelter, when a herd of game — zebra, gnu and hartebeest — came in sight about four hundred yards farther down the gully. After satisfying their thirst they began feeding toward me, and I fully expected to have an opportunity of securing at least one picture. Slowly they came my way, but when they were still between two and three hundred yards away, some hartebeest, which had approached from an opposite direction, and had stationed themselves directly behind me, came to the conclusion that it was time to interfere, so they galloped down the bank to the big herd of gnu and other animals, informing them of their danger, and off they went without so much as questioning the information. Utterly disgusted at the bad luck I moved farther down, and stationed myself beneath some bushes near where the game had been feeding, but I had been seen, and when the next herd came to drink they were escorted by the meddlesome sentries to a place near where I had previously been waiting. Such fiendish ingenuity on the part of the hartebeest was truly discouraging, and I felt like abandoning the hunt. While thinking it over, a small band of zebra left the mixed herd, and began feeding in my direction, till finally three of them reached an open piece of ground about a hundred and twenty-five yards away. Gnu were what I was after, but the chance of



COKE'S HARTEBEEST AT KAMITE. THIS PICTURE WILL GIVE SOME IDEA OF THE ABUNDANCE OF THE GAME IN INLAND BRITISH EAST AFRICA



LARGE HERD OF COKE'S HARTEBEEST AT KAMITE ON THEIR WAY TO WATER

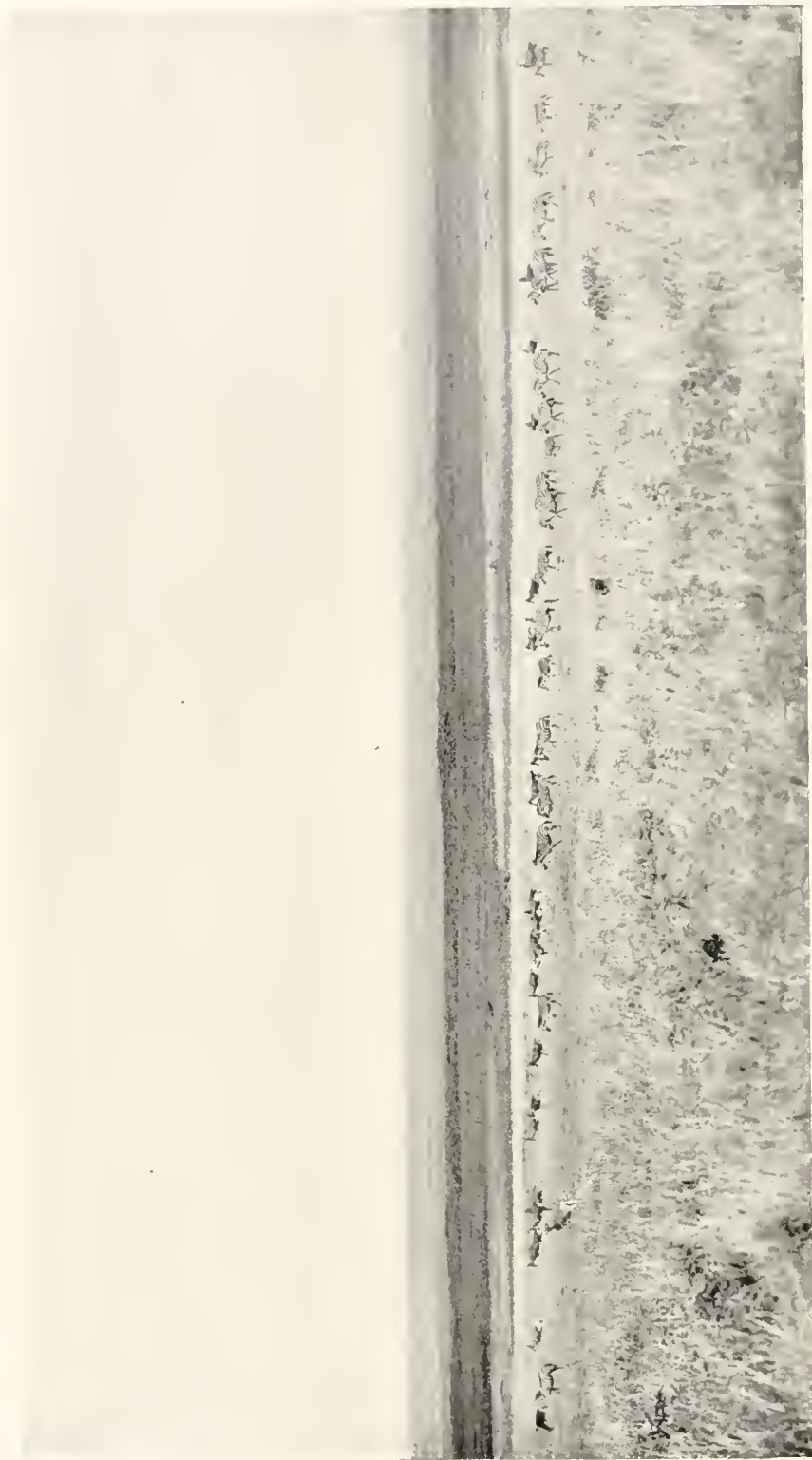
making some good pictures of zebra was too good to lose, so I carefully arranged the camera, and succeeded in making five telephoto exposures of the trio before they saw me.

As the game had finished drinking for the day, there was nothing to be gained by waiting any longer, so I rejoined my companions, who had in the meanwhile discovered a wonderful lion den, or series of dens, for there were fully ten entrances, many of them separated by at least twenty yards, but all appearing to belong to one system. In every instance the approach was well hidden by dense thicket, while the entrances were in deep holes, evidently wash-outs, filled with vegetation. Near these dens we found the remains of a hartebeest which had been recently killed, so there was every reason for believing that these dens were occupied. To make pictures of any of the openings was a difficult matter as the light was very bad, and the surroundings so confined that no comprehensive view could be obtained. I made several exposures which came out fairly well, and they show some of the swallows' nests with which the sides of the rocks were covered. From the appearance of the smooth worn rocks and the clean ground, the dens had unmistakably been used by generations of lions, and we could not help thinking what a splendid setting this would be for flashlight work if we had the time to attempt it.

After we had lunched we decided to go after a large herd of gnu, which could be seen resting on the bare open plain a mile or so away. There was absolutely no cover, so that the only possible method was to give up all idea of concealment and walk boldly toward them. I therefore equipped the camera with the telephoto lens and started. For some time they paid not the slightest attention to me, but fearing

that they would suddenly bolt I made two or three exposures at long range while many of the animals were still lying down. Gradually I approached the strange-looking creatures until I was within perhaps two hundred yards. They were becoming restless, so I made another exposure, when they immediately beat a rapid retreat. In running they resembled a herd of American buffalo. Their big shaggy heads held low gave the high shoulder undue prominence, so that it appeared like a hump. The tail held high, and the peculiar gait, combined to make the illusion very marked. With the American-like landscape one would scarcely have been surprised at seeing a troop of Indian braves come galloping across the sun-baked plains.

For an hour or so I went after the gnu, and succeeded in making several more exposures, but the light was bad, and consequently the results were not very satisfactory. At one time it looked as though an old bull was going to make trouble. He started at full gallop toward us, and the ferocious expression which characterizes these creatures gave the impression that he really meant mischief. Unfortunately the light was not good enough to enable me to make an instantaneous exposure with the telephoto lens, so I lost the splendid opportunity of securing a picture of this apparent charge. I say "apparent" because we discovered that the old bull was not coming for us, but was going as straight as he could to join a part of the herd which had been divided by my persistent stalking. This ended my attempts at gnu photography. Time was valuable; we had to go to Kamite yet on the way to Nairobi, and in two weeks I must leave for Mombasa, so we left Juja the following morning, and headed directly for Kamite. For the first hour or so the dense fog made it necessary to keep to the road instead of going across



IMMENSE HERD OF GRANT'S ZEBRA AND COKE'S HARTEBEEST ON THEIR WAY TO WATER. KAMITE, ABOUT TWELVE MILES FROM NAIROBI

country, which would have been somewhat shorter. As the fog lifted we saw any quantity of game, which became more and more numerous as we approached Kamite. Zebra and hartebeest were in herds of thousands, while Grant's and Thomson's gazelles were in fair numbers.

We arrived at Kamite before noon, and there met Mr. Heatley, who owns, I believe, most of what is known as Kamite Farm, or Ranch, though it is for the most part a game preserve rather than a farm in the ordinary acceptance of the term. We heard of the good luck Colonel Roosevelt had enjoyed during his visit a few days before. He had shot several buffalo in the big papyrus swamp, but one of the animals, which was wounded, had escaped with the herd. To have followed it would have been little short of madness, so, much to the regret of the ex-President, it had been abandoned. We were also told of three wounded lions which had escaped into the same swamp only a day or two ago. Wounded lions and buffalo sounded promising to us, so we decided to go with Mr. Heatley into the papyrus on the chance of some exciting adventure. The prospect did not appear quite so inviting when we saw the denseness of the papyrus, which was ten feet high and almost impenetrable. Just what might have happened had we met the wounded animals is hard to say, but I rather imagine our predicament would have been extremely serious. With great difficulty we made our way along an old buffalo path, stopping frequently to listen attentively. We had not proceeded far before a disagreeable odor assailed our nostrils. That there was some dead animal not far away became more and more apparent. This fact rather added to the interest of the situation. A dead animal would likely enough mean lions. They would

feed comfortably, and take their after-dinner nap in the cool shade of the papyrus, conveniently near the food supply. Needless to say we approached with the utmost caution, but though the odor became stronger it was some time before we discovered the origin of it. At last, we had the satisfaction of seeing a dead buffalo, but no lions, though there were signs of some animals having visited the carcass quite recently. The head proved to be a poor one, as it had a broken horn. Thinking, however, that Colonel Roosevelt would be glad to have the trophy we brought it out, and Mr. Heatley forwarded it in due time.

As no trace of the lions could be discovered we determined to have a try for photographs of buffalo. With that object in view we continued down the outskirts of the swamp, and in less than an hour some white "buffalo" birds (egrets, I believe) showed us where the herd was feeding on the edge of the papyrus in some high grass. How many there were we could not ascertain. The depth of the grass made photography utterly impossible, so we decided to try driving. I took a position which controlled a clear space where the grass was short, and where it seemed more than likely the buffalo would pass. Heatley rode down as near as he could to the animals and fired a shot among them. Part of the herd took to the papyrus immediately, while the others paid little attention to the noise. Several more shots made them move a little, but they would not come in my direction. At last after they had been fired at ten times, they began to think it time to be off, so they headed toward the swamp at full gallop. It was very disappointing, and we were just discussing the situation when a crashing sound attracted our attention. Presumably the buffalo were coming, so I hurriedly crossed the small



THE DENSE PAPYRUS THROUGH WHICH WE WENT IN SEARCH OF COLONEL ROOSEVELT'S WOUNDED BUFFALO. THERE WERE ALSO THREE RECENTLY WOUNDED LIONS IN THIS PLACE

stream which separated us from the swamp, and taking advantage of a low ant-hill which raised me above the top of the grass, I waited for the herd. The light was not good enough for telephoto work, so I stood ready with the single lens, believing, of course, that as soon as the buffalo saw me they would come. It was but a few seconds before they rushed out of the swamp, and seeing me within one hundred yards of them stood still. It was an anxious moment. There were nine of the big heavy black creatures, and I only had my little .275 rifle, but I did want a good photograph, so as they appeared in doubt as to whether to charge or not, I went a few yards forward, feeling sure by doing so they would be induced to come. I had the camera all ready, and the rifle on my shoulder, convenient in case of trouble, but all my efforts were in vain. The brutes turned tail, and ignominiously bolted, just at the moment when it seemed absolutely certain they would charge.

We returned to find our tents pitched on the site of Roosevelt's camp of the previous week. The next day we kept watch for buffalo from seven in the morning till well into the afternoon, but not one did we see. Immense numbers of hartebeest and zebra passed by on their way to water, but I did not attempt any photography, as it seemed more advisable to keep as much out of sight as possible. At any moment the buffalo might come to the edge of the papyrus, and they would be likely to see us before we could see them. We took our place on the same hill the following day, but with no greater success. It was hot work sitting all day in the sun with no shelter. The only vegetation was some small thorny brush which afforded no shade. To vary the monotony I made several pictures of the large herds of animals which passed us, and was fortunate enough to

secure some rather satisfactory results. On the way back to camp I tried in vain to photograph the flocks of spur-winged geese and Yavirondo or crested cranes, but they would never let me approach near enough to obtain pictures of any great value. We found the continued exposure to the sun rather trying, so the next day we sent some of the men to watch in our stead, while we devoted ourselves to printing and developing. Evidently the buffalo had been badly frightened by the shooting, for they did not show themselves, so we had to abandon any further attempts, and broke camp for the last time on the morning of June 2nd.

A march of twelve miles brought us to Nairobi. Our trip was ended, the long anticipated trip to the game paradise, to the land of sunshine — all was a thing of the past. Our labors would soon be forgotten, but the memory of the pleasures would live for many years. The slight dangers had been passed with no ill results, and in their recollection they would improve with age. We had marched in four months about fifteen hundred miles, half of that distance being camp-to-camp marches. Good fortune had smiled on us almost continually. The best of health had been ours from the moment of starting, and last, but not least, I would bring home with me as a record of the trip a collection of over three hundred photographs of the African animals, which would recall the events of the four months' "safari" more vividly than the most detailed account ever written. They would prove trophies more interesting and more valuable to the real nature student than the finest collection of dry heads and horns ever taken out of the country.

There remains little more to be said. We reached Nairobi, and had the pleasure of showing the photographs to ex-President

Roosevelt. On the way to Mombasa I saw, besides the common game, a rhinoceros, some giraffe and eland, while a lion crossed the railway track not a hundred yards in front of the engine. How different these animals had appeared, when I came from Mombasa little more than four months ago! They were all so new to me then, now they were familiar, like old friends who had contributed so greatly to the enjoyment of the most delightful four months of outdoor life that it had ever been my good luck to experience. God willing, I shall return again to this land and renew my acquaintance with the "beasts of the field and fowls of the air."

CHAPTER XIII

HOW TO ARRANGE A TRIP TO BRITISH EAST AFRICA. ITS COST AND EQUIPMENT

"SAFARI"

THE object of this chapter is to help those who are contemplating a trip to the British East African Protectorate. The information is the result of my own experience and of conversation with others, whose knowledge of the country is far greater than my own. Some of the facts may have been noted in other parts of the book, but in order to concentrate the material so that it may be the more readily found, it seems better, even at the risk of repetition, to put it into one chapter. At best many of the details as to equipment and cost of "safari" must be somewhat vague, so much depends on the man himself and his peculiar ideas of requirement, and on the probable changes in the conditions of labor and laws incidental to a new country. Even seasons make considerable difference in cost, as the food supplies vary greatly in price. In a general way the man who goes to East Africa must expect a trip of about four or five months to cost him from one hundred and twenty-five to two hundred pounds per month — that is, from London or New York and back. One who is very economical could do it for less than the lower figure, while he who is inclined to extravagance would need to count on even more than the two hundred pounds. If expense is not a serious consideration, and you wish to be saved all worry and trouble, a

white guide can be engaged. There are only a few of them, and their services are in great demand. They are generally keen sportsmen and excellent companions, while their knowledge of the country and the habits of the game ensure the sportsman almost certain success. For those who wish to know definitely how much their expenses will be, the outfitting companies at Nairobi (with offices in London and representatives in New York) will undertake to outfit parties for a given sum — from about eighty pounds for each gun per month upward, according to the country to be visited by the party. This price does not include any of the landing charges — railway fares, hotel expenses, licenses, or riding animals. In other words, it simply covers the expenses of the “safari” from the time it enters the field till its return to Nairobi. For the benefit of those who wish to know the items included in this charge the following list is given. It is only approximate, but will give a fairly good idea of what may be expected:—

LIST OF SERVANTS, SUPPLIES, ETC., PROVIDED PER PERSON UNDER THE MONTHLY “SAFARI” CONTRACT

PERSONNEL

1 Headman	2 Askaris
1 Boy	1 Cook
1 Gunbearer	30 Porters

GENERAL OUTFIT

1 Tent, fly and ground-sheet	1 Mincer
1 Bed and mattress	1 Spade
1 Bath	1 Axe
8 Plates (assorted)	2 Lamps

GENERAL OUTFIT — CONTINUED

1 Cup and saucer	1 Fry pan
6 Spoons	1 Bucket
1 Knife	1 Corkscrew
1 Fork	1 Chair
1 Knife-board	1 Lamp (collapsible candle)
2 Pangas (maché)	4 Knives and Forks
1 Bread oven	1 Coffee pot
1 Screwdriver and file	1 Salt and pepper
3 Tin openers	2 Hatchets
2 Bread molds	1 Castor
1 Table	4 Cooking pots
1 Washstand	1 Grill
3 Dishes	1 Box (fitted for naphtha, etc.)
1 Enamel glass	1 Kettle
1 Teapot	

PROVISIONS

4 7-lb. Tins flour	4 Tins Lard
2 lbs. Tea	8 lbs. Patna Rice
1 Bottle Chutney	5 gallons Kerosene
1 Packet Soap	5 dozen Sparklet Charges
2 $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. Tins Cocoa	1 Packet Candles
4 lbs. Dried Fruit	8 lbs. Cooking Salt
8 Tins Sardines	30 lbs. Potatoes
8 lbs. Bacon	7 lbs. Sugar
2 lbs. Oatmeal	1 lb. Mustard
4 Bottles Lime Juice	3 Tablets Toilet Soap
1 dozen Soup Squares	2 1-lb. Tins Coffee
1 Packet Bromo Paper	4 Tins Preserved Fruit
15 lbs. Onions	4 Tins Fish
6 1-lb. Tins Potted Meat	8 lbs. Jam (assorted)
4 Tins Baking Powder	1 lb. Corn Flour
2 lbs. Table Salt	1 Bottle Worcester Sauce
1 Bottle Curry Powder	2 dozen Boxes Matches

PROVISIONS — CONTINUED

2 Bars Blue Mottle Soap	1 lb. Fresh Butter
8 1-lb. Tins Condensed Milk	4 2-lb. Tins Biscuits
4 tins Sausages	1 lb. Pepper

MISCELLANEOUS

1 Long heavy river rope	Porters' ropes, tents and suffurias
Taxidermine	Sail needles
Askaris' rifles and ammunition	Tickets to label skins, etc.
Hanks sail twine	Scythe stone
Ground-sheet for loads	Crushed mealies
Nails, file, pincers	Horse tent
Mealie meal	Saddle and bridle
Horse headstall	Arsenical soap
Vaseline	Alum
Laterine tent, seat and bucket	Hammer
Chambers	Horse blanket
1 Bucket	Turpentine
1 Kibala	Rangoon oil
Skinning knives	Tow

ETCETERAS

Maps, native guide, banking facilities, stabling, trophy label, tape measure.

SERVANTS' SUPPLIES

HEADMAN

1 lb. Tea. 1 load Posho.* 1 Tent and Fly. 1 Suffuria and Senia.

GUNBEARER

1 Load Posho and Regulation Equipment.

COOK

1 Load Posho and Regulation Equipment.

* Posho is the common name for the men's food.

CAMERA ADVENTURES

TENT BOY

- 1 Load Posho and Regulation Equipment.
1 Tent, 1 Suffuria, and Senia for Gunbearer, Cook and Boy.

ASKARIS AND PORTERS

- 30 Porters and 2 Askaris. 25 Loads Posho. 6 Tents. 6 Suffurias.
6 Senias and Regulation Equipment

For the man accustomed to the rough camping of North America, where the sportsman takes a share of the outfit on his own back, helps in paddling the canoe, and sits on a log (if he has the luck to find one) while eating his crude meal from a tin plate balanced on his knees, the idea of having from twenty-five to forty porters besides a cook, headman, and a tent boy, to say nothing of a couple of Askaris, sounds positively ridiculous. But camping in Africa is not like camping in North America. Greater comfort is demanded, and even many items which would be considered luxuries are regarded as necessities. Yet to the man who has shot in India the East African methods appear decidedly crude, not to say uncomfortable. To those who have never been in the tropics the idea of carrying a bath seems foolish. In the North one goes down to the river for the necessary wash, but in East Africa such a proceeding would be, to say the least of it, unwise, for no white man can expose his body to the vertical rays of the equatorial sun without danger, and if he bathes when the sun is setting the sudden change of the temperature would probably produce a chill — a thing which must at all costs be avoided. Generally speaking, it is best to follow the example of those who have had experience.

In taking a large number of porters it must be remembered that trophies have to be carried out. Heads and skins are heavy, and in a country like East Africa, where game is so abundant that one may see several thousand head in a day, the ordinarily successful hunter collects a great many trophies — that is, if he hunts with the rifle. The results of the chase, when the camera takes the place of the rifle, are not so cumbersome, but it will probably be many years before the sportsman realizes the fascination of the bloodless form of sport. Perhaps the best way to give an idea of the various details connected with a trip will be to start at the proper end, which is the beginning.

COST OF TRIP AND ARRANGEMENTS WITH AGENT

In this case money is the first consideration. Calculate how much you can afford to spend without making yourself miserable. Having done that, write to one of the reliable "Safari" agents, tell him what you want, and what amount you wish to spend after allowing for the steamer journey to Mombasa, and the cost of having your trophies taken care of at home. In doing this treat the agent squarely, and be sure to let him know exactly what part of the expenses you are allowing for, in order that he may know how to advise. Specify also what particular game you want, and, if you are restricted to certain months for the trip. I once knew a man who induced the agent to agree to give him three months' shooting for a certain flat sum. On arriving at Nairobi he informed the agent that he only wanted certain animals, which necessitated much longer and more expensive trips than could possibly be done at the price, and the negotiations ended in a most unsatisfactory manner. Do not forget that Nairobi is a long way off, so that if you write there make

proper allowance for the letters to go and come. Find out definitely what your agent intends to furnish, so that you will not have the expense of buying unnecessary things, and paying freight and duty on them. This brings us to the important question of the outfit.

CLOTHING AND OUTFIT

Before going into details let it be understood that when on the field all your equipment must be arranged so that it can be carried in sixty-pound loads. Things must be well packed, as the porters do not handle their loads any too carefully, and there is always the chance of a fall. Tin waterproof uniform cases are very heavy, and therefore not suitable for anything but your personal kit, such as clothing. I found fibre cases thoroughly satisfactory. Those I had were made of leatheroid (a composition chiefly composed of pressed paper). They are practically unbreakable, very light, and are not affected by either heat or wet. They need a coat of spar varnish occasionally to make them last indefinitely. Mine were bought in New York, and were made to order at very short notice, each case being designed to hold certain parts of my somewhat elaborate photographic outfit.

Beginning with clothing, the most important item is the footwear. Whatever kind of boot you take wear it for a week or two before leaving home, so as to be sure it fits. Do not rely on breaking it in after starting on your trip. On the whole, the country is not so hard on boots as is generally supposed. A good pair should last for at least four months. Personally, I prefer a flat sole (without any heel) of chrome tanned leather, commonly, but erroneously, called moose or elk hide. The uppers should be soft, yet strong,

with particularly heavy toecaps, for the toe has the most of wear and tear, and the thorns are hard on the leather. On no account should I advise using any oil, or oil-like preparation, on the uppers, except on the toes, as the sun makes the oiled leather intensely hot, and the pores of the leather being clogged the foot becomes uncomfortably hot and damp. The sole may be greased in wet weather. Iron caulks or hobnails are necessary in some places, especially where there is much hill-climbing over dry, slippery grass or on wet clay roads. Removable iron caulks, which screw into the sole, will be found most convenient and satisfactory. They will, however, occasionally fall out, so that spare ones should be provided. Extension or wide-welt soles are advisable, as they protect the feet. High boots are too hot. The proper height should be one or two holes higher than an ordinary walking boot, so as to allow the puttees to thoroughly cover them. Gaiters or puttees must be worn. The former are cooler, but more noisy. The latter I found thoroughly satisfactory. Be sure to have the "spiral" kind, and do not wind them too tight. In case of trouble with swollen or blistered feet it is well to take some sort of good foot-powder, and some antiseptic grease, cotton wool and waterproof bandage tape in case of blisters. Stockings or socks must depend on the individual ideas. I prefer wool, but do not forget that your tent boy, who does your washing, will shrink any wool he gets hold of, so have enough stockings to last for the trip. For underwear, wool is without doubt the best and safest (here, again, remember it shrinks), and I should advise it for vests, though linen-mesh drawers will be found cooler and much more comfortable. Use fairly heavy woolen shirts, but they should have detachable spine pads. Any light-weight outer garment will

do. Knickerbockers are far more comfortable than long trousers, as they give greater freedom around the knees. I tried both drill and a thin woolen material. The latter was the more satisfactory, and was much less noisy — an important consideration in stalking. Any sort of jacket is good enough. It is seldom worn, except in the early mornings and late evenings, or for night work. A sweater is useful if you expect to visit the mountainous region, and a loose waterproof of very light material is considered necessary. For head-gear there is nothing much better than a cork helmet. It is slightly heavier than one made of pith, but far more durable, and is not affected by water. So much for the clothing.

TENT AND CAMP OUTFIT

For tent equipment the following will be needed: Folding-bed with cork mattress, warm light blankets, and enough of them, for the nights are cold; woolen sheets (I can see no reason why cotton or linen sheets should not be used, but it is the custom to avoid them), and a pillow. For the washing outfit a folding bath and washstand of canvas will be found better than one of metal, being lighter, stronger and cheaper. Any sort of light, compact folding table and chairs. A lamp either of the mechanical oil kind or one to hold a candle. It is dark by about half-past six in the equatorial country, so a good lamp is a rather important item. The tent can be hired from the outfitters. If so, be sure that a good one is engaged ahead for you. You may bring your own, and trust to selling it when your trip is finished; there is not much difference in the expense. If anything, I believe the former to be the cheaper. The best tent is the wall pattern, with bathroom attached at the back, and a large

enough veranda in front; and above all be sure that the fly is arranged to go entirely clear of the ridge of the tent, to allow free passage of air, and to extend to within a foot or less of the ground on either side. A ground cloth and sod cloth are necessary. Green rot-proof canvas should be used, the fly being made of a heavier material than the rest of the tent. At present the tents are made of canvas, which is too light in color. A more intense and permanent green would be far cooler and more comfortable. A tent large enough for two men should not weigh more than one hundred and twenty pounds, complete with ropes and poles. A porter's load is sixty pounds, so the tent must be divisible into two equal parts. If possible the total weight should be rather less than the two loads to allow for dampness, which greatly increases the weight. Mosquito doors are so seldom necessary, and are such a nuisance, that I should not advise their being used, but mosquito nets for the beds *must* be taken. They may not be used more than once in a month, but remember above all things malarial fever must be avoided, and the only way to do so is to keep clear of mosquito bites. It is all very well to say that the little pests cannot do any harm unless they have previously attacked a fever subject, and that in the wilds there are no people from whom they could receive inoculation. Such an argument might hold good were you alone, but you must not forget that your porters have more often than not some malarial germs in their system. An ounce of prevention is worth many pounds of cure, especially when the cure is quinine, though in most of the inland parts of East Africa quinine is seldom necessary; in fact, probably more harm is done by overusing it than by leaving it alone. We were four months on "safari." Part of that time was spent in regions supposed to be

feverish, and during the entire time we did not use more than fifty or sixty grains of quinine between us, and then it was only after having being bitten by mosquitoes while we were doing night work. As a matter of fact, mosquitoes are not common in any part of the high region of East Africa, and at no time could we say they troubled us, though once in a great while we heard one buzzing. These statements do not apply to Uganda, where mosquitoes are sometimes very troublesome. The net should be arranged so as to be easily attached to the roof of the tent directly over the bed. Do not use the kind that is weighted at the bottom, and hangs to the ground, as it gives an excellent opportunity to the mosquito that has taken refuge under the bed to annoy you as soon as the lights are out. It may be thought that I have devoted an undue amount of space to this subject, but it is really of the greatest importance. One bite from a well-inoculated mosquito may be sufficient to put an end to the whole trip, so avoid at all costs that one bite. I say this particularly for the benefit of Americans, and those who have camped in North America. There one becomes so accustomed to the pests in myriads that an occasional mosquito would be likely to pass unnoticed, and the damage done before the danger is realized. A pair of high, soft and very light boots, known as "mosquito boots," offer protection against bites at the ankles, and should therefore be included in the outfit.

Everything that may be injured by the dampness should be carried in thoroughly waterproof cases. For the clothes and other personal effects a strong tin uniform case is best, but have it painted white rather than black, as it does not become so hot when in the sun. The bedding may be carried in a strong waterproof green canvas

bag. I advise green because it is safer against the attacks of white ants. As your boy looks after the clothes, and therefore has access to the tin box, I should advise having a small tin cash-box, with a good lock, so that money and other valuables may be safe. Honesty is not the besetting virtue of the Negro boys, so it is well to guard against theft. A list of the contents of the case should be pasted inside the lid, and checked off with the boy, before he is made responsible. The cooking outfit may be hired from the outfitter, or purchased at home. I see no use in buying an expensive fancy set, as the native cook will not keep it in decent order, and will probably not be able to cook half as well with it as with the rough kind to which he is accustomed. If you hire the outfit be sure that everything is in good condition. Iron kettles with holes in them cannot be mended, and they do not boil water very well. A large kettle is necessary, as your drinking water must be boiled. This is very important; and unless your cook is thoroughly reliable, it is well to see personally to its being done. Give the cook and boys to understand that a white man is made ill by drinking unboiled water, and that if you become ill it will mean giving up the "safari." Never relax the rule, even in a place where the water is absolutely safe. A filter is scarcely ever necessary. If the water is somewhat muddy it will do no harm, and will generally settle within a few hours. In boiling water that contains lime use a very small piece of powdered alum. For cooling drinking water there is nothing better than the canvas bucket made specially for that purpose, but it will need thorough washing occasionally with boiling water, and a little permanganate of potash and a scrubbing brush. Two buckets should be kept in use, in order that there shall always be one with cold water. A thermos flask

will be found convenient for use on the march, but the felt-covered water bottle is good enough under ordinary conditions, provided the felt is kept wet. A very useful addition to the outfit is a bag made of cheese cloth or mosquito netting, with which to protect the meat from flies. This precaution will add greatly to the length of time that meat may be kept. The canteen, containing the necessary supply of table utensils, had better be bought at home, unless you are prepared to put up with a rough-and-ready set of second-hand articles. Do not forget tablecloths and napkins if you want such luxuries. They are light, and add to one's comfort and self-respect. A compact lunch-basket may not be amiss for use when on the march. It will save unpacking a lot of things, and enable you to enjoy a comfortable lunch when you feel hungry.

BATTERY

The question of battery is one that must be decided by the ideas of the individual. By way of suggestion, I should advise a heavy .450 cordite double barrel. On no account take a single-barrel weapon of this bore, as it is for use chiefly in case of emergency, such as a charging rhinoceros, or perhaps a pair of them, in which event two shots fired in rapid succession would very likely be found necessary. A small-bore magazine rifle will be used for most of the hunting. I used a .275 Rigby Mauser, and nothing could have been more satisfactory. Soft-nosed and solid bullets should be carried for both weapons. For ordinary work the soft-pointed will be the more often used, therefore more of them should be carried. It is better to bring with you all the ammunition you expect to use, as, though most of the ordinary sizes and patterns may be procured in

Nairobi, it is not wise to rely on the supply unless you make definite arrangements with a dealer. When ordering your supply regardless of how reliable you *think* your dealer, see personally that he packs the kind which is made for your rifle. Do not trust any one to do this for you. The number of people who have arrived at Nairobi with wrong ammunition is great, so take the hint, and be sure before you leave your base of supplies. As a matter of fact this advice applies to everything. It is always better to take the time to check off each detail and to see that it is as ordered. Bear in mind that the clerk in the New York or London house is not nearly so much interested or concerned in your comfort as you are. It is scarcely necessary to carry duplicate weapons for an ordinary expedition, as should a mishap occur it can usually be remedied at Nairobi, or another rifle can be bought there. Ten per cent. duty is charged on all firearms coming into the country, so if expense has to be considered it is well to think twice before bringing in more than is really needed, as the duty is not refunded when you leave. Do not bring in an unnecessary amount of ammunition, as most people do. Remember that you cannot use more than a certain number of shots each day. An average of five to seven shots ought to satisfy any one. I knew of a man who for a two-months' trip carried two thousand five hundred rounds — over forty shots a day, or about thirteen shots each for every animal, except lions, that he could kill even if he shot the extreme total allowed by the law, which was then about one hundred and ninety head. A shotgun may be added to your battery. It is not, however, necessary, for after all it is only used for such birds as ducks, geese, snipe, bustard, grouse and guinea-fowl, and if you are after big game the less shooting that is done the better. This

is especially true where there are giraffe, elephants and buffalo. A shotgun with buckshot is rather useful for stopping a lion or other soft animal at close quarters. The same may be said of a revolver, which is so often carried and so seldom used. If one is carried it must be of large enough bore to be of real service. A small one is worse than useless.

FIELD GLASSES

Field glasses are a necessary part of the outfit, but they must be carefully selected with reference to the country. In East Africa, as in all tropical countries, there is a great deal of haze, caused by the surface of the earth becoming heated. No glass can penetrate this peculiar blurr, and on the plains it is difficult to distinguish objects clearly over three or four hundred yards away after the sun is high. Then in the early morning there is frequently mist, which again renders the glasses more or less useless. It will be seen that high-power glasses are not as useful as those of moderate power, +8 giving about as great a degree of magnification as is desirable. The prism pattern of extra bright illumination is better than the old Galilean type, on account of the smaller size, but they often become "smoky" from some cause. For your night work regular night-glasses should be used, so if you expect to do any watching over lion kills provide yourself with a pair.

STARTING FOR EAST AFRICA

Your ticket should be booked well in advance on either of the two lines which go to Mombasa. These lines (at present) are the German East African, which stops at Southampton, Marseilles, Naples and Port Said, and the French, which sails from Marseilles. The

German boats go either by way of the Suez Canal or by South Africa. When engaging berth specify the former route. Having your ticket and your kit, the next thing is to see that every piece of luggage is clearly marked with name and destination, and an identification number by which you may know the contents. This is important on account of Customs. For the same reason keep bills of all articles purchased. Ammunition will be carried on the steamer if properly packed. Have all packing cases with screw-on lids, so that they may be easily opened. *See* that every piece is put on board the steamer, or have some one whom you can trust do it for you. Obtain a receipt if you can. If you have much luggage be prepared to pay the excess, which is no very modest sum. You may amuse yourself on the journey, which occupies about sixteen days from Naples to Mombasa, by studying the Swahili language. This is the common tongue among your porters and many of the natives, and it is just as well to have some knowledge of it. You will not find it necessary to master the rather complicated verbs. The infinitive will see you through in most cases, for the people are wonderfully quick at understanding, even when grammar and pronunciation are faulty.

ARRIVAL IN EAST AFRICA

On arriving at Kilindini, the port of Mombasa, you yourself may attend to the landing of your outfit, including going through Customs and entraining, but if you are wise let an agent do it for you. It is well worth all it costs, and more too. But even with an agent I strongly advise you personally to see that everything gets off the steamer. There is such a wonderful lack of system on some of the boats that even properly marked baggage is sometimes carried past

the port for which it is intended. The Customs, like all Customs, except those in Great Britain, will probably try your patience. Do not get excited, for it will do no good. Remember that the trains go at least three times a week. Among other things there is delay in having your firearms duly stamped and registered, and in procuring the license, which costs £50 (\$250) this year, though I understand there is some chance of this being changed slightly under the new Game Laws. The accommodation at Mombasa I must pass over. You might wish to do likewise, unless you are put up at the very hospitable and comfortable club. It is customary as soon as you land to engage a "boy" to be your personal servant during your stay in the country. Better let your agent secure one, and have him ready for you on your arrival at Mombasa. The native boys are often very good, and look after you well. Some of them are honest, some are not, some are not lazy, but many of them are. If you get a good one do not spoil him; he will not like you any better for it. Keep him to his work, and make him do it properly. Once they become slack there is nothing to do but discharge them. Never under any circumstances pamper them, or you will lose their respect, but give them fair treatment. That they expect, and they carry their idea on the subject to peculiar lengths. For instance, if one of them does anything really wrong, he expects punishment, and thinks there must be something wrong if he does not receive it. If you promise punishment, carry it out.

ON THE TRAIN FROM MOMBASA

On the Uganda Railway you will find comfortable carriages, cool and airy. They are a combined day coach and sleeper. You

must take your own rugs or blankets and pillow, also washing kit. Water is supplied, but neither soap nor towel. There are three classes. The first and second are practically the same, except in point of price. Very little luggage is allowed free, so be prepared once more to pay for excess. If you are in an agent's hands he will attend to all this, including the buying of your ticket, in return for which you are charged a small commission. Unless you have specified to the contrary, your "safari" outfitter at Nairobi will have arranged with the Mombasa agent to look after you. The train stops at certain stations for meals, and these, particularly the dinner, are very good. It is well, however, to provide yourself with some refreshment, especially in the way of cold liquids. Do not try to shoot from the train windows, it is not allowed; but the newcomer feels a strong temptation to do so when he first sees the wonderful amount of game through which the train passes.

WHAT TO DO AT NAIROBI

On arriving at Nairobi you will be met by your "safari" agents. They will see to your luggage, and to your being put up at the hotel, where you will be very comfortable. Your outfit should be sent to the agent's store. Nairobi is a fair-sized town, with good shops and a splendid climate. Its elevation ensures coolness, but do not be deceived by this low temperature. The sun is nearly vertical, and has far more power than you imagine, so wear your helmet whenever you go out during the day. In the evening an overcoat will not be found amiss. The first thing to be done in the way of getting ready for your expedition is the selection of your route. The agents know the country very thoroughly, and will be able to advise

you as to the best region for what you particularly want. If you have a map be sure it is the most recent obtainable, as the older ones are very defective. Mark out the course you are supposed to take, inserting the names of rivers, hills and plains, as they are known to your headman. This precaution may save you much trouble, because the names given on the maps are very often different from those by which the places are locally known. If you are fortunate enough to have a good headman, you will not have to bother much about the many little details, such as where water is to be found on the marches, the distances between camps, and so forth. If possible ascertain what game may be expected in the different places.

THE "SAFARI"

Now comes the most important part of your outfit, the *personnel*. Roughly speaking, a two-man expedition requires about fifty porters, more or less according to the demand, beside the headman, two or three askaris, cook, one or two tent boys, and two gunbearers. In the order of their importance these may be described: First and most important is the headman. Practically everything depends on his efficiency. His duties are to look after the porters, see that their loads are equally distributed and packed, select suitable camping grounds, see that the tents are properly pitched, keep the porters up to the necessary pace when marching, assign to them their various odd jobs, and to know the country and the best trails. The wages vary from Rs.20 to Rs.75 per month (the rupee is 1s. 4d., or 33 cents, American). For the lower figure you would probably have a very inefficient man — one who had recently risen from the porters'

ranks, or had been an askari. In some ways a Somali is the best headman, but he is likely to be tricky, and is very particular about his food, requiring, as a rule, a special diet. He usually speaks English, which is an advantage. The Swahili headman is not as likely to have control over the Swahili porter as a headman of another race. Whatever man you get be sure he is reliable.

The tent boy is your personal servant, whose duty it is to keep the tent in proper order, serve the meals, look after your clothes, prepare your baths, wash the clothes, and generally make himself useful to you. His wages are from Rs.10 to Rs.25 per month. I should not advise a Somali for this position.

The cook, to a large extent, controls your health, so he is a most important person. The "safari" cooks are of every nationality or tribe. As a rule, they are excellent, being able to turn out a first-rate meal under the most unfavorable conditions. A good cook is an economy, but the best of them need to be carefully watched, or they will use up material so fast that your supply will run short. Each chop box should contain a complete assortment of food for a given number of days, and the others should be kept locked up until it is time for them to be used. The cook's wages are from Rs.20 upward, the best, who are Goanese, demanding as much as Rs.60, or even more.

Next comes the gunbearer. He carries your extra rifle, is supposed to know something about the game, keeps your weapons in good order, attends to the skinning and looking after the animals you shoot and stands by you in any emergency. The Somalis, who are the most expensive, have the reputation for the greatest courage and keenness, but there are plenty of excellent gunbearers among the

native East African tribes. Even among the porters there are usually some who can easily be trained to the work, and they thoroughly enjoy it, especially if a little extra pay is promised. If ever your gunbearer shows himself to be a coward discharge him without more ado, for your life may depend on his standing by you at a critical time. The pay for a gunbearer ranges from Rs.15 to Rs.75.

Askaris, who consider themselves very important, are the armed sentries. They are supposed to be reliable men, who assist the headman in keeping order. At night they keep up the fires and do sentry work. On arriving at the camping ground they assist in pitching your tent. In the event of sending porters for provisions or letters the askari accompanies them, and is responsible for their behavior and safe return. Their wages are from Rs.12 to Rs.20.

The porters for a long expedition must be very carefully selected. Only those who are strong and in good health should be employed. It is even worth having them examined by a doctor before they are signed on. Their duties are the carrying of loads (none of the other men carry anything), which are limited to sixty pounds (some natives, such as the Kikuyu, will usually not carry quite so much), supplying the camp with sufficient water and firewood, and the doing of any job that may be assigned to them. On the whole, they are a first-rate lot when properly handled, but severe discipline is absolutely necessary. They must never forget that you are their master, and that the headman, acting under you, has complete control. Legally the headman may not use his kiboko (whip), nor may you punish them by fines, without an order from the Court. It is not a bad plan to promise a small present at the end of the trip to each porter who does well, and let them understand that any one who causes trouble

will forfeit this present. The wage for Swahili porters is Rs.10. Some natives can be had for less than half that amount, but they are not so apt to stay by you for the trip.

Food for the outfit is a serious problem. The porters receive one and a half pounds of flour, rice, corn, or corn and beans per day, but all the others are allowed more. This sounds unfair, but the extra allowance goes to their "boys," and you will be surprised to see how many they take with them. These extra boys, however, are not on your pay list. When meat is supplied the amount of "posho" (food) is reduced. When considering the porters of different tribes it is well to find out their food requirements. Some will not eat game, some will not eat meat of any kind, some will eat beans and whole maize (the cheapest "posho"), so arrange accordingly. Besides the food there is a certain equipment which by custom and Government regulations must be furnished, such as tents, blankets, jerseys, cooking utensils, and water bottles, and clothes and boots for gunbearers, etc. Every man has to be given a blanket, and a tent is allowed for each five porters. It is well to have a list of your whole caravan, so that when any of the men wish an advance on their wages you can check it off against their name and number (each porter has a number, which he keeps most carefully). As they will usually dispute the accuracy of your accounts, some system of signature should be adopted in order that misunderstandings may be avoided. Sufficient money, in small amounts of one rupee or less, should always be carried to supply their advances. Although porters are the load-carriers for most of the country, there are times and places where donkeys or ox-wagons may be used to advantage. The donkey carries

about one hundred and twenty pounds, or two "loads," requires no food other than what can be picked up even in scrubbiest parts, but he has the disadvantage of extreme slowness, and is troublesome when deep rivers have to be forded. The ox-wagon costs about Rs.20 per day, including driver and full span of oxen, and carries nearly six thousand pounds, or one hundred loads. Before arranging for this method of transport ascertain what the cattle quarantine regulations are, as these are so strict, owing to East Coast fever, that no oxen may even pass through the proscribed districts. As soon as your men have been selected and engaged, arrange all your outfit in convenient order. Have a list of everything you consider necessary, but do not take the amount of utterly useless stuff which so often accompanies the sportsman. Check off each item as it is packed, and have a complete list of the contents of each case. Do not put all your eggs in one basket, but try so far as possible to divide things so that should one case be lost, as might easily happen in crossing swift rivers, you would not be badly crippled. Let the cook examine his part of the outfit, to see that he has everything that is necessary. He must understand definitely that nothing more will be obtained after you have left Nairobi. Check off each chop box, and see that its contents are as ordered and in good condition. It is well to have one of the chop boxes fitted with such articles as do not divide into amounts in keeping with the week's or two weeks' supply outfits. A few spare blankets, some Americano (cloth), beads and wire, may be added to your list if you are going into an inhabited part of the country. All these things may be obtained at Nairobi, where they are cheap and entirely in keeping with the demands of the natives. Do not imagine these peculiar people like *any* sort of

bead or gewgaw. They have their own fashions in beads and wire just as we have in clothing. They like small mirrors and knives, however, often preferring such articles to money. Before leaving Nairobi ask your agents to give you a letter to the various merchants with whom you are likely to have dealings. Arrange about your letters, bearing in mind that the postal service is shockingly bad in most places outside of Nairobi. I regret to have to say this, but it is a word of warning which may save the sportsman a great amount of annoyance. The postmasters at some of the outposts frequently pay not the slightest attention to instructions as to forwarding letters, and even when you call personally for your mail you will be told there is none, or be given only a part of what is there, so if you have important letters take precautions against their being lost or mislaid.

In case it might be of interest to the new hand, the description of a day's "safari" will perhaps give an idea of how things are managed. We will say that it is the hour to break camp. The askaris having already ordered the men to get up, you are called at five o'clock. The boy has your water ready, and you lose no time in getting dressed. Breakfast is served outside the tent, and while you eat it the tent is struck and packed, beds are rolled, and all your effects are put in order. The men may or may not breakfast before starting, according to their and the headman's ideas on the subject. If a long march is to be made, with no stop at noon, they will require something before they leave. If you propose stopping for a long noon rest they will eat then instead. We found it best to let them have their meal in the morning, then march without any long rest until our night's camping ground was reached. By this method camp was usually made about two or three o'clock, so that there was plenty

of time to have everything made comfortable before dark. By the time your breakfast is finished the porters should all have their loads ready and placed in a line. As soon as the breakfast things are packed you should be ready to start. Do not load yourself down with any unnecessary weight, but I strongly advise you to carry a rifle, for it is impossible to tell at what unexpected moment it may be needed. You head the "safari," with your gunbearer close behind; then the tent boys, who have your water bottles and waterproof (if it be the rainy season), then the cook and one askari; following him come the porters, one who is a steady walker being chosen as pacemaker. The rear is brought up by the headman and one askari. Thus you march. Unless the trail is very well defined it is best not to go too far in advance of the porters, for fear of a misunderstanding as to the way, and a consequent long separation between you and your supplies. The men who carry the loads on their heads should travel at the rate of two and three-quarter miles per hour, and require a rest of ten minutes or so every hour or two, according to the condition of the walking. The camping ground is selected with due regard to water, fuel, and in the rainy season, drainage. You will find that your men will always want to select an old camp site. *On no account* should this be allowed, no matter how much additional work it entails. The camp should be on new ground, otherwise you run some risk of disease, and almost a certainty of jiggers. These little pests cause no end of annoyance by burrowing into the feet and laying their eggs in the flesh, frequently with serious results. They live on the ground, and are particularly numerous in dusty places, old camping grounds, deserted villages and unclean houses. Never go barefooted, even

in the tent, and let your boys, who are adepts at the work, examine your feet very frequently. With proper precautions you should never be troubled. As soon as you arrive select the site for your tent and say how you wish it to face. The tent is then pitched, and you will be surprised at the number of men the job seems to require. While it is being done your boys put the beds up, and these, after a thorough airing, are put into the tent. In the meantime some porters have been sent for water, and others for fuel, while the cook has begun preparations for the next meal. The porters, headman, askaris and gunbearer have all pitched their little tents, and within about an hour the whole camp is completed. All the stores are stacked near your tent; if in the rainy season, they are placed on stones or logs and covered with waterproof canvas. Before afternoon tea is served you enjoy the luxury of a hot bath, but you are strongly advised against taking a cold bath in the tropics. As night comes on, large fires are built to ward off lions and other dangerous animals; the men gather round these fires, and sing or otherwise amuse themselves, for they are a good-natured lot. When the camp is hushed in sleep, an askari stands sentry; watch and watch they take, and keep the fires burning brightly till the glow in the eastern sky heralds the birth of another day.

CARE OF TROPHIES

In collecting trophies the greatest care must be exercised if you would save the skins of the animals. To begin with, do not shoot any animal unless you are sure there is time to attend to the proper preservation of its skin if you intend to keep it. Always skin an animal as soon as possible after it is dead. This is especially advisable

in the case of lions and other carnivora, for the hair slips very quickly. Be very careful that the skinning is thorough about the ears, mouth, tail and feet. All skins should be *thoroughly* dry before being put away. Salt may be used with advantage, especially in damp weather. It should be rubbed in freely and very thoroughly while the skin is wet. A fresh skin may be carried with comparative safety all day under the scorching sun if properly salted. It is better, however, to dry it as soon as possible. Pegging out injures a skin for mounting, but is well enough for flat rugs, and it has the advantage of allowing of very rapid drying. Alum may be used as an astringent either alone or with salt. Keep a sharp lookout for a small, brownish beetle, which plays havoc with unpoisoned skins. Get the skins back to your outfitters as soon as you conveniently can, so that they may be properly cared for. Keep an accurate list of all animals shot, and of all that are sent to Nairobi for storage. On your return you will find little to do except to pay the bills and attend to the task of packing. Your trophies will be packed and shipped by the outfitters, but you must be sure to fill out the necessary documents for use of the Customs and game records.

SUGGESTIONS FOR OUTFIT

It is not necessary to take everything given on this list, but by going over it carefully some suggestions may be received.

CLOTHING AND PERSONAL KIT FOR THREE MONTHS FOR ONE PERSON, UNLESS OTHERWISE STATED

Boots, 2, with extra laces and hobnails	Slippers, 1
Mosquito boots, 1	Stockings, 6
	Drawers, linen-mesh, or wool, 4

Vests (wool), 4	Pajamas, 2
Flannel shirt with spine pad, 2	Handkerchiefs
Spiral puttees, 2	Sweater
Helmet and cap or felt hat	Jacket
Knickers, 2	Steel uniform case
Waterproof	Soap, carbolic and face
Towels, 1 bath, 2 face	Tooth powder
Extra toothbrush	Nail brush, Mirror
Brush and comb	Toilet powder
Pens, writing paper, pencils, note-books, etc. Extra spectacles if used.	

CAMP EQUIPMENT, ETC.

Tent (9 ft. x 9 ft. will do for two persons), with fly and sod and ground cloth, all of green rot-proof and ant-proof canvas. Extra canvas for covering stores.

Folding camp bed (must be strong), cork mattress, 4 blankets, pillow and pillow cases, sheets (thin wool?), mosquito net, canvas case for this bedding outfit, chair (compact folding), table and tablecloth, folding canvas bag and washstand, rope for use in crossing rivers, cord for tying loads of heads and skins, labels for trophies, 3 canvas water buckets, 2 canvas water coolers, axe, 2 lamps (1 for cook), repair outfit of screws, nails, wire, glue, screw-driver, awl, file, etc., tape measure, 6 skinning knives, sharpening stone, sewing kit, alum(?), arsenical soap(?), water bottle (felt covered), thermos flask, varnish and brush if leatheroid or other fibre cases are used, boot grease for soles and toe caps (Viscol I found most satisfactory), D. B. cordite rifle, .450; magazine rifle, about .275; shotgun (?), strong sling cases for these, extra sights, cleaning rods, gun oil, tow, ammunition, field glasses, night glasses, pocket knife, hunting knife, revolver (?), salt for skins, corkscrew.

MEDICAL OUTFIT

Quinine, some purgative, enough for men who call for it very frequently, bromide potass., antiseptic in dr. or crystal form, such as carbolic acid or bicloride mercury, permanganate potass. for cleansing utensils, bandages of various kinds, fine forceps (for removing thorns), scalpel, scissors, foot powder, antiseptic grease, some lotion to allay the irritation caused by tick bites, and any other articles recommended by a doctor who knows the country.

PROVISIONS

Flour	Biscuits
Rice	Sauces
Yeast or hops	Butter (see that it is good)
Baking powder	Potatoes
Oatmeal	Onions
Sugar	Bacon
Cornflour	Jam
Currants and raisins	Mustard
Lard (called marrowfat in East Africa)	Salt, Pepper
Tea	Curry powder
Coffee (cocoa if liked)	Chutney
	Dry beans or peas

Dried fruits (these are important, allow for at least $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. per week for each person. Apple rings are by far the best; see that they are good).

Tinned fruit in syrup, lime juice (this is the best beverage for the hot weather), dry chocolate for eating, sardines, a few tins of vegetables (?), condensed milk (unsweetened, this keeps from two to four days after being opened); candles kerosene, matches, washing soap, tinned meats if you care for such food — just as well to leave it alone

where there is so much fresh meat. Everything must be in tins, or the insects will cause trouble. The question of liquor must be left to the individual. The less that is used the better. A little brandy may be carried in case of illness, and some whiskey for the regular "sundowner." All provisions are packed in chop boxes which hold one load.

COOKING AND TABLE OUTFIT

White enamel table ware is best. The full list is given in the list of supplies under Monthly Contract.

CHAPTER XIV

PHOTOGRAPHIC HINTS AND OUTFIT

UNQUESTIONABLY the time has come when the photographing of wild animals must be recognized as a sport. Unfortunately, few are willing to go into the work with enough perseverance to ensure a chance of success, for the difficulties are great, and it requires a large amount of patience and application. Not only must there be a considerable knowledge of the animals and their habits, but the photographic sportsman must be far more proficient in the difficult art of stalking than he who hunts with the rifle. Shooting animals is so much easier than photographing them that there is no possible comparison. For years I was as enthusiastic about shooting as any man could be; to-day, after ten years of hunting with the camera, I have lost all desire to shoot. It is not sufficiently exciting, usually too easy to be really interesting. Every animal that is near enough to be successfully photographed is near enough to be shot without the least difficulty, but every animal that can be shot cannot be photographed. Of course it requires a special outfit for wild-animal photography. The ordinary little hand camera with its short focus lens is practically useless. Only once in a great while can one approach near enough to an animal to use it. I met a man in East Africa who, after seeing my attempts, which were the result of the best outfit obtainable and a lot of experience, remarked that he had had thousands of opportunities of photographing wild animals. If



SETTING THE FLASHLIGHT. THIS HOME-MADE ELECTRIC DEVICE WAS THE ONE WITH WHICH ALL THE LION PICTURES WERE MADE. THE APPARATUS WHICH I HAD BROUGHT WITH ME HAD PROVED DEFECTIVE



THE REFLEX CAMERA EQUIPPED WITH TELEPHOTO LENS. ALL THE DAYLIGHT PICTURES OF ANIMALS WERE MADE WITH THIS OUTFIT, WHICH WEIGHED ABOUT SEVENTEEN POUNDS

he had only thought of it sooner he would have had a splendid collection of pictures, and anyhow, he was going to get at it immediately, as he had a fine camera. This camera proved to be a small hand one, with a lens of six- or seven-inch focus. In order to make a picture of an animal the size of a hartebeest he would have to be within fifteen or twenty yards of it, and that was no easy task. The sort of camera necessary for the work is one of the long-focus reflex type, equipped with convertible lens of high speed, and a telephoto lens of the greatest speed. The camera must be rigid enough to allow of the telephoto being used without danger of shaking. Plates or films may be used. The former are better, and rather more reliable. Both keep well in inland East Africa (not Uganda), but should be kept in sealed tin cases, and developed as soon as possible after being exposed. With tanks the task of developing in the field is easy enough, and the water for the purpose will be found quite cool enough if used early in the morning. Developing powders ready mixed and weighed, acid hypo, a fixing box and a developing tank complete the outfit. In my work every plate and film was developed within a day or two after being exposed, and prints on self-toning paper were made immediately, so that in case of breakage or loss I should have had at least a print of the subject. All your photographic outfit should be kept in water-tight cases, and chemicals of any kind must be in tins. The friction-top pattern will be found by far the best, and is much less trouble than having to seal the ordinary tin with tape. I might suggest here that when tape is used avoid the rubber tire tape. The surgeon's waterproof kind is far better, as it does not perish so quickly, and adheres with greater persistency. For the camera a soft sling case of canvas or pantasote is better than

the one of hard leather. It is lighter, less noisy, and more compact when not in use, and unless the leather is really waterproof it has the disadvantage of holding the dampness. Plate holders must be dusted frequently, as the fine dust, stirred up when on the march, finds its way into everything. If plates have been in the holders for several days they should be taken out and dusted, otherwise the pictures will show numerous minute spots.

There has been a great deal said about the light in East Africa, so that people have an idea that instantaneous photographs are an impossibility. How this idea originated is hard to say, but it is not founded on fact. The light is good and very brilliant, though perhaps the actinic rays are not quite so active as one might imagine. However, there is absolutely nothing to prevent rapid exposures being made if you avoid subjects with too much dark shadow. In proof of my statement I would point to the many telephoto pictures which appear in this volume. They were made with a hand camera (reflex) usually without a tripod, the magnification ranging from three to five times (equal to an equivalent focal length of from forty to about sixty inches), and the exposure would be anything between a fortieth and a hundred and fiftieth of a second. If the light were as weak as it so frequently is believed to be this would not be possible. Of course it is necessary to use a quick plate. Those I used were an American make of double-coated orthochromatic, and they gave perfect satisfaction. For all telephoto work the double-coated plates are advisable, as they decrease the amount of halation very considerably. The orthochromatic properties are even more valuable, as they give much greater vigor to the distant part of the landscape than can be obtained by the ordinary plate, which is weak



PICTURES OF HIPPO MADE (1) WITH 11-INCH LENS; (2) WITH SINGLE 18-INCH LENS; (3) WITH TELE-
PHOTO, ALL TAKEN FROM THE SAME PLACE, THE ANIMALS BEING ABOUT NINETY YARDS AWAY

where there is a preponderance of blue, owing to the atmospheric conditions.

It is well to take precautions against mishap by carrying duplicate parts of anything in your outfit which is liable to become broken, injured or lost. For instance, the reflex camera is totally dependent on its mirror and ground glass, therefore extra ones *cut to fit* should be carried securely packed between corrugated cardboard inside a wooden box. A small collection of various-sized screws will also be found very convenient. One of the most important considerations to the man going off into the wilds is the perfect working order of all his outfit. Trust to no one, but test your camera yourself before leaving home. Even if you are only going to use a pocket film camera see that it is in perfect working order. If it is a reflex see that the focussing registers exactly. By this I mean that the ground glass and the plate should produce the same degree of sharpness. Test carefully for leaks of light. Do this by placing the camera in the sun with part of the plate exposed, and let the sun strike it on all sides. If the plate shows any trace of fog on development have the defect remedied. Test each plate-holder if you are going to carry plates, not only for light leaks, but for easy working. Familiarize yourself with the working of the camera, and be sure you understand how to repair or replace the shutter should it get out of order. On the question of flashlight apparatus I scarcely know how to advise. My own outfit did not prove satisfactory, and I had to make many changes in it before it answered for the work. As already stated in another chapter, a thoroughly reliable electric device would undoubtedly be best, on account of its noiselessness and rapidity of action. Mechanical devices are perhaps more certain, but slower,

and when several cameras are used at once it is almost impossible to obtain simultaneous action. Whatever device is taken it should be put to practical outdoor test. An apparatus which will work perfectly in the house will often fail when in actual use. The flash powder should be of the most rapid kind, and be sure that enough is used to ensure an adequate illumination. The lens for this work must be one of short focus, about eight or nine inches. It need not have an aperture greater than F-11. What has been said about looking after the packing of the other part of the kit applies equally to the photographic outfit. Be sure that the films are the kind and size you need. Should you wish to do any printing on the trip you will find the self-toning papers by far the easiest to manipulate, and altogether the most satisfactory. They may be used in the hottest weather with water at blood heat, and the only chemical necessary is hypo. You will find printing your photographs a delightful occupation while in camp.

LIST OF THE MORE IMPORTANT GAME FOUND IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA
AND UGANDA

There is still much uncertainty regarding the identification of the African animals, so the following names may in some cases be wrong.

An asterisk signifies that the picture of the animal appears in the book.

African Elephant	. . .	<i>Elephas africanus</i>
*Black Rhinoceros	. . .	<i>Rhinoceros bicornis</i>
*Zebra — Grèvy's	. . .	<i>Equus grevyi</i>
* " Grant's	. . .	" <i>burchelli granti</i>

*African Buffalo	<i>Bos caffer</i>
Uganda Buffalo	“ “ <i>neumanni</i>
*Hartebeest — Coke’s . .	<i>Bubalis cokei</i>
* “ Lichtenstein’s . .	“ <i>lichtensteini</i>
“ Neumann’s	“ <i>neumanni</i>
“ Jackson’s	“ <i>lelwell jacksoni</i>
Topi or Tiang	<i>Damaliscus corrugum selousi</i>
*White-bearded Gnu or Wilde- beest	<i>Connochætes gnu albojubatus</i>
*(?) Duiker, Abyssinian . .	<i>Cephalophus abyssinicus</i> (?)
“ Isaac’s, Harvey’s and probably others	
Klipspringer	<i>Oreotragus saltator (schillingsi)</i> etc.
Oribi — Kenia	<i>Oribia kenyæ</i>
“ Haggard’s	“ <i>haggardi</i>
“ Abyssinian	“ <i>montana</i>
Steinbok	<i>Rhapniceros (sharpei)</i>
*(?) Dik-dik — Kirk’s . .	<i>Madogua kirkii</i>
“ Cavendishe’s	“ <i>cavendishi</i>
“ Gunther’s	“ <i>guntheri</i> and others
*Waterbuck	<i>Cobus ellipsiprymnus</i>
Sing-Sing Waterbuck . . .	“ <i>defassa</i>
Uganda	“ “ <i>ugandæ</i>
Cobus Cob, Uganda (red) . .	<i>Cobus cobo thomasi</i>
Reedbuck — Chanler’s . . .	<i>Cervicapra fulvorufula chanleri</i>
“ Ward’s	“ <i>redunca wardi</i>
*Impala or Pala	<i>Æpyceros melampus</i>
Gazelle — Thomson’s . . .	<i>Gazellea thomsoni</i>
* “ Grant’s	“ <i>granti typica</i>
“ Robert’s	“ “ <i>robertsi</i>
“	“ <i>notata</i>
“ Bright’s	“ <i>granti brighti</i>
“ Clark’s or Dibatag . . .	<i>Ammodorcas clarkei</i>
*Gerenuk, or Waller’s Gazelle	<i>Lithocranius walleri</i>
*Oryx	<i>Oryx beisa</i>

Oryx, fringed-eared	<i>Oryx beisa callotis</i>
Sable Antelope	<i>Hippotragus niger</i>
Roan "	" <i>equinus</i>
*Eland	<i>Taurotragus oryx pattersonianus</i>
Bongo	<i>Boöcercus euryceros</i>
Bushbuck	<i>Teraglyphus scriptus masaicus</i> and probably others, including <i>T.</i> <i>angasi</i> (inyala) and <i>spekei</i> (situ- tunga)
Kudu	<i>Strepsiceros capensis</i>
" lesser	" <i>imberbis</i>
*Giraffe	<i>Giraffe camelopardalis</i> , somewhat uncertain species, and varieties, including <i>G. C. rothschildi</i> , <i>G. C.</i> <i>cottoni</i> , and <i>G. C. tippelskirchi</i>
" Somali	<i>Giraffe reticulata</i>
Bush Pig, one or more varieties	<i>Polamochærus chæropotamus</i>
*Forest Hog, or Giant Bush Pig	<i>Hylochærus meinertzhageni</i>
*Wart Hog	<i>Phacochærus æthiopicus</i> , and pos- sibly other varieties of pigs
*Hippopotamus	<i>Hippopotamus amphibius</i>
*Lion	<i>Felis leo</i> , with probable local vari- eties or races
Leopard	<i>Felis pardus</i>
Serval, or Serval Cat . .	<i>Felis serval</i> , with possibly other species or varieties
African Wild Cat	<i>Felis æreata uganda</i>
Chetah, or Hunting Leopard	<i>Cyniciel urus jubatus guttatus</i>
*Hyena, spotted	<i>Hyæna crocuta germinaus</i>
" striped	" <i>striata</i>
Aard-wolf	<i>Protelles cristatus septentrion-</i> <i>atis</i> (?)
Hunting-dog	<i>Lycaon pictus-lupinus</i> (?)
*Jackals	
Aard-vark or Ant-Bear . .	Local race of <i>Orycteropus ager</i>

Monkeys, including two species of Colobus; Ostriches, Marabou Storks, Bustards, Geese, including Spur-winged and Egyptian; Ducks, Guinea-fowl, including the Vulturine; Grouse of several species, Snipe, etc., etc.

THE END

CENTRAL CIRCULATION
CHILDREN'S ROOM



